

**LOUNGER'S
COMMON-PLACE BOOK**

OR,

Alphabetical Arrangement

OF

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES;

A

BIOGRAPHIC, POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND SATIRICAL

COMPILATION,

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

VOL. I.

By Jeremiah Whitaker Newman

See Gentleman's Magazine vol 25 p. 59

TO BE CONTINUED OCCASIONALLY.

Homines eruditi, non ad vos loquor sed ad Populum.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
L O R D R O D N E Y,

VICE ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND,

&c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING WORK IS INSCRIBED, AS AN HUMBLE BUT SINCERE
TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE,

FOR PUTTING TO FLIGHT, AND WELL NIGH TO RUIN, THE FLEETS
OF FRANCE AND SPAIN; FOR RESTORING TO GREAT BRITAIN HER
ACCUSTOMED WEIGHT AND IMPORTANCE AS A MARITIME POWER,
WHEN OUR EXISTENCE, AS A COMMERCIAL KINGDOM, TREMBLED ON
THE BALANCE;

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S ZEALOUS ADMIRER,

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

The AUTHOR.

E R R A T A.

Page 4, column second, 16th line from bottom, for and often, read an often.

— 13, ——— 7th line from bottom, instead of for all taxes, read from all taxes.

— 25, column first, 2d line from top, dele the word his.

— 40, ——— 25th line from top, for Christiana, read Christina.

— 49, *In compliance with the English pronunciation, the word Dartineuf is used instead of Dartiquenave.*

— 66, column second, 17th line from bottom, instead of for which, read in which.

— 85, column second, 10th line from bottom, for ocular, read ocular.

— 87, column second, for Rosseau, read Rousseau.

— 97, 20th line from bottom, for clearing, read cleaving.

— 114, column first, 26th line from top, for expedience, read expedients.

— 115, ——— 2d line from top, for ever, read even.

P R E F A C E.

THE title prefixed to this book was chosen that by not pretending to promise much, no great expectations might be created, or consequent disappointment take place. Learned research, an extensive acquaintance with men and books, acute critical observation, will not be found its characteristic features: it is also deficient in the dates of reigns, births, and deaths, not from an erroneous statement of those circumstances, but from being entirely and sometimes designedly silent on those subjects.

For the writer thought it very possible to amuse and even to instruct, without that "chronologic accuracy which sometimes perplexes by its attempts to be perspicuous, and often obscures by its elaborate efforts at being intelligent."

I refer those who have a taste for these minute and indeed these useful points of history to chronicle-compilers, almanack-builders, and the indefatigable Dr. Trusler:

This is by no means a professed biographic work, I have only caught hold of names to identify facts, to deduce and enforce sentiment, to give fashion and form to idea, and have on every occasion thought myself at liberty, to be copious or select, profuse or scanty, in proportion as the subject stimulated.

A

I have

I have endeavoured to unite the useful and the pleasant; for, in the present day, a book wholly and solely useful and instructive, incurs the risque of never being perused: and a publication merely entertaining without any view towards improving the understanding or amending the heart, I think no one ought to write.

To catch ere it perish, the trifle of the minute, to give hasty sketches of men and circumstances, which though beneath the dignity of a biographia, deserve to be recorded, to select what struck me in the course of my reading as either curious, entertaining, or applicable to the purposes of human life; in short, to *make* a book which people would like to read, and the bookseller give me money for, are motives which enticed me to the press.

No just reason can be given why an author should be unwilling to make this confession.

If a writer, animated (as I hope is the case with me) with a warm zeal for the rights and happiness of mankind, endeavours to entertain the public without injuring their morals, or corrupting their taste; why in the name of consistency is he, or ought he to be ashamed to own, that he looks towards pecuniary recompence?

Eminent statesmen, dignified prelates, parliamentary orators, generals, lawyers and physicians, have not blushed to make it the object of their earnest and daily pursuit.

On certain parts of this work, I anticipate the judgment of many readers, who will be of opinion, that it ought to have steered clear of the malignity of political prejudice, or the illiberal bias of party spirit; and when I observe, how very difficult it is for a man, who has experienced personal ill-treatment, to avoid personal invective, I mention it as a cause of my error, and by no means to defend or excuse it.

This

This work though not entirely a compilation, has very few pretensions to originality, yet is it a help for an idle or a forgetful man, who lolls his mornings on sofas, in Hyde Park, the Coffee House, the Fruit Shop, or St. James's Street; it is such a help as I have often wished for before I was so intimately acquainted with the stern mother of invention.

I have wished for a book of this kind in times not far remote, when, had a friend (for then I had one) laying his hand on my shoulder, only said "you shall hereafter be a retailer of anecdote." I should have heard his prophetic declaration with the same emotions and the same belief as if he had told me, that it would be my lot to chew a rhinoceros, or swallow an elephant.

It has ever proved a useless and unsuccessful task to apologize in a preface for a silly book, or to call the reader's attention to a work, which on perusal, has no merits to command it, for on these, and on these alone, it must ultimately depend for public approbation.

I therefore retire with making one request.

From the nature of this production, authors have been occasionally referred to generally by memory; sometimes I have imagined myself quoting, when in fact I was not, and sometimes I have quoted without being conscious of it; if at times therefore my quotations, though adhering to the author's sense, have not been exactly and literally correct, and if at others I have neglected by inverted commas or otherwise, to make the necessary acknowledgment, I claim the reader's indulgence for an omission, which I hope he believes did not originate from a mean design of plucking feathers from the nightingale, to deck a parrot, whose merit at best is to repeat by rote.

THE LIFE OF A SLAVE

There was a great deal of suffering and sorrow in the life of a slave. He was often whipped and beaten, and he had to work long hours for very little pay. He was often sold from one master to another, and he had to live in a small, crowded room with many other slaves. He was often hungry and thirsty, and he had to wear a heavy iron collar around his neck. He was often sick and in pain, and he had to live in a dirty, unhealthy environment. He was often lonely and sad, and he had to live in a world of hate and oppression.

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ALPHABETICAL ANECDOTES, &c.

ADAIR, ROBERT, a Surgeon, a good-natured pleasant man, a favourite of princes, of women, and of fortune; whose mediocrity of powers, and superficial acquirements, have not been able to escape the industrious watchfulness of modern biography.

Detection in an early amour, drove him precipitately from Dublin, and he was fortunate enough, after practising as an army surgeon for some years, to attract the notice of Lady Caroline Kepple, a daughter of the late Earl of Albemarle, and sister to the Admiral, who fought, or would have fought the French handsomely, off Ushant.

His marriage with this lady introduced him into the best company, he was soon appointed inspector general of military hospitals, an office, in which his frugality in the expenditure of public money was conspicuous and exemplary, his affability and mildness of manners, were a happy contrast to the harsh severity and rugged peevishness of some of his cotemporaries in the profession: he was also the

best friend of the private soldier, and of a rank of men who may often look with envy on the condition of a private foldier, I mean those unhappy subalterns, whose parents having been mad and cruel enough to sink the whole of their son's fortune in an ensigncy, or a lieutenant's commission, have doomed him to *exist* in splendid poverty on three shillings a day.

Lady Caroline who died consumptive a few years after her marriage, ought not to be mentioned without a reflection on what are called great matches; that in many instances they conduct a private individual to honour and wealth, and that sometimes they are productive of peace and nuptial happiness, is an undoubted fact; but the young and gay before they pass the Rubicon, should maturely weigh the *chances of the field*, and recollect that indifference, reproach and family discord are the probable consequence of unequal alliance: that enchanting form, immense wealth, and brilliant accomplishment, are by no means essential to happiness, that the
woman

woman most likely to bring peace and comfort at the last, is one with more humble acquirements, the useful domestic companion, whose fortune, rank, and intellectual endowments, are nearly upon an equality with her husband's.

I have said that Adair was a favourite of the fair as well as of fortune, and a hasty sketch of a lady is given in his life, which has perplexed the critics in amorous anecdote, and private scandal, to find out who was meant.

She is described as an early and generous friend of this fortunate Irishman, and was a woman of fashion, at that time well known in polite circles, a famous demi-rep and free-thinker, on the wrong side of nine and thirty, who had spent the best part of her life in adopting every wild opinion, and gratifying every passion.

At this juncture, being accidentally at Bath during the season, she attracted the attention of an old peer, and by virtue of a plump face, good spirits, and agreeable small talk, won the heart of a decayed rake at sixty-five; flattered by her attentions, and mistaking the pertness of dotage and the effects of a good fire and strong punch for vigour, he settled on her an enormous jointure; instead of an additional flannel waistcoat, took a wife to his bosom, and when he ought to have ordered a hot pan of coals, he determined on a bed-fellow; but his courage was superior to his constitution, and he sunk under this autumnal effort.

The widow submitted to fate without murmuring, and wore her weeds with decent composure; but advancing in years as well as

infirmities, qualms for the sins of her youth came on, her spirits and infidelity forsook her, and she made a bold leap from Spinoza and whist, to Whitfield and coniac.

Adair having by a brilliant marriage, as well as by successful intrigue, attached a current value to his character among the women, many of them are said to have longed "to press the dear destroyer to their arms," not content till they had ascertained the irresistible powers of a hero, for whom the heart of the wife, the widow, and the heiress, had alternately throbbed with desire.

In his intrigues, he was often rallied on the moderate share of beauty enjoyed by some of his fair favourites, but he preferred them to very handsome women, who devoting more time to perfections of the body, than those of the mind, seldom are agreeable companions.

Could I be permitted (says his biographer) in the choice of a wife, to employ the arts of a magician; during her childhood and education, her person should be by no means attractive, but when marriage-rites had made her mine, I would exert the omnipotence of my talisman, to give beauty and expression to her form.

Although this writer does not pretend to deny the laxity of his morals in these trying instances, yet he asserts with a degree of honest exultation, that his amours were never productive either of desertion or misery, that it was the policy of our fortunate Irishman, to pursue pleasure with the refined ardour of a rational voluptuary, and never to sacrifice the
peace

peace of a family, or betray and abuse that confidence which had once made him happy: a conduct well worthy the imitation of many right honourable seducers, who infect our streets, and crowd our work-houses, with wretched infants and unhappy prostitutes, a prey to disease, infamy and death.

On the death of Ranby at Chelsea, a man of strong passions, harsh voice, and inelegant manners, the subject of this article succeeded him in a lucrative professional post, and is said on this occasion to have prevailed on a good-natured King to break his word, as it had been promised to David Middleton, who had grown grey in the service of his master; Adair, notwithstanding, secured a good thing, and David, as has been the fate of many a greater man, died with a King in his debt.

After the public had given him credit for saving the Duke of Gloucester's life, and after enjoying in his Italian journey with that royal wanderer, the friendship and approbation of Ganganelli, the protestant Pope, he returned to England, and at an advanced age, for he was upwards of seventy, an opportunity offered of exerting his benevolence and philanthropy, with singular efficacy and success.

His friend Mr. Hesse of the army pay-office, and I believe a commissary of musters, a man of pleasing manners, general acquaintance in polite circles, and competent income, (but not of a solid understanding) had unhappily been seduced by the dissipating madness of the times, to form habits and

indulge in expences, inconsistent with his rank and fortune.

Though his affairs had for some time been desperate, his pride would not suffer him to retrench, he regarded with dread the contemptuous sneer of the world, at least that despicable dissipation that passes for it—a vile, unmanly, fatal fear, which makes and keeps us fools and beggars half our lives.

Wine, company, gaming, an unceasing round of amusements, together with certain chimerical hopes of advancing his fortune, for some time served to shut out intruding thoughts, and to support a wounded spirit.

But evils which we ought to oppose with spirit and resolution, have never been long evaded by riot, folly, and dissipation.

Premit atra Comes; sequiturque fugacem:

his expectations were disappointed, his creditors were urgent, and he retired with a smile on his countenance but mortal chagrin at his heart, to one of those nocturnal associations for getting rid of time, money, and reflection, which have been called "little earthly Pandæmoniums" where how bitter so ever our disappointments, however hopeless our prospects, unprincipled our actions or indelible our disgrace, we may be certain of meeting companions equally miserable, dishonoured or ruined with ourselves, alike smarting under the reproaches, falsehood, and ill treatment, of mankind or themselves, ready to receive us with open arms, and sympathy, and in the distraction of play, the tumult of wine, or the roar of merriment, setting at defiance, God and man.

Cards

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Cards

ADAIR, ROBERT.

Cards and dice, here level every mortifying distinction, and mix in familiar intimacy, the prince and prize-fighter, the peer and horse-jockey, the beggar and nabob; the gambler and the heir.

This unhappy man passed part of the night in one of these splendid receptacles of desperate adventure, which in the metropolis, attract by their bulky magnificence the wonder and sigh of the indignant public.

With that timid caution which often accompanies fatal design, he exhibited nothing peculiar in his deportment or appearance, but at the usual time, and in the usual mode, taking leave of those he was to see no more, repaired to his own house, once the seat of domestic bliss and endearment: his wife at a late hour had retired to rest, he locked himself in his dressing room, and in an agony of despair so naturally produced by hopeless pecuniary distress and blasted irretrievable prospects, rashly ventured on that world unknown, "snatching from God's right hand the instruments of death."

The situation of a wife at once, and by a shocking catastrophe deprived of husband, friend, and fortune, may be easily imagined, the struggle was too great for her tender delicate frame, and an interval of recovery from anguish was happily afforded by temporary distraction.

From the house of affliction she was conveyed by Adair to his own hospitable roof at Chelsea,

where she experienced every consolation that tranquility and the lenient hand of friendship could bestow; he was indeed the good Samaritan; the father and the friend:

"For this one deed be all his faults forgiven."

From the life of the subject, of this article, says his biographer, the man who early in life, has made one false step, may learn not to give himself up to supineness; indifference, and despair, as by subsequent prudence and industry, difficulties may be surmounted and success ultimately attained.

The man of moderate capacity, without brilliant powers or attainments may also be taught, that pre-eminence and fortune for which we all are struggling through life, may be attained by humbler gifts, by diligence, attention; gentleness, civility, and a constant watchfulness to turn the little accidents of life to good account: from a consideration of this article and often-repeated lesson, may also be brought home to the bosoms of us all, though few, comparatively speaking, have opportunities of acting conspicuous parts on the great theatre of life, although we cannot all be heroes, statesmen, and poets, yet we *all* have it in our power to fulfill the duties of private life, to abstain as far as human infirmity will permit from violence, folly and crime, and to diffuse in some degree the blessings of ease and comfort, to the unhappy, the sick, and the unfortunate.

ANABAPTISTS, a sect of Christians, so called from the peculiarity of their notions concerning baptism, apparently founded on the primitive practice of the church.

They contend, that baptism should be administered only to persons grown up to years of discretion, that the common mode of sprinkling, is insufficient and incomplete; they therefore re-baptize (by dipping, or a total immersion) those who are admitted into their society.

But to these, and other harmless institutions, neither injurious to the peace or welfare of mankind, they added doctrines of a most enthusiastic and dangerous tendency, which springing into action about the middle of the sixteenth century, not long after the successful efforts of Luther, were mentioned to his reproach by the enemies of the reformation, though he attacked their irrational chimæras, as subversive of society and fatal to religion, with great strength of argument, and his usual acrimony of stile.

Having been driven by the vigilance of the magistrate from other parts of Germany, they had propagated their opinions with zeal and boldness at Munster, an imperial city of Westphalia, where they were attended with memorable circumstances, and productive of a temporary revolution, of which, an interesting narrative has been compiled by the candid and perspicuous Dr. Robertson, to whom I am obliged for a good part of this article.

These wild enthusiasts maintained, that among christians, who

had the precepts of the gospel to direct, and the spirit of God to guide them, the office of magistrates was not only unnecessary, but an unlawful encroachment on their spiritual liberty.

They resolved, that all distinctions occasioned by birth, rank, or wealth, ought to be entirely abolished, as they were contrary to the spirit of divine revelation, which considers all men as equal, and all earthly possessions as common; they openly avowed themselves friends to polygamy, both in doctrine and practice, declaring, that neither the laws of nature, or the precepts of the new testament, laid any restraint on a plurality of wives, and that it was a liberty which God himself had granted to the patriarchs.

Two of their principal prophets, Matthias, a baker, and Boccold, a taylor, uniting confident plausible manners, and apparent sanctity, with a spirit of enterprize, and a thirst for novelty, and making proselytes; had fixed their residence in Munster, where among many other converts, they had gained Rothman, who first preached the protestant doctrine in that city; and Cnipperdoling, a wealthy and respectable citizen. Stimulated by, or not contented with these encouragements, they were desirous of establishing their tenets by public authority, and caballing with the city guards, they forced the arsenal and senate-house at midnight, whilst their associates rushing through the streets with drawn swords, proclaimed to the terrified inhabitants, "depart ye ungodly, or repent and be baptized."

B

The

The senators, canons, and nobility, with the more sober citizens, fled from the city, which was thus abandoned to the dominion of a frantic multitude.

Cnipperdoling and another profelyte, were immediately elected consuls, though all proceedings were directed by Matthias, who in the style, and with the authority of a prophet, uttered, as by inspiration, commands, which it was death to disobey: he encouraged the multitude to pillage the churches and deface their ornaments, to destroy all books as useless and impious, except the bible, and directed the estates of such as fled to be confiscated; while every individual, either voluntarily, or by command, brought forth his gold, silver, and other precious effects, and deposited them in a treasury, or common stock, which was dispensed for the common use of all: to compleat the plan of equality, the whole society eat promiscuously, without regard to age, sex, or rank, at tables publicly prepared for them.

The defence of their newly acquired city, was, in the mean time, not neglected; large magazines of every kind were formed, the fortifications repaired, such as were capable of bearing arms were disciplined, and Matthias, by a rare union of prudence and fanaticism, by precept, as well as example, animated his followers either to act or to suffer; while the impetuosity of enthusiasm was occasionally roused by exhortation, revelation, or prophecy.

The German princes, highly offended at the presumption of

these usurpers, voted a supply of men and money to the Bishop of Munster, who advanced with a considerable body to besiege the town, which the Anabaptists had dignified with the scriptural name of Mount Sion; on his approach, Matthias sallied forth, forced the lines of the enemy, and returning loaded with spoil and glory, was so much intoxicated with this partial success, that he appeared the next day brandishing a spear, and declared he would go with a handful of men and smite the ungodly; thirty of his deluded disciples followed him without hesitation, and rushing on the enemy, were all of them immediately cut to pieces.

The death of their prophet, occasioned at first great consternation, but Boccold revived their spirits by strong assurances of more fortunate events, not forgetting to cast some mild reproach on the rash conduct of Matthias, which prevented all possibility of success by his frantic folly: the multitude listened to his exhortations, he gradually succeeded to the absolute direction of their affairs, and after a certain time, it was declared "to be the will of God, that Boccold should be King of Sion, and sit on the throne of David."

He satisfied himself with carrying on a defensive war, waited with patience for succours from the Low Countries, which had been long promised, and often confidently foretold by their prophets; but he was a wilder enthusiast than his predecessor, and of more unbounded ambition, for he marched naked through the streets,

streets, proclaiming, "that the kingdom of heaven was at hand, that the highest should be brought low, and the lowest be exalted."

He caused every church in the city to be levelled to the ground, degraded the senators, and depriving Cnipperdoling of his consulship, the highest office in the commonwealth, he appointed him to the lowest, that of common hangman, an office he executed without murmuring.

Boccold also wore a crown of gold, and indulged a splendour in his dress; a body of guards accompanied him when he appeared in public, a sword drawn, and a bible, were carried before him; he coined money, assumed the state and pomp of royalty, and soon after married three wives, one of whom was the widow of Matthias, a woman of singular beauty, who was dignified with the title of queen: but, as according to Dr. Robertson, enthusiasm is generally accompanied with a proneness to sensuality; this new monarch of the Anabaptists, allured by beauty or the love of variety, increased the number of his wives to eight, to twelve, and at last to fourteen; the multitude was not backward in following this example, and under the specious deceptions of polygamy and divorce, gave themselves up to an uncontrolled gratification of licentious passion: thus by a monstrous and almost incredible union, voluptuousness was grafted on religion, and dissolute pleasures accompanied the austerities of fanatical devotion.

In this form, and by such supports, their government had subsisted for more than fifteen months, but their promised assistance from the Low Countries had been intercepted, the Bishop's army gradually enclosed the town, cut off all communication with the adjacent country, and the besieged, notwithstanding the prudent management of their provisions, had the evils of famine, added to the fatigues of military duty, and working on the fortifications.

But under the impulse of fanaticism, which imparts a miraculous strength to the human mind, they were not to be subdued, and submitted to the most shocking hardships and the vilest food, rather than listen to terms of capitulation which were repeatedly offered; the least symptom of want of faith in the divinity of Boccold or the prophets, was punished with instant death, and one of the king's favourite wives, from the distresses of the poor inhabitants, having presumed to doubt the heavenly nature of his mission, was instantly beheaded by her husband.

At length a deserter, in whom excessive hunger had probably quenched the heat of enthusiasm, made his escape to the enemy, with an emaciated body, a cadaverous countenance, and in a faint voice, he begged for food, which when he had greedily swallowed, after a promise of pardon, he pointed out to the besiegers, a weak and neglected spot in the walls by which they entered; one of the city gates was

taken possession of, and the whole army admitted.

The Anabaptists, though surprized, formed in the market-place, and defended themselves with valour, till surrounded on every side, overpowered with numbers, and without a possibility of escape, they resolved in the height of despair, to sell their lives as dear as possible, and were almost all cut to pieces except Boccold, Cnipperdoling, and a few others, who were loaded with chains, and exposed to the insults and curiosity of several cities in the empire.

This unfortunate monarch, and extraordinary man, who had acquired such dominion over the minds of his followers, and excited such dangerous commotions, was only twenty-six years of age, but did not appear either broken or humbled by this reverse of fortune; he adhered with unshaken firmness, to his tenets, though he suffered a lingering death at Munster, under the severest tortures that could be inflicted.

The kingdom of the Anabaptists was extinguished, but their principles had taken deep root in the Low Countries, where the sect still subsists under the name of Mennonites, which, notwithstanding its seditious and bloody origin, is altogether innocent and pacific. They hold it unlawful to wage war, or to accept of civil offices, and devoting themselves to industry and charity, endeavour to compensate to mankind for the sanguinary violence of their founders.

ANIELLO, TOMASO, commonly, and by contraction,

called Massianello, an inhabitant of Naples, of the lowest rank, who headed an insurrection in that city, against the house of Austria, in the year 1647.

The Neapolitans had submitted to the heavy imposts of Philip the Fourth, without repining 'till, by a tax, imprudently laid on fruit, the chief support of the poor Italians, the people were thrown into an uproar.

Massianello supported himself and family by fishing; was of a sprightly, active, humourous turn, undaunted, of a thin habit, with short cropped hair, a mariner's cap generally on his head, and about twenty-four years of age. As he lived at the corner of the market-place, he was every day a witness to the disputes between the fruit-sellers and the collectors of the Gabelle; 'till by repeated acts of oppression, his mind was gradually prejudiced against the Spanish government: he was observed frequently throwing up his cap, and "swearing by the living God, that if only two or three hearty fellows would stand by him, they would speedily put an end to the oppression of such rascals."

In a moment of discontent, he heard that his wife was hurried to prison for endeavouring to secrete some provisions, which had not paid the tax, and that the revenue officers demanded a larger sum, than his finances could afford, before they would set her at liberty. Massianello was obliged to sell his goods, to raise the money, and such a circumstance could not fail inflaming a mind already highly irritated: he rushed directly to a quarter

quarter of the town where a toll-house had been lately erected, and where a mixed multitude was already assembled to deliberate on their grievances, crying out as he passed along, "we will no longer be beasts of burthen, to be oppressed by governors, who would suck our blood, God gives us plenty, but they give us famine."

The loudness of his voice, and the violence of his rage, attracted the notice of the mob, but when he related the fresh instance of rapacity and insult that had been exercised towards his wife, the bitterest execrations burst forth against the regent of the city: an officer called an elect of the people, being sent with his attendants to disperse them, was attacked by a shower of stones, and narrowly escaped being torn to pieces; Maffianello (who possessed that sort of rude eloquence which strong feelings often inspire,) suddenly leaped upon a fruit-stall, and thus addressed the exasperated crowd:

"Rejoice my dear companions, and countrymen! give thanks to God, and the most gracious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of your deliverance draweth near: a poor bare footed fisherman, shall, like another Moses, deliver the Israelites from the cruel rod of Pharaoh; St. Peter, who reduced the city of Rome from the slavery of the devil, was a poor fisherman; if you have but courage, I will release the city of Naples from this cruel yoke of tolls and gabelles: should I be able to bring it to bear, I don't value being torn to pieces, or dragged through all the ken-

nels, and gutters of this city: on such an occasion, I would not value spilling all the blood of my body, but should think it both glorious and honorable, to sacrifice my life in the cause of my country."

The tumultuous shouting of a thousand voices, and a lighted torch applied to the toll-house, was a signal of universal approbation: armed with sticks, clubs, and such weapons as accident threw in their way, they rifled the houses of all the officers of the revenue, observing strictly to take nothing for their own use, but as they emptied the house of any obnoxious person, they piled the furniture, linen, plate, and china, in a heap in the street, and set the whole on fire: their numbers rapidly increasing, they boldly advanced towards the palace of the viceroy, carrying loaves of bread on the tops of their pikes, and soon forced their way into the palace, from which his excellency had a narrow escape into a neighbouring convent, whither they immediately pursued him.

In the mean time the city-prisons were broken open, and the prisoners set at liberty, while Cardinal Filomarino, Archbishop of Naples, whom they greatly respected, endeavoured to appease the populace; but was told, that peace could not be restored, unless the viceroy gave an instrument properly signed and sealed, to confirm a release for all taxes, particularly those on fruit and corn; this being produced, they cried out, that they were cheated and imposed on, for that it was not what they wanted, as it contained only a partial release: besides that many other grievances

grievances were still unredressed: the Archbishop perceiving that no terms would be listened to, while the popular ferment continued, retired to his palace, and the insurgents proceeded to pull down a monastery in which the viceroy had concealed himself; but climbing over the wall of a back court, he lodged himself in the castle of St. Elmo, while the rabble were burning the rich hangings, tapestry, and other valuables of the palace.

Thus by the oppression of a bad minister, or the crimes of her own citizens, Naples, the third city in Christian Europe, for beauty, extent, and population, which eleven hundred years before had been saved from ruin, by the mercy of Bellisarius, was in the power of a riotous multitude, spreading fire and devastation in different quarters, with each a faggot at their back, and a flaming torch in their hand, they proceeded to the dogana or public granary, an immense pile of building, almost full of corn, which, with its contents, was immediately reduced to ashes: by destroying the provision made against a scanty harvest, the horrors of impending famine, were added to those of conflagration.

The viceroy was blamed by many for not endeavouring to crush the riot in the beginning, but he was unwilling to proceed to acts of violence, hoping, by kindness and lenient measures, to quiet their minds; he contrived to supply the populace with bread, which began to be scarce and dear; he published a proclamation, that the tax on fruit should be for ever abolished; also that the loaf of bread, which used to weigh only twenty-two ounces, should be in-

creased to thirty-two, without any addition to the price: this circumstance seems to prove, that some abuses had been practised by the corn merchants, millers, or bakers.

But the flame burnt with too much fury to be soon extinguished; the insurgents, by the emptying of the prisons, and their being joined by every necessitous, bold, and bad man, and by the free-booters, a numerous class in Naples, and its environs, amounted to upwards of a hundred thousand men, who tumultuously saluting Massianello, as the saviour and father of his country, unanimously chose him for their general: on this occasion, the bare-footed fisherman said "I shall not trouble you my friends with long speeches, but of this I am clear and certain, that whatever alterations may take place, you will not see me behave like a scoundrel, but I will directly put an end to the present grievances, or die in the attempt:"—he then proceeded, by beat of drum, through the whole city and suburbs, summoning the people to resist the tyranny of their governors, took an account of the arms and ammunition, divided the populace into regiments and companies, appointed officers, and distributed arms: but as muskets could not at once be procured for such an immense number, the shoals that were constantly pouring in from the villages about Naples, either from fear or inclination, were armed with plough-shares, pitch-forks, spades, pikes, and other implements, while persons were disposed at regular distances, between the ranks, with lighted matches, and burning torches: the great market place

place Lavinaro, and Porta Nolana, were their principal places of rendezvous.

The common cry was, "those wasps that buzzed about us, and stung us to death; those drones who have plundered the hive, and lived on the honey of the bee, shall be blown up with gunpowder, and sent to hell."

Neither life or property were safe; a general fear and amazement seized the city, and the Duke of Arcos, at this time viceroy, thinking himself no longer secure in the castle of St. Elmo, retired privately in the night to Castelnovo, with the chief nobility, and a reinforcement of three thousand men: he ordered all the gunpowder in the city to be moistened, and surrounded that part of it, on which the castle stands, with a deep trench, and a parapet of earth and faggots; the streets leading to the fort were barricadoed, and pieces of ordnance planted at their entrance.

The different orders of religious walked in procession, the archbishop offered up public prayers to the Almighty for the restoration of peace; the host, as well as the head, and miraculous liquifying blood of St. Januarius, were devoutly exposed.

A submissive message was sent to the people, to know what would satisfy them: Massianello in armour, with his sword drawn, and mounted on a horse, richly caparisoned, received the deputation from the viceroy: after quieting the outrages and violent execrations of the multitude, who cried out, "that the viceroy only meant to cajole and cheat them

"out of their just revenge, which
"was now in their hands:" the
fisherman expatiated with warmth,
but much good sense, on the various
and abominable oppressions the
people of Naples had suffered;
"had the city (continued he) been
"utterly destroyed, and our tyrants
"torn to pieces, the punishment,
"though severe, would have been
"little more than an act of justice:
"have not our friends, and dearest
"relations been hurried to prison,
"to satisfy these rapacious
"cormorants and contractors, who
"by means of kept mistresses,
"court favorites and parasites, have
"made a market of the blood,
"the treasure and the labor of
"the industrious poor? In the
"name of the people of Naples, I
"therefore demand a perfect and
"entire restitution of all the privileges
"granted by King Ferdinand,
"and Charles the fifth, whose
"glorious arms are cut in a stone
"over my door: I require that
"the viceroy, the collateral council,
"the council of state, and the
"nobility, shall, by oath, and
"by a public instrument, binding
"themselves and their posterity,
"ratify the charter; that the clerk
"of the market, and the capo populi,
"shall be nominated by the people,
"without any interposition of the
"viceroy; that no tax of any kind
"shall be laid, without the consent
"of the last mentioned officer, and
"that a refusal to pay taxes laid on,
"without his consent, shall not be
"considered as treason; such are our
"demands, and we will rather die
"than recede from them: and may
"God save the most faithful people
"of Naples, but a cruel government

"government that would starve us, never shall prosper."

These demands were instantly complied with by the viceroy, and an instrument to that purport was prepared, but from the waywardness of an unruly mob, or the suggestion of ill designing persons, the insurgents suddenly insisted on the original charters of Ferdinand and Charles the Fifth being produced, but from some unavoidable delays in finding them, they again suspected some collusion, became outrageous, and were guilty of still greater enormities.

The Duke of Arcos and the two councils seeing that all resistance would be vain, making a virtue of necessity, at length signed articles, by which a free and unreserved consent was given to all the wishes of the people: Massianello having insisted, in addition to the former conditions, that the elect of the people in all public proceedings, should have as many votes as the whole body of the nobility, that the people should not disarm, till the King of Spain had solemnly ratified the terms, and that the articles should be cut in marble, and set up in different public places in the city.

Massianello had been prevailed on, with much difficulty, to change his mariners dress for a splendid habit, crying out as he put it on, "that he was still but "a poor fisherman:" accompanied by his brother, whom he had appointed his lieutenant general, together with Julio Genovino, an ecclesiastic, who had been emancipated from a prison, in

which he had been confined for seditious practices, Arpaja the new elect of the people, and the Banditto Perrone, freed also from jail, but a zealous and powerful partizan; the general of the people, gave audience to the officers of the viceroy, in the great church of Carmine, where the capitulation, signed by the viceroy, was read aloud, and the people signified their consent by the loudest acclamations; and joining in the celebration of *te deum*.

In the way from church to Castelnovo, the streets were strewed with palm and olive branches, the windows and balconies crowded with spectators, and hung with rich silk and tapestry; the fisherman of Naples was saluted from every quarter, as the deliverer and saviour of his country, while young men and maidens, with garlands of flowers, and in loose white robes, celebrated his praises with vocal and instrumental music.

Nothing appeared to interrupt the general joy, but a crowd of ruined tax-gatherers and hungry courtiers, whose profuse rapacity could no longer be fed on the plunder of the people; they joined the procession with hollow smiles, but aching hearts, and rested all their hopes on the viceroy's being able, at some future opportunity, to evade the conditions to which he had been obliged to subscribe.

As soon as the procession reached the great gate of Castelnovo, the guard, according to order, drew up, and saluted Massianello as a general officer, and the captain, after congratulating him on the successful issue of

of the negotiation, informed him, that the Duke of Arcos waited his pleasure in the audience chamber; the fisherman gently inclining himself to the officer, turned to the people, and waving his sword, as a signal for silence, thus addressed them.

"My dear companions and countrymen,

"Let us offer up our praises to God, and the most gracious Lady of Carmine, for the recovery of our liberties; we shall no longer groan under inhuman and blood-thirsty tyrants, but every man shall enjoy the fruits of his own industry, without the intermeddling of hateful collectors of the Gabelle.

"I see plainly that all your countenances are enlivened with joy, and who would not be glad on an occasion like the present! may the man who will not rejoice at our recovering freedom, peace, and the enjoyment of the produce of the earth, die like a dog, infamous, and unpitied: you seem lost in amazement at the happy change, and scarce can believe it any thing but a dream, but indeed my friends, this is no delusion, behold in my hand the sacred and substantial pledges of the blessings we have recovered, the charters of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and of Ferdinand.

"But it is not to enhance the merit of my own actions, that I dwell on the advantages which have been procured for you, I esteem my having been instrumental in rendering good service to my country, far beyond all that wealth can bestow, I appeal

"to you my lord archbishop, and
"also to the viceroy's secretary,
"who now stands near the guard-
"room, if I did not very early
"in this business, refuse a pension
"of two hundred crowns a month,
"which was offered me, if I
"would undertake to dissuade you
"from your just pretensions; and
"nothing but his eminence the
"cardinal's threatening to excom-
"municate me, would have pre-
"vailed on me to put on this
"gaudy dress, for I am still Mas-
"sianello the fisherman, such have
"I lived, and such will I die; I
"shall conclude with advising you
"two things; not to lay down
"your arms till the confirmation
"of your privileges arrives from
"Spain; and above all things, to
"mistrust your sworn and profest
"enemies the nobility, who, like
"hungry wolves, will watch every
"opportunity to devour you: I
"am now going to talk to the
"viceroy, and shall probably re-
"turn in a short time, but if you
"do not see me safe, and at
"liberty, by seven o'clock to-
"morrow morning, you may take
"it for granted there has been
"treachery, and will of course
"set fire to the palace, and pur-
"sue such other methods of
"revenge, as you shall judge
"necessary."

From this interview with the viceroy, Massianello returned in a few hours to his own house, where he and his wife received the congratulations of the principal inhabitants of Naples; but whilst he was thus enjoying that first best attribute of power and influence, the consciousness of having exerted it for the good of mankind,

mankind, this popular leader, was afflicted with a calamity, which levels the proud master of the creation, with the meanest reptile he crushes on the ground.

For seven days, which was the period of his authority, he had conducted himself with a prudence, regularity and foresight, in a man of his condition, as laudable as it was unexpected: at this time from fatigue of body and mind, as he scarcely allowed himself the necessary refreshments of food and sleep, or (as was suspected, but never proved) from the effects of some intoxicating drugs infused in his liquors, he betrayed violent symptoms of phrenzy and madness, treated his friends and associates with outrage, insolence and abuse; tore his cloaths from his body, and rode with a drawn sword furiously through the streets, wounding and killing several persons, with other horrid extravagancies.

The citizens beheld the deplorable state of their leader with horror and amazement, and after receiving repeated assurances from the viceroy, that their privileges and immunities should remain inviolate, they declared that the devoted, the unfortunate Massianello was no longer their general; and the duke of Arcos, dreading a repetition of the old excesses, if a madman was at the head of a mob, sent four persons with private orders to put him to death.

He had been haranguing the people from the pulpit of the great church, with an incoherent mixture of reproach, justification and religious penitence, for he had still sufficient intervals of reason to perceive he had lost the confidence of

his party; from the church he was conducted by some attendants into an adjoining cloyster, struggling in the agonies of disease, madness and despair. Hearing his name mentioned, he turned quickly round, saying, "Is it me you look for, my people, behold I am here."

Four muskets were instantly discharged, and their contents lodged in his body. The unhappy fisherman dropped on the pavement, exclaiming with his last breath, "Ah, ungrateful traitors!"

His head fixed on a spear, and his body dragged through the streets, were the signal for submission to the Spanish government. Magnificent funeral obsequies and an expensive interment were celebrated the next day by the people, so that Massianello in less than three days was obeyed like a monarch, murdered like a villain, and revered like a saint. The oppressive taxes were soon laid on, and produced popular tumults; of so small avail are partial revolutions in forms of government radically defective, where the emolument of the prince, and not the happiness of the people, is the great object of the Ministers.

ARBUTHNOT, Dr. favourite physician of queen Anne, the friend of Swift and Pope, possessing all the wit and humour of the first, without his acrimonious virulence and gross indelicacy, and much of the genius of the latter, without his envy and querulous ill-nature.

"Were a stranger (says a learned writer) were a stranger to peruse the correspondence of Pope and Swift, without any other
" guide

"guide to instruct him in the history of the times in which they lived, he would be induced to think, that the whole body of their cotemporaries had been in league against them, that these two individuals engrossed the small remains of virtue that were left, and that the rest of the world was enveloped in barbarian darkness, ignorance and de-traction."

The observation is just, but it in reply may be said, that in a new reign, and in the insolence of triumph, it was the fashion for a whig ministry and their abettors, to ridicule and abuse the avowed favourites of Oxford and Bolingbroke, who had been, with some appearance of justice, accused of measures inimical to the house of Hanover; add to this, that the imagination of an irritable poet, and a discontented churchman, enlarged and exaggerated every evil of life.

"*Laudator temporis acti*" is a character naturally and perhaps innocently attached to declining age.

But I return to Arbuthnot, of whom I have often said, that if a character were to be selected from past times, whose footsteps I must follow, whose fortune and fate I must exactly undergo, Arbuthnot would be fixed on without hesitation for my model; his calm moderation, and tranquil virtues in prosperity, his temperate complaints, mild resignation and unaffected piety in adversity, cannot but impress the mind with admiration, and an earnest desire of imitation.

Embarrassed by the queen's death, and under the depression of disease and paternal anxiety, the

"*Mens conscia recti*" bursts forth with a cheerful light through the clouds of misfortune; the calm confidence of hope, inspired by a good conscience, diffuses a serene ray over his uncomfortable prospects. The contemplation of a character like Arbuthnot, produces in my mind the strongest influence and internal conviction of the existence of a God, and a state of future retribution, far more impressive than the most elaborate demonstration.

"I am as well" says Arbuthnot in a letter to a friend, "I am as well as a man can be, who is gasping for breath, and has a house full of men and women unprovided for."

This worthy, this honest man, died within a month after he wrote the letter from which I quote the above passage, but the Almighty saw and fulfilled the wishes of a good heart. Every branch of his family passed through life with ease, competence, and honour.

When a young man, he made an attempt to settle as a physician at Dorchester, a town in the west of England, remarkable for its salubrious air and healthy situation—need I say that he failed.

A friend met him a few miles out of the town, riding post towards London.

"Where are you going, Arbuthnot?" was a very natural question.

"To leave this confounded place, for a man can neither live or die here," was his happy answer.

BAKER, POLLY, a beautiful, but unfortunate young woman, of Connecticut, in New England.

She was the daughter of a reputable mechanic, soberly, and, as is the custom of that town, religiously brought up; educated, according to her rank in life, in reading, writing and plain work, and what is of more consequence, was taken home early from the day school, to be instructed in the useful and domestic duties of life.

She had given early proofs of a masculine understanding, and united with it, what is not often united, that female grace and captivating softness of manners, "in which the charm of woman principally consists."

It was her fate, or rather her misfortune, to form an acquaintance with an agreeable young man, the son of one of the principal magistrates of the town.

An intimacy quickly followed, and few of my readers between eighteen and six and thirty need be told, how soon such an intercourse grows to a tender attachment, and takes a softer name.

They experienced the usual difficulties of love, which are always increased by inequality of condition.

I will not describe the irritated pride and selfish resentment of *his* parents, or the tender anxieties of hers: anxieties, augmented by their discovering too late, that her affections were fixed on one, whose family would never consent to their union, and whose character was too well known, and his passions too violent to render him at all

scrupulous, as to the manner in which he gratified them.

The repeated injunctions and remonstrances of their families, only served to make the young people more diligent in procuring interviews, and to enhance the value of those precious moments, when procured.

It is not my business to dwell on scenes passed over in rapture, but remembered with regret; which, to those best acquainted with them, only prove, that men are false, and women credulous. She was thrown off her guard by his promising to marry her, and in a fatal, incautious moment, undone. Rejected by her relations, perfidiously forsaken by her betrayer, pregnant, without fame, and without a friend, the pains of child-birth were added to wretchedness and loss of reputation;—"and hissing infamy proclaim'd the rest!"

As she recovered, those who had supported her became clamorous in their demands; and her personal beauty being unimpaired, she attracted the loose desires of a neighbouring trader. It has been said, that we are never so far from misconduct, as when we start at the shadow of indecorum: and surely the barriers of female modesty cannot be too strictly guarded: for the crowded capital, and the sequestered village, alike shock us with numerous instances of the rapid progress from virgin innocence to undaunted turpitude.

This unhappy woman, so lately the darling of her family, doated on by a lover, who, had *she* been cruel, still would have been *kind*, looked

looked up to, and respected for virtue and good sense by all her acquaintance, was now an outcast from society, the ridicule and contempt of many with less virtue, but more prudence than herself; reduced by a strange kind of base necessity to support herself and a helpless infant by illicit practices, and to tread the odious and distinguished path of filthy infamy.

The glow of revolting virtue gradually forsook her cheek, and she, who, a few months before, would have revolted at an indelicate allusion, now entered the noisome caves of prostitution, without a blush.

But such conduct was not at that time to be passed over without legal punishment, in New England, which has been called the Land of Saints, the Hot-house of Calvinistic Puritanism.

In consequence of this, and other natural children, she several times suffered whipping, fine, and imprisonment.

On one of these occasions, being brought before a court of justice, in order that sentence might be pronounced against her, she craved indulgence of the bench to speak a few words, and surprized her hearers, by the following address, which was taken down in short hand by a person on the spot.

"I am a poor, unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, and find it very difficult to get a tolerable livelihood.

"I shall not trouble your honours with long speeches, for I have not the presumption to expect, that you will deviate from

"the sentence of the law in my favour.

"All that I humbly hope is, that your honours would charitably move the governor in my behalf to remit the fine.

"It is not, I confess, the first time that I have been dragged before this court on the same account; I have paid heavy fines; I have been brought to public punishment.

"I do not deny that this is agreeable to law; but, since some laws are repealed, from their being unreasonable, and a power remains of somewhat dispensing with others, from their bearing too hard on the subject, I take the liberty to say, that the act by which I am punished, is both unreasonable, and, in my case, particularly severe.

"I have always led an inoffensive life in the neighbourhood where I was born; and defy my enemies (if I have any) to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child.

"I cannot conceive my offence to be of so unpardonable a nature as the law considers it.

"I have brought several fine children into the world, at the risque of my life; I have maintained them by my own industry, without burthening the township; indeed, I should have done it better, but for the heavy charges and fines I have paid.

"Can it be a crime, in the nature of things, to add to the number of His Majesty's subjects, in a new country, that really wants peopling?

"peopling? I own, I should think
 "it a praise-worthy, rather than a
 "punishable action.

"I have deprived no woman
 "of her husband; I have not de-
 "bauched, or enticed, any appren-
 "tice; nor can any parents ac-
 "cuse me of seducing their son.

"No one has any cause of
 "complaint against me, but the
 "minister and justice, who lose
 "their fees, in consequence of
 "my having children out of wed-
 "lock.

"But I appeal to your honours,
 "if this be a fault of mine. You
 "have often been pleased to say,
 "that I do not want sense; but
 "I must be wretchedly stupid, in-
 "deed, not to prefer the honour-
 "able state of marriage, to that
 "condition in which I have liv-
 "ed.

"I always *was*, and still *am*,
 "willing to enter into it; and, I
 "believe, most who know me are
 "convinced, that I am not defici-
 "ent in the duties and necessary
 "qualifications for a wife, as well
 "as a mother, sobriety, industry,
 "cleanliness, and frugality.

"I never refused an offer of
 "that sort: on the contrary, I
 "readily consented to the only
 "proposal of marriage that ever
 "was made me.

"I was then a virgin; and con-
 "fiding too readily in the sincer-
 "ity of the person who made it,
 "unhappily lost my own honour,
 "by trusting to his. After yield-
 "ing to him all that woman *can*
 "give, on my being pregnant, he
 "ungenerously forsook me.

"He is well known to you all;
 "and since that time is become
 "a magistrate.

"Indeed, I was not without
 "a hope, that he would this day
 "have appeared on the bench, to
 "try to moderate the court in my
 "favour.

"I should then have scorned to
 "mention it; now I cannot but
 "complain of harsh and unjust
 "usage; that my betrayer and
 "undoer, the first cause of all my
 "failings and faults, should be
 "advanced to honour and power
 "by that government, which pu-
 "nishes *my* misfortunes with in-
 "famy and stripes.

"But you will tell me what I
 "have often been told, that were
 "there no act of assembly in the
 "case, the precepts of religion are
 "violated by my transgression.
 "If mine then be a religious of-
 "fence, leave it to a religious pu-
 "nishment.

"You have already excluded
 "me from the church commu-
 "nion!

"You believe I have offended
 "Heaven, and shall suffer ever-
 "lasting punishment!

"Why then will you encrease
 "my misery, by additional fines
 "and whippings?

"I own that, on this subject, I
 "do not think as you do.

"But your honours will, I
 "hope, forgive me, if I speak a
 "little extravagantly.

"I am no divine;—but if gen-
 "tlemen must be making laws,
 "they should not, by their pro-
 "hibitions, turn natural and use-
 "ful actions into crimes.

"It would rather become them,
 "to take into consideration the
 "great and growing number of
 "batchelors in this country, ma-
 "ny of whom, from the mean
 "fear

"fear of the expences of a family, never sincerely and honourably courted a woman in their lives.

"By their manner of living, they leave unproduced, (which is little better than murder) hundreds of their posterity, to a thousand generations.

"Is not this a greater offence against the public good than mine?

"Compel them, by law, either to marry, or to pay double the fine of fornication every year.

"What must poor young women do? Custom forbids *their* making overtures to men: *they* cannot, however heartily *they* may wish it, get married when *they* please.

"The laws take no care to provide them husbands, yet severely punish them if they do their duty without them;—a duty inculcated by the first and great command, *increase and multiply!*

"—a duty, from the steady performance of which, nothing has been able to deter me, tho' I have hazarded by it the loss of public esteem, and have frequently endured disgrace and punishment."

Her judges, as well as all that were present, were moved by the affecting circumstances of her case. She was discharged without punishment, and a handsome collection directly made for her in court.

The public became interested in her behalf; and her original seducer, either from compunction, or from the latent seeds of an affection, which had been suppressed, but never eradicated, married her shortly after.

Can we, or ought we, suddenly to quit a subject, which sooner or later may come home to the bosoms of us all.

Which of us has not, or wishes not to have, (for I write only to those, who have the passions and feelings of men)—which of us has not, or wishes not to have, a daughter, whom he tenderly loves; a wife, whom he doats on, and adores? What must be the feelings of a father, after rearing his darling through the dangers and diseases of infancy, after teaching her "young ideas how to shoot," and viewing with delight the opening buds of corporal and mental beauty,—what must be his sufferings, to have her insidiously tempted, if not forced from his house, profaned by the lavish heir, or the hoary villain; an object for the lust or barbarity of midnight ruffians; a prey to contempt, penury, disease, hunger, and cold; shivering in the nauseous abodes of vulgar obscenity; blaspheming in a watch-house, huddled in a prison, and, lastly, perishing on a dunghill!

The good father, perhaps, will say, against these evils I have guarded.

I have instilled early into her mind the principles of revealed religion, the certainty of a particular, superintending providence, of an almighty power, whose eye penetrates the inmost recesses of the heart, which no artifice can evade, no darkness obscure.

I have convinced her, that moments of pleasure and ages of pain are the sure consequences of vice; and that to virtue, and virtue only, belong health and peace of mind.

In

In educating the subject of the preceding narrative, these precautions were by no means neglected,—but, alas! they were vain.

Her parents, dazzled by the prospect of an advantageous connection, neglected *early* to stop an intercourse, which they must very *early* have known could not end happily, from the aversion of the young man's family to the match.

The girl herself, probably superior in understanding to the man who seduced her, and under the impulse of irresistible passion, fell a dupe to the unsuspecting goodness of her own heart, and a reliance on the integrity of his.

What then remains to be done, since the careless and the giddy fall, and even the good, the prudent, and the highly-endowed, are vanquished at last!

“Where, then, shall hope and fear their objects find?

“Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?

“Must passion cease? must no soft wishes rise?”

To instruct mankind in the art of extirpating those passions planted in our breasts for the wisest and most benevolent purposes, would be like teaching them to arrest the circulation of the blood, or to stop the pulsations of the heart,—a wild and, if it could be accomplished, a thankless task.

The irrational stoic, *pretending* to be exempt from pain, pleasure, and feeling; the wretch, transformed by grief and despair to a human statue, are specimens of what we should produce.

Let us, therefore, act wiser; for passions which we *may* obstruct, but never can *stop*, for a torrent,

to which we owe the most blissful moments of our life, let us provide proper channels, and legal gratification.

The grand impediments to happiness, in the disposal of our children, are avarice and pride. We forget that a love of pleasure and a love of action are the two great principles implanted in our breasts; and that proper food for the passions, and a fit opportunity for the rational exertion of the social powers, are to be more attended to than external splendor, and superfluous wealth.

Parents are too often attracted by the offers of young men of high rank and great fortune; if nothing impedes, and marriage takes place, all may be well: but it surely becomes a prudent father to examine and foresee every probable obstruction, and if it cannot be removed, *early* and *firmly* to put a stop to all intercourse: love is a disease, which, though not curable by herbs, may be prevented by caution: if he hesitates, if he suffers a mutual attachment to be formed, and marriage cannot take place, the peace of his family is destroyed, and his daughter is undone.

More women have fallen into the snares of illicit love, through the delusive, vain hopes and interested connivance of parents; than by the arts of the vilest pander, and most unprincipled debauchee.

I cannot conclude without particularly addressing myself to my female readers, on a point so highly interesting to them, notwithstanding the exhausted patience of my reader, tells me, this article is already too

too far extended, but I *must* crave his indulgence, for a thrilling, a tender chord is touched, and every fibre of my frame vibrates in unison with it.

The heroine of our little narrative, after tasting the sweets of rapture and the sorrows of repentance, after subjecting herself to difficulty, disgrace and punishment, was at last married to her original lover.

But I trust that no woman of common sense will be induced by this rare instance of tardy justice, to imitate *her* misconduct.

"For, although a lover's vanity is flattered by triumphing over the virtue of his mistress, and she thinks him bound to consider it as a proof of her attachment, yet will he gradually cease to value this distinction, when he collects the uncertainty of what determined her conduct, and will at last believe that any other man, with the same opportunities would have been equally happy.

"The sex may say what they please, but if they fall, though I would not defend the seducers, I cannot think they have any right to complain.

"Their educations ought to guard them against our arts; they know the consequence of yielding without certain terms.

"They are told from their infancy, that virtue is the necessary characteristic of the sex, and if they lose that, they forfeit all that renders them valuable.

"If, in spite of precept and example, they will stray from the narrow path, can they wonder if we despise them?"

"A truly virtuous woman is superior to all temptations, she who falls, in reality never had any virtue to lose, consequently is not robbed of any, but is only unmasked, and shown to the world in her proper colours.

"Nor in this respect are women to be so easily excused as the other sex, for men, from a depraved licentiousness of the times, err with impunity; but vicious, abandoned and foolish must that woman be, who purchases the short-lived pleasure of a transient gratification, at the expence of fortune, fame, friends, the countenance of her own sex, and the esteem of ours.

"Nothing can excuse her fall, neither force, stratagem, or surprise; for

"He comes too near, who comes to be deny'd:

"And she ought *never* to be off her guard.

"To preserve her honour is the principal business of her life; her interest and happiness depend on it; and she knows that, by a spirited noble resistance, she shall convert her admirer into an honourable lover, or get rid of a wretch, unworthy of her attachment.

"In short, with every advantage on the side of virtue, no woman of sense or discretion can deliberate an instant."

Though the writer from whom I have made this extract is too severe in many of his strictures on women, and gives an unjustifiable latitude to the efforts of seduction; yet he places the conduct of the frail fair one, in so striking and so mortifying a point of view, that I think

think it cannot be held up to the sex, or repeated too often. When they perceive how low, how very low they are esteemed in the opinion of their destroyers, I should hope that pride as well as principle would induce them to double their caution and resolution in expelling these perfidious enemies of their peace.

But there is another unhappy class of females, whom literary instruction cannot reach, whom a sense of honour will not influence; I know not whether to pity or blame them.

Surrounded by luxuries and pleasures, which they cannot taste but at the expence of guilt, and without sufficient motives, either religious or moral, to strengthen their minds, they rush at the enticing voices of indolence, vanity and dissipation, into the splendid recesses of infamy.

Procuring (at what they think a cheap rate) more in the brothel, than they could honestly get in the world, a luxurious life without labour, finery, and public amusements; they prevent all trouble of seduction, and anticipate the purpose of the pander. Through the convenient medium of a procurers, they prostrate themselves as voluntary victims in the unhallowed temples of profligacy, drunkenness and loose desire.

From stage coaches or from waggon, from dust carts, wheelbarrows, and from stalls, from shops, from kitchens, and from sculleries, they at intervals deluge the town, infest our streets, and interrupt our public amusements. With no one attraction to render them tolerable, but to the inelegant grossness of

carnal appetite, they display brawny arms, coarse features and vulgar manners in their daily rounds of St. James's-street, Bond-street, Piccadilly, and the Park; stupidly gay, insignificant, glittering and tawdry.

Lounging at night in the boxes, or as lately happened to a noble dutches, jostling and insulting in the lobby those, whom but a few weeks before, they served in the vilest menial offices.

After fluttering a short time, if they can escape the hospital or the prison, they sicken the town, and sink into their original obscurity, satisfied that they have had their day, and that the servile condition to which they return, will afford them retirement, food and raiment.

But to women who have moved in other spheres of life, with delicate forms, refined pleasures and elegant habits, whose enlightened understandings, and cultivated minds, have not been sufficient to guard them against the insatiable obliquities of vice, desertion and degradation, are equally certain, but far more dreadful, "they cannot dig, to beg they are ashamed;" for sorrows like theirs I see no resource, but death, no refuge but the grave; far preferable to the shocking solicitations, the vile companions and humiliating treatment of a prostitute.

In amorous intrigue, the conduct of the late Mr. Beckford, who spoke truth at court, and was not awed by the frowns of a king, ought not to lose *its degree* of praise.

He indulged himself (it must be confessed) he indulged himself with
an

an unbounded and culpable latitude; but, as a diminution of the general mass of public happiness, is *one* of the *many* evils of unlawful love; he did not add misery and desertion to his crime.

It was a rule from which he never deviated, to make an ample provision for his natural children, as well as their mother.

It would be some alleviation of female calamity, if all who inherited the strong passions, and the love of variety of Beckford, possessed equal inclination and ability to imitate his generosity.

I should then find some little excuse for a noble lord, who used to profess, without disguise, that the daughters of parsons, young and tender, were the enviable objects of his earnest, and too often his successful criminal pursuits.

The impotent imbecility of his age and infirmities, would excite in a less degree our anger and contempt, if he would make some *little* provision for these unhappy *children*, whom he has rendered unable to get an honest subsistence, instead of casting out helpless *infants* on the town, dishonoured, destitute, and unhappy.

I believe I have exhausted all that I had to say on this topic, and that I have fatigued my reader.—I therefore close it, by repeating, on the subject of seduction, because till this instant I did not recollect it, what a gentleman told me, whom, in the article allotted to Pope, I have called Lorenzo, and which ought to have been included in that article.

“In all my warfare with women (said this person) I never considered myself as justified ei-

“ther to use violent force, intoxicating drugs, or to delude them by promising marriage, or by a mock representation of the ceremony.

“It is a serious affair, and not to be trifled with; nor is it a fair proceeding.—If I could work on their vanity, their passions, their hopes, and their fears, it was fair fighting on equal ground; but having resorted to the modes above mentioned, is like fighting with infected weapons, or poisoning the wells and springs of a garrison or country, and contrary to the laws of war.”

BADCOCK, SAMUEL, a learned divine, and ingenious critic of South Molton in Devonshire, who, after much literary labour, for the honour and emolument of others, and after wielding with success the sword of controversy, died of a consumption, early in life.

His attack on the Thelyphthora was masterly, and his triumph complete.

His animadversions on the works of Dr Priestley evince a more than critical severity, which arose from a personal enmity subsisting between them,

The intimacy and confidence which religious characters so often obtain, and too frequently abuse, had introduced Mr. Badcock into a friend's house, where that passion, whose effects we lament, but whose omnipotence we all submit to, urged the young novice, keen with abstinence, and unbroken by debauchery, to unhallowed pastimes.

At a subsequent ordination, Dr. Priestley mentioned this circumstance

stance as an objection to his entering on the ministry.

But this youthful indiscretion, this weakness of human nature, was forgotten, in consideration of the zeal and superior abilities of the candidate;—the correctness of his future life justified the measure. But Badcock did not soon forget the injury; and the eagerness of revenge evidently pervades his critical page; it animates, and incites, but it never misleads him. The profuse, the unceasing fertility of Dr. Priestley's pen exposed him so often, and particularly in his History of the Corruptions of Christianity, to the lash of criticism, that Badcock, who, in ecclesiastical learning, and in Greek erudition, was confessedly his superior, had an opportunity for gratifying his resentment and displaying his learning; yet at the same time it must be confessed, he has acted with strict justice towards the candid unitarian doctor.

The paper war, which took place in consequence of a promissory note, found among Mr. Badcock's papers, in which, I confess, I see nothing to blame in Dr. Gabriel's conduct, brings to my mind a line or two in some satirical dogrells; which I remember were handed about, at the time the professor preached the Bampton Lectures; they prove, that the opinion of Dr. White's being assisted by the Devonshire critic, was by no means a new one:

"And Badcock inclin'd to our
"church pater noster,
"Proves that White is, himself,
"an Arabian impossitor."

Dr. White appears to be a man

of genius and learning without application, but not without a prudent regard for the meum and tuum in money matters, tho' he has been otherwise described.

Mr. Badcock, added to the most brilliant, natural, and acquired endowments, intellectual energy, and unremitting industry, and tho' he latterly joined the establishment, remained (blush, ye lights of the church!) without provision, in a country where unlettered dullness slumbers in prebendal stalls, or fattens on pluralities, and where those rewards which were designed to requite excellence, and raise depressed merit, are lavished on the idiots of nobility, or the ministerial tools of parliamentary corruption.

BARNARD, WILLIAM, the son of a Surveyor or Builder in Westminster, of good character, and apparently easy in his circumstances.

Nothing occurred in the life of this person, sufficiently interesting or peculiar, to entitle him to a place in this collection, till he was accused of a crime, singular, from the mode in which it was executed, and remarkable, because there appeared no urgent motive for inducing him to risque his reputation, and life, in so rash and unjustifiable an enterprize.

In the year 1758, a letter was found under the door of the office of Ordnance, directed in a hand, imitating print, to his grace the duke of Marlborough, who at that time, was master general. The duke was surprised at reading the following contents.

My

My Lord, Nov. 28.

" As ceremony is an idle thing
 " upon most occasions, more espe-
 " cially to persons in my state of
 " mind, I shall proceed immedi-
 " ately to acquaint you with the
 " motive, and end of addressing
 " this epistle to you, which is
 " equally interesting to us both.

" You are to know then, my
 " present situation in life is such,
 " that I should prefer annihilation
 " to a continuance in it: desperate
 " diseases require desperate reme-
 " dies, and you are the man I have
 " pitched upon either to make *me*,
 " or to unmake yourself.

" As I never had the honor to
 " live among the great, the tenor
 " of my proposals will not be very
 " courtly; but let that be an ar-
 " gument to enforce the belief of
 " what I am now going to write.

" It has employed my inven-
 " tion for some time, to find
 " out a method to destroy another,
 " without exposing my own life;
 " that I have accomplished, and
 " defy the law.

" Now for the application of it,
 " I am desperate and *must* be pro-
 " vided for: you have it in your
 " power, it is my business to make
 " it your *inclination* to serve me;
 " which you must determine to
 " comply with, by procuring me
 " a genteel support for my life, or
 " your own will be at a period
 " before this session of parliament
 " is over.

" I have more motives than one,
 " for singling you out first, upon
 " this occasion; and I give you
 " this fair warning, because the
 " means I shall make use of are
 " too fatal to be eluded by the
 " power of physick.

" If you think this of any con-
 " sequence, you will not fail to
 " meet the author, on Sunday next
 " at ten in the morning, or on
 " Monday (if the weather should
 " be rainy on Sunday) near the
 " first tree beyond the stile in Hyde
 " Park, in the footwalk to Ken-
 " sington: secrecy and compliance may
 " preserve you from a double dan-
 " ger of this sort; as there is a cer-
 " tain part of the world, where
 " your death has more than been
 " wished for, on other motives.

" I know the world too well, to
 " trust this secret in any breast but
 " my own. A few days determine
 " me your friend or enemy.

FELTON.

" You will apprehend that I
 " mean you should be alone; and
 " depend upon it that a discovery
 " of any artifice in this affair will
 " be fatal to you: my safety is en-
 " sured by my silence; for confes-
 " sion only can condemn me."

The duke went to the spot at the
 time appointed, having previously
 desired a friend to observe at a dis-
 tance what passed.

He waited near half an hour,
 and seeing no one he could suspect
 to be the person, turned his horse
 and rode towards Piccadilly, but
 after proceeding a few paces, he
 looked back and saw a man leaning
 over a bridge, which is within
 twenty yards of the tree mentioned
 in the letter: he then rode gently
 towards the person, and passed him
 once or twice, expecting that he
 would speak, but as he still remained
 silent: his grace bowed and asked
 if he had not something to say to
 him, but he answered " No, I don't
 know you:" the duke after telling
 him who he was, said " Now you
 " know

"know who I am, I imagine you
"have something to say to me."

On the stranger's replying "I
"have not;" his grace directly
rode out of the park.

A few days after, a second letter,
to the following purport was sent
to the duke: in the same hand-
writing, and conveyed under the
door, as the former one.

"My Lord,

"You receive this as an ac-
"knowledge of your punctu-
"ality, as to the time, and place
"of meeting on Sunday last,
"though it was owing to you that
"it answered no purpose.

"The pageantry of being arm-
"ed, and the ensign of your order
"were useless, and too conspi-
"cuous: you needed no atten-
"dant; the place was not calcu-
"lated for mischief, nor was any
"intended.

"If you walk in the west aisle
"of Westminster Abbey, toward
"eleven o'clock on Sunday next,
"your sagacity will point out the
"person, whom you will address
"by asking his company to take
"a turn or two with you.

"You will not fail, on enquiry,
"to be acquainted with the name
"and place of abode, according
"to which directions, you will
"please to send two or three hun-
"dred pound bank notes the next
"day by the penny post.

"Exert not your curiosity too
"early: it is in your power to
"make me grateful on certain
"terms.

"I have friends who are faith-
"ful, but they do not bark before
"they bite.

I am, &c.

F.

The duke had repaired to Hyde
Park, no otherwise dressed than
persons of quality generally are;
the only part of the insignia of
the order of the garter, being the
star by his side, and the pistol hol-
sters before him, are the common
horse furniture of a military of-
ficer, high in command.

He was naturally alarmed on
receiving the second letter, and
consulted his friends; when, after
sending for the late Sir John Field-
ing, it was determined, that his
grace should go to Westminster
Abbey; two or three constables
being ordered to attend in sight,
as if walking to see the monu-
ments, and directed to take up
any suspected person, on the duke's
making a signal.

He had not been in the Abbey
more than five minutes, when the
person he had before spoken to
in Hyde Park came in, accompa-
nied with a good-looking, decent
man, and they both walked to-
wards the choir, and then parted.
The person, whom the duke had
before seen, (and who afterwards
proved to be Mr. William Bar-
nard) loitered about looking at
the inscriptions, and occasionally
fixing his eyes on his grace, who
stood for a few minutes pretty
near him, to see if he would speak
first; but this not being the case,
he at last said to Mr. Barnard,
"Have you any thing to say to
"me, Sir?" to which he replied,
"No, mylord, I have not." "Sure
you have," replied the duke;—but
he still said, "No, my lord."

Mr. Barnard then walked up
and down one side of the aisle, and
his grace on the other, for six or
seven minutes, without any con-
versation

versation passing between them; when the duke of Marlborough quitted the Abbey, at the great door. Nothing particular occurred further at the time; only, it was observed, by one of the persons appointed to watch, that Mr. Barnard placed himself behind one of the pillars, as he went out, and looked eagerly after him.

The duke, with a laudable caution, which does him credit, was still unwilling to have him secured, lest he might injure an innocent man.

A third letter was, however, received a few days after; which, on comparing the directions, was evidently the production of the same person, who had written the first. It was as follows:

"My Lord,

"I am fully convinced you had
"a companion on Sunday. I interpret it, as owing to the weakness of human nature; but such proceeding is far from being ingenuous, and may produce bad effects; whilst it is impossible to answer the end proposed. You will see me again soon, as it were by accident, and may easily find where I go to. In consequence of which, by being sent to, I shall wait on your grace, but expect to be quite alone, and to converse in whispers.

"You will likewise give your honour, upon meeting, that no part of the conversation shall transpire.

"These, and the former terms complied with, insure your safety: my revenge, in case of non-compliance, or any scheme to expose me, will be slower, but not less sure; and strong

"suspicion, the utmost that can possibly ensue upon it; while the chances would be ten-fold against you.

"You will possibly be in doubt, after the meeting; but it is quite necessary, the outside should be a mask to the in.

"The family of the Bloods is not extinct, tho' they are not in my scheme."

It was more than two months before the duke heard any thing further from this extraordinary correspondent; when he was surprized, by receiving the underwritten letter by the penny-post, in a mean hand, but not in imitation of print, as the others were.

To his Grace, the Duke of Marlborough.

"May it please your Grace,

"I have reason to believe, that the son of one Barnard, a surveyor, in Abingdon Buildings, Westminster, is acquainted with some secrets, that nearly concern your safety: his father is now out of town, which will give you an opportunity of questioning him more privately.

"It would be useless to your grace, as well as dangerous to me to appear more publicly in this affair."

"Your sincere friend,

"Anonymous.

"He frequently goes to Storey's Gate Coffee-house."

In the course of a week, a messenger was sent to the Coffee-house, who met Mr. Barnard there.

He appeared much surprized, when told that the duke of Marlborough wished to speak with him, and said, "It is very odd!" for the duke addressed himself

"to

"to me, some time ago, in Hyde Park, tho' I never saw him before in my life!" a day or two afterwards, according to appointment, he came to Marlborough-house.

As soon as he made his appearance, the duke immediately recognized the face of the same person, whom he had before seen in Hyde Park, and at Westminster Abbey.

On asking him as before, "If he had any thing to say," he replied, "I have nothing to say."

The several letters and circumstances were then recapitulated by his grace, particularly the last, which mentioned Mr. Barnard's knowing something, that nearly concerned his safety. To these points, he only answered, "I know nothing of the matter."

The duke then observed, that the writer of the letters in question, appeared from them to be a man of abilities and education; and lamented that he should be guilty of so mean an action.—

"It is possible to be very poor and very learned," was his remarkable answer.

On the duke's saying, there must be something very odd in the man, Barnard answered, "I imagine he must be mad."

"He seems surprized, that I should have pistols," continued his grace: to which he made answer, "I was surprized to see your grace with pistols, and your star on." "Why were you surprized at that?" said the duke. "It was so cold a day, I wondered you had not a great coat

on," was his reply, after a little hesitation.

On reading that part of the letter to him, which mentioned his father's being out of town, he remarked, "It is very odd, my father was then out of town."—This last circumstance struck the duke more particularly, as the letter had no date.

Before they parted, his grace concluded, with saying, "If you are innocent, it becomes you, much more than me, to find out the author of these letters, as it is an attempt to blast your character." Barnard then smiled, and took his leave.

On the strength of these circumstances, it was soon after thought proper to take him into custody.

He was indicted, tried on the Black Act, at the Sessions House, in the Old Baily, in May, 1758, and, after a long and patient investigation of the circumstances, equally honourable to the candour and humanity of the duke of Marlborough, and to the impartiality of the judges and jury, at last acquitted.

It appeared, in favour of the prisoner, corroborated by respectable evidence, that, on the day he met the duke in Hyde Park, he had been sent by his father on business to Kensington,

As to his being in the Abbey, a Mr. Greenwood, a person of credit, who, as is before observed, was seen with him there, proved, that, contrary to Mr. Barnard's wish, he had, with some difficulty, persuaded him to walk with him from Abingdon Buildings, to the Park, that morning; that they were

were going thither, without passing through the Abbey; but Greenwood, recollecting a new monument he had not seen, insisted on going that way.

Many persons of fortune and reputation appeared; some of whom had dined with him, at Kensington, on the day above mentioned. These, with many others, had repeatedly heard Mr. Barnard speak with wonder, of having twice met the duke of Marlborough, and the circumstance of his grace speaking to him, being very singular.

They all united in the most ample testimonies of his regularity, sobriety, and pecuniary credit, he being in the habit of daily receiving many hundred pounds.

The singularity of this affair will, I trust, excuse me to my readers for relating it; add to this, that a very important deduction is to be drawn from it.

Whilst we are in the enjoyment of that invaluable privilege, a trial by jury, we ought to recollect, that, as jury-men, we are to estimate a man's innocence, or guilt, by positive evidence only, as the oath of a jury-man expresses.

Circumstantial testimony *alone*, tho' of the strongest kind, ought not to weigh with us in cases of life and death.

In the present instance, I confess myself unable to decide, whether Mr. Barnard was guilty or not; but this I know, that the jury, in either case, with such evidence as was produced, acted, and gave their verdict, according to the spirit of the English laws,

E

Serjeant Davy, whom, perhaps, many of my readers may remember, as a limb of the law, famous for browbeating witnesses, was one of the counsel for the prosecution; but, it was observed, did not, on this occasion, exercise this happy talent as usual: the fact is, the duke of Marlborough had given him strict and repeated injunctions to abstain from these ingenious efforts to produce perjury, as it was only truth and justice he wished for.

The serjeant evinced, on this trial, much ability and acuteness; but, on most other occasions, could not help continually trying to puzzle and mislead witnesses.

He had been originally a drug-gift; (I think, at Exeter,) but, failing, a statute of bankruptcy was had recourse to, and the perplexed state of his affairs requiring some legal dexterity to unravel their intricacies, by his own personal investigation and study, he procured such a ready insight, discovered so much genius and relish for the law, and its mysteries, that he was soon after admitted to the bar.

At an assize, in the West of England, he had an occasion to examine an old woman, in a cause, where her memory and faculties of recollection were highly serviceable to her friend, but told very much against the serjeant's client.—The cause was going against him, and he was nettled.

"I can remember," said the old woman—

"Remember!" interrupted Davy: "why, I suppose you remember every thing for, and no
" thing

"thing against, a friend, who pays
"you so generously."

"I have no reason to complain
"of my memory, for I can re-
"member, though it is (God help
"me,) two and twenty years ago,
"that you yourself were a broken
"druggist at Exeter" was the ma-
tron's sarcastic answer.

The serjeant sat down immedi-
ately, silent and chop-fallen.

The utility and sometimes the
necessity of sifting doubtful or con-
tradictory evidence, and of cross-
examining artful or prejudiced
witnesses cannot be denied, but the
proper and effectual mode of per-
forming this business, and adapting
it to the kind of person he has
to deal with, lies within the com-
pass of a man of moderate abilities,
who is slightly acquainted with the
human character: in most instances,
it may be conducted without vio-
lating the feelings of a gentleman,
terrifying the timid, confusing the
modest, or confounding the igno-
rant: for my own part, should it
ever be my fate to fall into the
hands of certain notorious adepts
in the art of misleading the unwary,
whom I or my readers easily
could name, a regard for law and
justice, or my submission to the
custom of a court, might induce me
to submit to the indignity for a
moment, but the first time I met
my crowing lawyer strutting beyond
his own dunghill, I would bestow
on him the discipline of my cane:
on men who think themselves al-
lowed to take every unfair advan-
tage of circumstance and situation,
to cajole us into ridicule or perjury,
by duplicity and false reasoning,
I would employ as forcibly as my
arm admitted, the argumentum

baculum, or rhetoric of a cud-
gel.

BECKFORD, Alderman, his
humanity in intrigue men-
tioned. See page 26.

BROWN, the first propagator
of a religious sect of separa-
tists or levellers, called from their
leader, Brownists.

In his treatise of reformation,
printed at Middleburgh in
the sixteenth century, not ill writ-
ten, but breathing an exasperated
spirit, the natural consequence of
persecution, he proves, or endea-
vours to prove, what I believe is
the opinion of many disinterested
men, that all church government
is anti-christian, that the rites of
the Church of England are super-
stitious, and its Liturgy a mixture
of popery and paganism.

I cannot help thinking that Dr.
Middleton (who wanted help as
little as most men) had this book
of Brown's at his elbow, when he
was writing his famous letter from
Rome; for that formidable an-
tagonist of the hierarchy, frequen-
tly treads in the same path, and
occasionally uses the same argu-
ments.

Brown shared the fate of many
reformers: he died at the age of
eighty, in a prison at Northamp-
ton, where he had passed many
years of his life.

"I have endured the buffetings
"of Satan, I have served God, I
"have despised Mammon; two
"and thirty times have my ene-
"mies confined me in a dungeon;"
was his dying boast, in the con-
scious pride of persecuted zeal, a
pride happily not encouraged by
the good sense, or indifference of
the present age.

His

His numerous enemies record with pleasure some blemishes in his character, and describe him as an idle man of dissolute manners; but does the world afford more than one instance of a corrector of abuses which affected the interests of many, in whom the microscopic eye of an adversary could not discover a spot?

They who had been the cause of his spending half his life in a jail, had little right to accuse him of idleness; and it is highly improbable, that one who stood boldly forth as an arraigner of the lives and doctrines of others, should continue in an open and gross violation of the moral duties himself.

However numerous his errors, his intentions appear to have been good; he certainly was of a bold temper, considering the times in which he lived; and a disposition naturally unaccommodating was rendered turbulent, and perhaps malignant, by the severity of persecution.

I was induced to give Brown an article in this collection, by accidentally meeting with the following curious passage in Howell's *familiar letters*.

"Difference in opinion may
 "work a disaffection in me, but
 "not a detestation; I rather
 "pity than hate Turk and Infidel,
 "for they are of the same metal,
 "and bear the same stamp as I do,
 "though the inscriptions differ:—
 "if I *hate* any, it is those schis-
 "matics that puzzle the sweet peace
 "of our church; so that I could
 "be content to see an Anabaptist
 "go to hell, on the back of a
 "Brownist."

E 2

BRUCE, JAMES, a North Briton, an Abyssinian traveller, and an explorer of the sources of the Nile; a subject, which some ill-natured critics still think, he has left enveloped in doubt and obscurity, notwithstanding the depth of his learning, the ardor of his curiosity, his patient diligence, and heroic sufferings.

Mr. Bruce appears to have neglected, or perhaps to have despised, a maxim, which travellers will find it their interest, as well as pleasure, ever to bear in mind; not to betray a fondness for presenting to the public eye, marvellous facts, and astonishing anecdotes, however founded on truth, when no other evidence can possibly be produced in support of them, than the bare assertion of the relater.

I see nothing impossible in persons regaling themselves on the flesh of lions; and, after a pause of recollection, I might probably be prevailed on to believe, that brutes in the shape of men existed, who enjoyed the cruel luxury of carving quivering muscles from the back of the living ox; but conscious of the ungovernable and stubborn nature of faith, and aware of the suspicion attached to solitary evidence, I should have been cautious how I scattered miraculous narratives in the body of a work, that would probably excite attention, and in which a country seldom seen was described:—such errors, are trifling and venial; but Mr. Bruce's book inherits, in common with other human productions, original sin; it is bulky, unreasonably bulky and

and diffuse, dull, tediously copious, and uninteresting: with good materials, a fund of learning, and a country before him, calculated, in an extraordinary degree, to irritate, as well as satisfy curiosity; our author, unblest with taste, and the graces of good writing, has produced a composition, which drains our pocket without enriching our memories, and fatigues the few who have had sufficient resolution to wade through his extracts from dusty volumes, fabulous history, and cobweb system; a fault, from which that ingenious, and well-informed traveller, Cox, is not wholly exempt; few purchasers of his amusing and instructive travels into Russia, expected to have their volumes swelled in size, as well as price, with stale northern chronicles, uniformly chequered with court intrigue, bloody cabal, and female perfidy.

The defects of Mr. Bruce, cannot be placed in a stronger light, or be more usefully applied, than by comparing the fate of his massy volumes, with the fortune of a superficial traveller, who galloped some years since over the beaten tract of Italy, Sicily, and Malta, subjects long ago threadbare and exhausted, yet with scanty materials, little learning, and bad information, the writer having contrived to touch his pages with the magic rod of genius and taste, they were universally read, and afforded general satisfaction.

In perusing Mr. Bruce, I have often been struck with a resemblance of the controversial acrimony of Warburton, and have been told, that excepting our Abyssinian's vast corpulency, their

features are not very different; I see in both the same unconquerable pride of learning, a similar, domineering, jealous spirit, and a fretful impatience of rebuke: If I were disposed to continue the analogy, I might say, that while the bishop was diffusing a cloud of unread learning, and elaborate obscurity, around the scourge of Egypt, our traveller was conducting his reader, by a tedious, unpleasant, and unprofitable journey, along the muddy banks of the Nile.

This article ought not to conclude, without severely censuring Mr. Bruce's frequent references to the king's collection for plates and views; strange! that a dull and insipid work, whose chief, and indeed only recommendations, are accurate drawings, and curious specimens in natural history, should be deprived by its patron, of the most necessary embellishments, for the selfish purpose of swelling a collection, whose exhibition must necessarily be narrow and circumscribed: a mode of acting, highly injurious to the cause of science and public improvement, since "the port-folio of the rapacious collector, is too often as inaccessible, as the chest of the miser."

BURKE, EDMUND, an orator, possessing, in a very high degree, genius, taste, and imagination; and (if all his productions were acknowledged) a voluminous writer; exhibiting at sixty, the strong feelings, intellectual fire, and lively rhetorical flourish of eighteen, but possessing at the same time, their usual concomitant defects; ungovernable

able violence of passion, puerile prejudice, and superficial judgment, with a strong juvenile tendency to diffuseness, rant, fustian, and bombast: in support of this mixture of praise and censure, I refer my readers to almost every page of his *Reflections on the French Revolution*, and his vindication of his principles as a whig.

He possesses the faculty, beyond any writer I am acquainted with, of disguising his style and manner of writing, which is by nature classically pure, correct, nervous, and chaste: I could produce a work of Mr. Burke's, which in every respect answers this description, and will probably be handed down to after-times, as a pattern of literary perfection; from the same shelf, I could heave down a massy, unaccountable, party-coloured composition, compounded from gazettes, newspapers, and magazines, where inelegant slovenly scribbling, unintelligible paragraphs, false grammar, and verbal arrangement, affectedly vicious, tarnish every page.

A native of Ireland, and educated at St. Omer's, he was designed for the law, but the late excellent marquis of Rockingham becoming accidentally acquainted with his merit, warmly patronized it, enabled him to purchase the estate and superb mansion of Beaconsfield, and our successful adventurer, was a powerful associate in the parliamentary squadron, which opposed, on whig principles, the administration of lord North: never did an individual bring into the senate, a mind more richly stored with the trea-

sures of antient and modern learning, or a heart more feelingly alive to the soft calls of refined humanity, and that universal philanthropy, which teaches us to consider the world as a family, and every man as our brother.

The friend of toleration, and the enemy to every species of civil and religious oppression; it redounds to his credit that he lost the favor of the citizens of Bristol, a city insensible to every liberal impulse but commercial avarice, which intent on pounds, shillings, and pence, starved poor Savage, and rejected Burke.

But it has been the misfortune of our orator, while his imagination was running riot after the *sublime* and *beautiful*, to neglect or despise the useful and expedient.

"He, full of his argument, goes
"on refining,

"And thinks of convincing,
"while they think of dining.

"The character of lord Rockingham," (says an able writer) "was debility, so is that of Mr. Burke, he possesses genius, but he wants judgment; he cannot watch the passions, or accommodate himself to the temper of his hearers. He renders politics a system of metaphysics; he never strikes boldly at his adversary; we admire, but are not convinced: trifling sometimes, and sometimes diffusive.

"*Ludit amabiliter*"

"is his motto, and when we expect him in all his dignity, on the front of the theatre, we find him at play behind the scenes. He often debases the noblest thoughts, by the coarsest allusions, and mingles vulgar idiom,
with

"with the most delicate graces of
"expression."

Mr. Burke's bill for securing the independance of parliament, and for the reformation of the civil list, and other establishments, is a strong presumptive evidence in favor of the disinterested views of him and his supporters.

I believe it is acknowledged by all, that this æconomical step, which was laying the axe to the root of corrupt servile dependance, prevented the Rockingham administration from being firmly fixed, and ultimately enabled the enemy to circumvent and rout them.

After mentioning several placemen which perform real service, and many which perform none, after entering into his plan for consolidating duties, and diminishing expence; touching on the dutchy of Lancaster, and a long train of establishments, complicated, usefess, expensive, and unproductive; he laments the chief, and indeed the only purposes they answer, those of corrupt influence, "an influence, "which loads us more than millions, takes away vigour from our "arms, wisdom from our coun- "cils, and credit from our "constitution."

He confesses that his plan carries with it a parsimonious spirit, bordering on unkindness, that he risks odium, if he succeeds, and contempt if he fails.

He seems earnestly to insist, on a truism, which kings, as well as ministers would do well to consider, "that our resources, however "great, are not likely to be in- "creased by prodigality and waste."

Speaking of the patriotic views, and domestic retrenchments of the

French king, he says, the minister who does these things is a great man, but the king who desires they should be done, is a greater.

The disturbances which took place in Wales, on the appointment of a Mr. Probart, to improve the crown rents of that principality are happily described, and picturesque.

"He went, say! Mr. Burke, "like his masters on other occasions to seek revenue, and like "them he found rebellion; he "was no sooner arrived in Wales, "than all were in arms to meet "him, tumult, alarm, and uproar "were heard through the region "of Prestatyn, Snowdon shook "to its base, and Cader Edris was "loosened from its foundation.

"The fury of discord blew her "horn on the mountains, the "rocks poured down their goat- "herds, and the deep caverns vomited out their miners, every thing "above ground, and every thing "under ground was convulsed.

"Thus an attempt to improve "revenue produced resistance, "which was followed by submission, and the whole ends in pen- "sion."

Mr. Burke dwells pointedly on the impediments laid in the way of reform, by members of parliament enjoying places in the royal household.

The humorous description of lord Talbot's dispute in the kitchen, and the difficulties his lordship met with in his æconomic plan—because the king's turnspit was a member of parliament, set the whole house in a roar of laughter: but the deductions to be drawn from

from these evils are seriously felt, and after so much has been said by declaimers both in and out of place, no unprejudiced man can ever think well of any minister, who does not define and set strict bounds to regal expence, and shorten the duration of parliaments, which the same *worthy gentlemen* who voted them septennial, might to the full as legally and constitutionally have made perpetual.

I lament, that the glorious revolution in France, has produced intemperate heat in the opinions and declarations, of this respectable senator.

His applying to the acts of the national assembly, harsh epithets, which are only applicable to a lawless and unauthorized banditti, his saying France *had* already a good government, and his calling their ecclesiastical reform, atheistical, can only be excused in the imbecility of old age, or the culpable warmth of a temper naturally irritable.

I expect from his good sense and his cooler reason, an honourable apology and ample recantation.

After all his elaborate declamation and subtle sophistry, I see no one reason for an archbishop's receiving 10,000l. a year; nor can he persuade me that the doctrines contained in his reflections on the French revolution, are at all compatible with what have been called whig principles.

CADOGAN, WILLIAM, an ingenious physician of the old school, and, of course, strongly prejudiced, against the improvements of modern practice.

His treatise on the gout excited in its day much attention; it con-

tains the opinions of Sydenham, and the doctor's old master, Boerhaave, cloathed in good language, and may be perused with advantage by the gouty man and valetudinarian, as I have myself experienced.

That temperance and exercise are the parents of health, that most diseases originate from indigestion, produced by excess or indolence, and that to remove those evils we must recur rather to the causes that produced them, than to medicine, are the doctrines he enforces.

If his book has not any strong claim to novelty, it however has the merit of inculcating important truths in a forcible manner, and of setting them in new points of view. • He errs occasionally in vague theory, and refined hypothesis.

On the subject of wine he deals rather in paradox, perhaps he thought a little extravaganza necessary to catch the public eye. Yet this gentleman is said to have departed occasionally from his own maxims, at the St. Alban's Tavern, and the Thatched House, in St. James's-street. Probably he thought it right to *try all things*, and considered it as his duty to speak *experimentally* on both sides of the question, to qualify himself to say with the poet,

“Haud ignarus mali miseris succurrere disco.”

The emaciated sons of patience and flannel have been long induced to expect some further instructions on diet and domestic management from this physician, who appears to be a zealous friend to the sick man, but no great favourite of the apothecary.

CHAPE-

CHAPELAIN, JOHN, the first writer who attempted a poem on the subject of the Maid of Orleans, in rugged verse and uncouth French. Voltaire says, he got more by it than Homer by his Iliad, an assertion which might be true, but does not prove the greatness of Chapelaine's profit. The superficial, but lively philosopher of Fernel, afterwards rescued the virgin from Chapelaine's rude embrace, and has produced a composition replete with wit, humour, delicate satire, and frequently fine poetry, but disgraced by a wretched mixture of gross impiety, and rank lewdness.

I give Chapelain a place in this collection, to recite an improbable story he tells concerning some of the lost Decades of Livy. It is taken from a little volume of letters published under the auspices of Christiana, after her secession from the throne of Sweden.

I was told, says Chapelain, by the tutor of the marquis de Rouville's son, whose veracity I have no reason to doubt, (but his name he does not mention :) that having occasion to play at tennis, he had purchased some parchment battledores.

While he and his pupil were one day amusing themselves at this salutary exercise, he discovered accidentally the Latin titles of the eighth, tenth, and eleventh Decades of Livy on the parchment of the battledores. Prompted by a laudable curiosity, and enquiring of the shopkeeper where the parchment was procured, he was informed, that it was bought of an apothecary.

On applying for further information to this gentleman, who was employed professionally at the abbey of Fontevraud, he told him, that he had often observed a heap of dusty parchment lying neglected in an obscure corner of a dirty room at that place. After looking at them, and finding they were the writings of Livy, he begged them of the abbess, telling her, they could be of no use to any one, as the works of that author were in print. This account will not bear the touchstone of criticism for many obvious reasons: the name of the tutor ought to have been mentioned, besides the rackets generally used for tennis have no parchment on them, but, in its stead, a kind of catgut netting. It served to amuse the leisure of the Swedish queen, who was soothed by the flattering title of patroness of arts and of learning.

CHATEAUNEUF, MR. keeper of the seals in the tumultuous minority of Lewis the Thirteenth.

But it is not for keeping seals, or keeping a king's conscience, that he is mentioned.

At the age of nine he was introduced to a French bishop, who said he would give him an orange if he would tell him where God is. "My lord, I will give you two if you will tell me where he is not," replied the boy. He had hardly read the sublime scepticism of Lucretius,

"Jupiter est quodcunque vides quocunque moveris."

CHESTERFIELD, PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF, a wit, a man of pleasure, an ambassador, a lord lieutenant of Ireland,

land, and lastly secretary of state. He supported these several characters with ability and reputation, notwithstanding the sarcasm of Dr. Johnson, "that he was a lord among wits, and a wit among lords."

How much so ever his literary fame may have been improved by the posthumous, and, I think, the unjustifiable publication of his confidential letters, it is at the expence of his heart.

The theory of dissimulation, and the systematic hypocrisy laid down in those letters, have exhausted the arrows of the divine and the moralist; they have been attacked in satire, and the novelist has been furnished with materials from the same source. "This nobleman" says one of his assailants, "has plundered his system from the perfumer, the dancing master, and the devil."

Mr. Pratt, in his pleasant novel, *The Pupil of Pleasure*, has fallen into the very error which he professes he wrote the book to guard against. By the richness of his colouring, the luxuriancy of his descriptions, and the decided success of his hero, notwithstanding his fatal exit, the book is sufficient to tempt a young man with a full pulse and strong passions, to become of Chesterfield's school. Like the view of the *Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion*, by Soame Jennings, it injures the cause it professes to defend.

I trust it will not be suspected that I am a defender of his lordship's maxims, yet the evil tendency of them has been much exaggerated. For if I am to be cheated and plundered, as is the fate of many an

open hearted undefigning man, I would rather fall into the hands of a specious scoundrel, who would perform the operation in a workman-like manner, than be butchered by a bluntblundering knave, who would at the same time deprive me of my property, and torture my feelings: in short, I would prefer being genteelly eased of my purse by the accomplished Barrington, to being knocked down and robbed by a villainous footpad.

If it is my fate to be cornuted, or to have my daughter debauched, I am surely no worse off to have it regularly and preconcertedly performed by a well bred man of the town, than he who is under this singular obligation to a Brighton taylor, or a rascal in his own liverry. This nobleman, after bestowing on his son an education so elaborate and expensive, after days of toil and pains, and nights of anxiety, it is a natural and perhaps a useful question to ask, how was this fond father repaid? was the harvest adequate to so much labour and cultivation?

Mr. Stanhope, as a politician, a member of the corps diplomatique, as a scholar, was highly respectable. But as a pupil of the graces, as a cultivator of the little decorums, and the minute elegancies of life, was not only unsuccessful but grossly deficient. Yet I record with pleasure that the lessons of insincerity, duplicity and nuptial infidelity, laid down by his lordship, were, in a manner, almost wholly forgotten, or obliterated by an enlightened understanding, and a heart naturally good, and well disposed.

Lord Chesterfield, early in life, lapsed into the abyss of deep play, which he frequently complains injured him in the opinion of the late king, and retarded his political career. He very properly guards his young man against this bewitching pursuit, by collecting arguments, and recounting commonplace maxims, which have been and will be heard and neglected by thousands, against an evil which, if confined to the enormously wealthy, would almost cease to be one. For the present state of society produces such numbers of men in affluent and independant circumstances, that with every want and every wish either gratified or anticipated, they are without that necessary ingredient to happiness in this life, the ardent and frequent impulses of hope and of fear, and of course are so perpetually sinking into listlessness, ennui, or suicide. But as desperate diseases, call for desperate remedies, the spirit of play (I care not in what shape) steps in, and gives to these idols of greatness, that stimulating and energetic vigor, which, in a greater or less degree makes us feel that we exist, and which the ambitious courtier, the keen commercial man, and the candidate engaged in a liberal but laborious profession, so pleasantly and so honourably experience. But young Stanhope had that which exceeds a thousand rules and moral sentences, he had employment to fill up and enliven the intervals of life; blest employment! the want of which, drives the infatuated exhausted lordling to his opera girl, the heir to the gaming house, and the bacchanalian to his bottle. The conse-

quences of persons of moderate income taking a turn to play, are I confess alarming, and frequently dreadful; but I see no one evil that can result to society or individuals, by sweating down the bulk of Asiatic plunder to a more moderate size, or by reducing the rent roll of an unwieldy commoner, or a wealthy peer, from sixteen to eight thousand pounds a year.

CLIVE, ROBERT, Baron of Plassey, a warrior, who saved our East-India possessions, at a moment, when they might indeed be said to hang on the slender thread of opinion: great alike in the cabinet and field, he occupies this short article solely with a view of reminding the editors of the new Biographia Britannica, that the life of lord Clive, notwithstanding the brilliancy of his military career, has by no means a just claim to indiscriminate and lavish panegyric. Notwithstanding the warm admiration of his relations and acquaintance, for he was an affectionate son, a good father, and an excellent friend, his name illustrious as it undoubtedly is, will be handed down to posterity with a long list of Indian delinquents, who dazzled by gold, and commanding that powerful engine, military power, have converted public authority to private emolument, and levied immense sums, on the hopes or fears of the natives under the specious name of voluntary presents.

I am sensible that it is a fashion in the present day to place great public services as a *set-off* against offence, but such conduct is neither calculated to attach our distant possessions, or to produce honourable effects on future commanders: if performing

performing a man's duty in nine instances be considered as a sufficient excuse for fraud and oppression in a tenth; Verres, after plundering and insulting the Sicilians for many years, might have pleaded, that he had destroyed a fleet of pirates, and suppressed an insurrection of the slaves.

The great and chief purposes of biography are defeated, if splendid transgressors are to escape the lash, and only little villains are to be suspended on the gibbets of infamy.

CORBET, Mrs. a female character handed down to posterity in a celebrated epitaph, from the elegant pen of Mr. Pope.

I have enquired and find with pleasure that this sepulchral inscription was not a fiction as is too often the case with the language of poets.

Mrs. Corbet, says Dr. Johnson, "was not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities.

"Yet she was a character that
"makes the felicity though not
"the splendor of life, and such a
"one as every wise man will chuse
"for his final and lasting companion, in the quiet of privacy
"and in the languor of age, when
"he departs weary and disgusted,
"from the ostentatious, the volatile,
"and the vain.

"Of such a character which the
"dull overlook, and the gay despise, it was fit that the value
"should be made known, and the
"dignity established.

"Domestic virtue as it is exerted
"without great occasions, or conspicuous consequences, in an
"even unnoted tenor, required
"the genius of Pope to display it
"in such a manner, as might attract
"regard and enforce reverence."

It is common to lament the increasing number of batchelors, and to cry out against the number of young men in the present age, who, preferring an unsettled life and licentious amours, to the solid comforts, and manly cares of a family, sink into old age, without that best solace for infirmity, a tender wife, and fall into the management of insolent favorites, or selfish relations:

"Who mould their passions till
"they make their will,"

God forbid that I should be the defender of dissipation, or illicit love, the general tenor of this work, and other proofs I could give, will, I hope, exculpate me from the charge.

But is not he a bold man, who, in a profession, a business, or even with a tolerable fortune, ventures to marry.

Is a woman capable (even if she were inclined) of forming a rational companion, or to inspect and superintend the concerns of a family, whose education has been wholly and solely directed to accomplishment, to ornament, and to pleasure.

Deposited in a female boarding school, those pests calculated for the semblance, but not the reality of virtue, a young lady able to draw, talk bad French, work in fillagree, dance and thrum her harpsichord, considers her education as complete.

If indeed dress and amusement were the only business of life, her decision would not be wrong, but the frequent, the hourly bankruptcies, journeys to the continent, and suits at doctors commons, prove the present system of my fair countrywomen to be fundamentally

mentally wrong, I agree that there are many exceptions, and that "among the sex, there are numbers as greatly good as they are fair"

Yet I still affirm, that the expensive turn for dress and amusement, which equally pervades the daughter of the peer, and the tradesman, is the grand source of the present fashionable celibacy.

Nor can we hope this enormous evil will be remedied, till parents shall be wise enough to devote *some* portion of their mispent time, to inspecting, if not managing the education of their offspring. Every desirable purpose of emulation can be answered, by sending our children to a well regulated day school, but out of school hours, sons and daughters ought to be under the roof of their parents, to correct the redundancy of evil habits, to form their manners, and adorn their hearts!

We have no right to expect that a mercenary motive will act sufficiently powerful on a *preceptor*, to fulfill those duties, which *we* neglect, and young people left together uncontrouled and undirected in their hours of leisure and amusement, will inevitably corrupt each other.

I wish not to offend my female readers, I love them, (and a sigh bursts from my bosom whilst I make the declaration) I love them with ardour, honour, and disinterestedness.

But let them not imagine, that every young man they see professing to live single remains so from choice, let them be assured, that there is a woman on whom he gazes with all the fondness of genu-

ine love, but that her pursuits, her habits, and her pleasures, put it out of the power of one, who is not a nabob, a contractor, or a friend of Mr. Pitt's, to make an offer of his hand and his heart.

For no man in his senses, would prefer the obscene and bought embraces of a prostitute, steaming with disease, with all the uninteresting hurry, and deceitful joys of dissipation, to the blissful enjoyment of beauty, virtue, health and tranquillity, if the marriage state had not; like the garden of Eden, a flaming sword at every corner.

I cannot quit the contemplation of so amiable a woman as Mrs. Corbet, without repeating to those young people, who are ambitious of attaining different renown, the following lines of Prior.

"All this world which tempts	}
"them so,	
"Is a dull farce, an empty	
"show;	
"Is powder, pocket-glass, and	
"beau;	
"A riddle of romance and lies,	
"False oaths, and real perjuries,	
"Where the fat bawd and la-	
"vish heir,	
"The spoils of ruin'd beauty	}
"share."	

DAVIS, ——— a furious antagonist of Gibbon, better skilled in religious controversy, than in courtesy, or good manners. His familiar acquaintance with the fathers, and his devoting the best years of his life to whatever related to the first ages of christianity; buried in huge dusty volumes, which at this time few have the inclination, and few the ability to read, induce me almost to rank him with bishop Bull, whom

whom he also resembled in stubborn unaccommodating orthodoxy; with a just confidence in his cause, and perfectly master of his weapons, he has attacked Gibbon with success, and has undoubtedly started some unanswerable objections.

But the crying evil of Davis's book, (and where is the book without evil) is, that he quotes different editions from those quoted by Gibbon, a circumstance which considerably weakens the strength of strictures and observations, in other respects, solid and acute;—add to this, that many of his deductions are unfair, and his language gross, illiberal, and indecent.—He perhaps thought Luther an example sufficiently respectable to authorise illiberal scurrility, and that no terms ought to be kept with the enemy of revelation.

The king made him a handsome pecuniary present for writing the book, I believe two hundred pounds, and a short time before, or a short time after, signed Mr. Gibbon's commission, as a lord of trade and plantations.

I think it is not difficult to discover, that Davis is the only one of the historian's antagonists, who has irritated his temper.—After applying to the attack of Dr. Watson, the elegant chymist, and the *good* bishop, (the term keen weapon) he calls Mr. Davis's, a rustic cudgel.

A man, not remarkable for the truth of his stories, told me, he heard Gibbon declare with some warmth, that nothing but the colour of Davis's coat, prevented his sending him a challenge. "Mr. Davis," says the English Tacitus,

"accuses me of not having a sufficient number of books, if he will call any time *when I am not at home*, my servant shall show him the library."

This genius of polemic divinity, acquired no small reputation by his book, but he had qualified himself at the expence of his constitution, and died, early in life, of a complication of disorders, brought on by a studious and sedentary life.

D E R E T Z, John Francis Paul de Gondy, Cardinal, and coadjutor to the archbishop of Paris, his uncle, whom he succeeded in form, but not in effect. This ambitious and turbulent prelate, taking advantage of the discontented spirit of the times, privately fomented, but at first publicly reprehended a faction, who called themselves Frondeurs, (slingers) during the minority of Lewis the thirteenth.

Few people will deny that Mazarine was a cruel, unprincipled, and despotic minister, who by every means in his power, attempted to depress and enslave mankind. But it does not appear that the motives of Cardinal de Retz, and those he joined, were either laudable or patriotic. Like other popular demagogues, they seem to have guided the just resentments of the oppressed people, as instruments to promote their own ambitious views, or to satisfy their revenge.

De Retz has left memoirs, which like those of his secretary Guy Joli, are occasionally interesting, and give a just picture of a country plunged in a civil war; but the narrative is so frequently interrupted

interrupted and perplexed by trifling incident, or circumstances foreign to the business, and the facts are so irregularly thrown together, that I remember many years ago, on perusing these volumes, I frequently was tempted to throw them down unfinished, in a mixture of confusion, perplexity, and chagrin: they possess the art of irritating the curiosity, without satisfying it.

The book of Guy Joli, proves what has been often said, that no great man was ever a hero in the eyes of his valet de chambre. The Cardinal owed much of his management of parties to female intrigue, but oftener injured his interest, and neglected great occasions, that he might indulge the variety of his amorous excesses.

It was the fashion of his day, to quote the classics in public debate, and he had the fame of doing it very aptly. On a certain occasion, he perceived that his hearers were expecting this customary ornament of speech, but not recollecting a passage exactly to the purpose, he successfully ventured an extempore effusion; and on being told by those about him, that they did not remember from whence he took his quotation, he replied, "It is in some of Cicero's works, but I cannot exactly point out the place."—That could not be bad Latin which passed for the language of Tully.

Yet he did not discover on all occasions this useful presence of mind, for after his friends had effected his escape from a castle in which he had been confined, his fears and apprehensions were so strong, that he seemed for many

hours deprived of his senses, and could not sit on his horse.

When kings, or mankind, who are the makers of kings, delegated so much authority and power to churchmen, they did not recollect what powerful antagonists they were raising against themselves. It must be confessed, that this two-edged sword has not often been drawn in favor of the people, but if Constantine, Charlemagne, or Alfred, had been permitted to dive into futurity, they would have seen, with surprise and horror, sovereigns defied by pontiffs, and their subjects plundered, imprisoned, and tortured by inquisitions. Starting at the arrogant turbulency of Thomas-a-Becket, and the seditious hypocrisy of De Retz, they would not have permitted the seeds of ecclesiastic greatness, to have been scattered with so lavish a hand. They would have heard with regret, and have believed with reluctance, "that a bloody and mysterious system of tyranny, fraud, and extortion, could have been built on the pure and sublime precepts of the gospel."

DEBBIEG, COLONEL, an Engineer remarkable for military sagacity, a life devoted to the service of his country, and his sufferings for presuming to differ in opinion with the master general of the ordnance. The folly of surrounding with bastions, an island like Great Britain, whose safeguard and pride are its wooden walls, requires not an argument. After securing ninety-nine points, you are equally open to an attack at the hundredth; besides the insuperable argument, which

which all modern generals are aware of, that you are providing a retreat and batteries for an enemy, which (if he once makes a lodgment) he turns against yourself. With our docks properly attended to, and an active, well-disciplined, *moveable* force kept up, we have little to fear; without expending on earth, brick, and mortar, sums that might create a navy sufficient to awe the world.

Every friend to his country, must tremble when he recollects, that the absurd fortification plan, which would have involved us in useless and endless expence, was rejected only by a majority of one.

A court martial was held to enquire into the conduct of this worthy veteran, and the sentence pronounced by the gentlemen who presided, discovers evidently their good sense, and their real opinion of the subject. On this occasion, the duke of Richmond talked of benefits which he had, or which he meant to have conferred on this honest man.

"If I have experienced any benefits from his grace, (said the old soldier) they have, like certain blessings of the Almighty, *appeared in disguise.*"

DO D D, WILLIAM, a divine, with a moderate share of natural abilities, of superficial acquirements, but of unbounded vanity. It was his crime, his folly, or his misfortune, to marry early in life, without paying any attention to money; a step, which if it can be excused in any man of a genteel profession, without

fortune, may admit of some exculpation in clergymen, who in general have not those safe methods of keeping down the solicitations of passion, which the rest of mankind unhappily think themselves justified in having recourse to. This false step might however have been recovered, as by a pleasing exterior, plausible manners, and a decent delivery, he gradually preached, or pushed himself into preferment, became a preacher to several charitable institutions, and was made one of the king's chaplains in ordinary.

But the extravagance of the times, which involves us all in the madness of living beyond our incomes, entangled him, and he was induced, in the eagerness of his wants, to write, or cause to be written, a letter to the wife of a great officer of state, in which it was suggested, that if Dr. Dodd could be appointed to the vacant living of St. George's, Hanover-square, several thousand pounds should be given her; I have heard the precise sum, but forget it. This application met with the contempt it deserved, and on its reaching the royal ear, he was immediately struck out of the list of court chaplains, and was considerably lowered in the public estimation; Foote caught the circumstance, introduced it happily into his comedy of the Cozeners, and the poor doctor became ridiculous to those few who did not before despise him.

Yet even after this violation of the sacerdotal character, by an attempt at simony, his circumstances were not irretrievable; but

a wish to live in a manner to which he had no right or pretension, and a fondness for inconsistent splendor, still ruled in his heart. He endeavoured to improve his income by taking private pupils, by publishing the bible, with annotations, and scribbling novels. His style of writing, is a specimen of the florid and diffuse, with few proofs either of taste, invention, or correct judgment; and he is grossly deficient in that art, without which, in the present day, few writers will be able to gain attention, I mean the art of expressing what we have to say, either instructive or amusing, in few words.

One of his productions, the *Sisters*, exhibits some scenes, culpably luscious, and satirically delineates persons and manners, in particular circumstances, which could not have been described but by an eye witness. From these, and other faults, and perhaps from some degree of bad taste in myself, I confess I never heard Dr. Dodd preach, or read any of his productions, either with pleasure or instruction. From not liking the man, I saw, or fancied I saw, that nothing came from the heart.

But the whirlpool of dissipation drew him stronger and stronger into its vortex; he had been prevailed on to make an expensive excursion to Paris, with a design, as it is said, to engage engravers in some work he was about to publish, but even there the genius of folly possessed him, for he was recognized on the plains de Sablons, near Paris, in military regimentals, driving a fille de joye

in a phaeton. Finding that his pecuniary difficulties increased, and having lost, by his imprudent conduct, many of his friends, he was at last tempted to forge the name of his patron, lord Chesterfield, to raise a present sum, which purpose, for a time, was answered; but the fraud being soon discovered, and corroborated by his own confession, and refunding the money; he was tried for his life, condemned, and after intercessions, which have no example either for number or respectability, suffered an ignominious death.

It was in vain suggested, that regal clemency which had been extended in cases of murder to the Kennedies, to Balfe, and to M^r Quirck, might have been shown to an unhappy man, who, however culpable his conduct, had made ample restitution, and in his public capacity as a minister of the gospel, had saved, and was lamented by thousands. But his station was considered as a still stronger reason for enforcing the execution of the law, and in a country which owes its existence to commercial credit, it has been thought necessary to imprint in letters of blood, THAT HE WHO IS DETECTED IN FORGERY, SHALL NEVER ESCAPE DEATH.

The conduct which led to Dodd's crime is daily and hourly imitated, in a greater or less degree, by us all: at the enchanting voice of fashion, folly, and dissipation, we tread the flowery paths of what the world call pleasure, at the expence of our health, our fortune, and our peace. In pursuit of a phantom which dances before us, but always

ways eludes our grasp, if our fortunes are immense, a journey for a few years to the Continent, and a broken constitution, are all we suffer. But to the million, who dissipate their whole, in pursuits which they do not enjoy, and in rounds which they travel, with indifference or disgust, dissatisfied with themselves, and ridiculed by others: how dreadful the alternative, from health, plenty, and friends; to infamy, suicide, or penurious obscurity.

Young people entering into life, are too apt to forget these circumstances, they do not consider that every guinea they throw away, is an ill used friend, which in all changes of life, would have shewn them the same face, and that in parting from money, they bereave themselves of those very pleasures which constitute their happiness, and cast away all provision for domestic comfort, and the soothing solaces of old age.

DDODSLEY, ROBERT, an ingenious writer and successful bookfeller, who from an humble sphere of life, (I believe footman to Dartineuf, the luxurious voluptuary, and intimate friend of Pope,) raised himself to competency, and affluence.

The world had been long misled by an opinion, which, is not yet entirely removed, that talents and prudence are incompatible qualities, that it is not easy for a man to be a wit without mortgaging his estate, and that a poet must necessarily be in debt, and live in a garret.

It was Doddsley's good fortune to prove, if any proof were wanting, that a man's cultivating his understanding, is no impediment to

improving his fortune, and that it is very possible for a man to be an author, without neglecting business.

By the favour of Mr. Pope, Lord Chesterfield, and other distinguished characters, his shop became the fashionable resort of persons of literature and rank. His toyshop contains many lively, pointed, and satirical strokes on the vices and follies of the age, the characters are distinct and appropriate, and though it is better calculated for the closet than the stage, I have seen it received with no small applause.

The *Miller of Mansfield*, and its Sequel, exhibits an interesting contrast between the unadorned solidity of country manners, and the splendid vices of a court, the blunt honesty of a miller, and the slender importance of a monarch, without his attendants, in a sequestered spot, and in midnight darkness: it has several pleasing songs, which from some of them continuing still to be popular, must have merit.

The world is also indebted to him for a judicious selection of English poetry, and a collection of old plays.

His just retort on Burnet, for calling Mr. Prior in his history of his own times *one Prior*, is probably remembered by most of my readers.

DUCK, STEPHEN, a thresh-er, a rhymers, and a favorite of Queen Caroline.

It is not to convey the shadow of censure on this amiable woman that this article is introduced, for she was a rare instance of goodness of heart, not corrupted by a court, and in a variety of instan-

ces, rewarded merit under the pressure of want and obscurity.

It was the fate, or the misfortune, of Mr. Duck, though in a very humble sphere of life, to attract royal attention, because he discovered certain literary, and poetical tendencies, which in a man of a common classical education, would not have been considered as above mediocrity; for these and other reasons, a bishop was prevailed on to admit him into the established church, he partook of the usual advantages of regal patronage, and I wish it were consistent with historic truth, to add, that his happiness increased, as his prospects improved.

Had he been promoted from the barn and stable to the post of a bailiff, a steward, or a rural superintendent, his ambition and interest would have been gratified in a line of life, to which his first hopes and earliest habits were formed; had a farm of fifty pounds a year been stocked and presented to him, it would have been affluence, when compared with the original wages of his situation; but torn and transplanted, (if I may be allowed the term) by the violent hand of patronage, he associated with men, every way his superiors in rank, as well as acquirements, he felt himself unable to support that reputation, which the notice of a Queen had in some degree created for him:

Thus that pride which we all abuse, but all possess, was mortified in the extreme, that pride, which among his brother cottagers, had elevated him to the dignity, of "a giant among the pigmies, a one-eyed monarch of the blind," re-

ceived a mortal wound, and he fled from the pangs of regret and disappointment, to the shocking recesses of suicide, that imp of hell, who so frequently, and so naturally offers her assistance to those, who considering themselves as outcasts of God and mankind, "boldly venture on that world unknown" under the fatal delusion, that "it cannot use them worse than this has done."

DUNDEE, VISCOUNT, a valiant Scotch commander, and a faithful adherent of the unfortunate or rather the foolish James the Second: he has been celebrated as the Wolfe of North Briton, and described by his countrymen as reaping at the Pass of Killicranky where he fell, laurels equal to those of the most renowned heroes of antiquity; with this difference in his favour, that although his troops were irregular and undisciplined, he generally defeated veteran forces.

The panegyrists of this nobleman have dwelt with the passionate warmth of national partiality on his disinterested attachment to a deserted sovereign, but revenge against king William appears to have animated his zeal, for he fought under the banners of that warrior when prince of Orange, at the battle of Seneffe, was instrumental in saving his life, and retired from that service in disgust, on William's refusing him a regiment, which he told our young soldier could not be given him without a violation of military etiquette, and injuring or offending the brave old officers through his whole army: yet this secession did not prevent his behaviour being reported in the public orders with a warmth of la-

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with encomium, extraordinary in a cold unfeeling temper like William's.

Dundee had inflamed his mind by an early perusal of the ancient poets, historians and philosophers, who taught him to consider life as of no account, when put in competition with honour; and he declared, with an unfeigned enthusiastic rapture, "that to die for his country" "was the object of his fond hopes" "and warmest wishes."

Having received positive orders not to fight general Mackay, till a reinforcement arrived from Ireland, he was hemmed in in a mortifying manner, and for several months had to contend with famine, disease and a vigilant enemy; yet, by making himself rather the friend than the commander of his men, by sharing every difficulty and danger, and refusing every species of indulgence, he induced them to submit to the worst hardships without repining. His discipline was, at the same time, inexorable and terrific, his only punishment was death, for it was his opinion that every other punishment was disgraceful to a soldier, who was by profession a gentleman, but that death was desirable to a man loaded with the consciousness of a crime.

A young volunteer was seen retreating in an engagement, but his commander for once overlooked it, and pretended he had sent him on a message in the rear. This disgraceful circumstance happening to the young man a second time, he led him to the front of his army, and, after saying, "That a gentleman's son ought not to fall" "by the hands of an executioner,"

Dundee directly shot him with his own pistol.

The gallant viscount appears to have been a valuable and earnest partizan in the cause to which he had attached himself, and probably acted like other soldiers of fortune, or keen lawyers, who, if they exert themselves to the utmost for their employers, do not always think themselves obliged to enquire into the justice and equity of their cause. Had William gratified him with a regiment after the battle of Seneffe, he perhaps might have measured swords with king James on the Banks of the Boyne, and his descendants at the present hour might have been slumbering in our house of peers with the favoured offspring of the Zuylesteins, Bentincks, and Keppells.

Although, in the action at Killicranky, Mackay's forces were put to flight, Dundee thought his victory useless, unless he could cut off their retreat; but, in his eagerness to secure an important pass, he was separated from his men, and while raising his hand, and waving it to hasten them, a fatal shot took place under his arm. His death gave the enemy an opportunity to rally, and the advantages of a bloody victory were lost. I have seen an epitaph of Dr. Pitcairn's to his memory, two lines of which I remember, as they refer to the revolution and the abolition of episcopacy:

"Te moriente novos accepit
Scotia reges,

"Accepitque novos te moriente
Deos."

I doubt if the word *accepit* in the first line is strictly proper.

ELWES, JOHN, a singular character, notorious for irrational parsimony, and immense pecuniary accumulation.

He descended from a family whose original name was Meggott, and to prove, in some degree, that evil habits of the mind, as well as body, are sometimes hereditary, we are informed, by his biographer, that his mother starved herself to death. Although Mr. Elwes received a classical education at Westminster School, and passed some years at Geneva, he did not scruple confessing, that he never read afterwards, because books cost money; and his library, at any period of his life, could not be valued at more than forty shillings.

In the usual fortuitous turn of events, which often throws property into the lap of those who have the least occasion for it; he inherited the vast wealth of his uncle, and great prototype in frugality, sir Harvey Elwes, who, without matter for reflection, without a literary taste, and without passions (for nature had denied him a constitution) lived seventy years alone, excepting an occasional visit from his nephew. On these occasions, it was the great fear of the young man, that his uncle would think he gave way too much to the fashionable gaiety and extravagance of the times: to prevent such suspicions, it was his constant practice to provide a ragged coat, a rusty hat, and a dirty pair of shoes, whenever he made his appearance before this worthy relation.

The peculiarities of the subject of this article did not escape the piercing eye of the author of *Chrysal*, and he has been described by

that writer, as associating in the early part of life with characters of fashion and splendor, and indulging with them in the fascinating excesses of play, that passion which, however, some may possess sufficient resolution to resist it, is wonderfully inherent in the breasts of us all. At the gaming table, where honour is so much talked of, and so little practiced, it was a constant rule with him to pay his losses by a draft on his banker, before he quitted the room; but meeting few either able or willing to imitate him in this respect, he was soon tired of paying, but never receiving, and left the society in disgust: he is said at one sitting to have lost more than 3000*l.* at picquet.

Keeping foxhounds was another instance in which his systematic economy relaxed, but they were managed on the most saving plan, for his horses, dogs and servant cost scarcely three hundred pounds a year; the same man was his valet, huntsman and groom, such intervals as the care of eight horses and a pack of hounds afforded him, being employed in milking cows, gardening and other country business. This servant of all work he once complained of as a very idle fellow.

Yet notwithstanding his penurious disposition; and unconquerable love of money, he possessed a gentleness of manners which nothing could shake, and a pliability of temper rarely to be met with in a miser. Having been persuaded to take a day's shooting with a gentleman, who exhibited during the whole day constant proofs either of ill luck or unskilfulness, he at last,
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in shooting through the hedge, lodged several shot in the old gentleman's cheek; as the unfortunate marksman approached him, with evident embarrassment and concern, Mr. Elwes anticipated his apologies by reaching out his hand, and saying, "My dear sir, I give you joy on your improvement, I knew you would hit something at last."

Although possessed by an habitual and increasing love of gold, which is too apt to render us little scrupulous in the methods by which we attain it, yet did he not allow himself to employ usury as a method of improving his fortune. Contrary to the ostentatious meanness of the present times, which accompanies vicious extravagance, and originates from luxurious indulgence; *his* system of heaping up was founded on self-denial, and personal fatigue; he would walk from one end of London to the other in the rain, rather than hire a coach; sit half a day in wet cloaths, rather than be at the expence of a fire, and made it a rule never to have fresh meat from the butcher's, till the last joint was finished, though it was literally in a state of putrefaction; and, in many instances, he has been known to risque his own neck and that of his horse, to save a penny at a turnpike. After a night spent at the gaming table, and risking or losing several thousands, he has been known to walk through wet and dirt to Smithfield, where he met his people with cattle out of Essex, and would dispute an hour with butchers to get a shilling. He once extricated a neighbour from a long and trou-

blesome ecclesiastical suit, by taking a journey of near sixty miles on horseback at midnight, almost at a moment's warning; and this to serve a person for whom no motives or entreaties could have prevailed on him to part with a guinea. In this and all his long journeys, a few hard-boiled eggs and a dry crust, carried in his pocket, the next stream of water, and a spot of fresh grass, while he reposed himself under the hedge, were the whole of the travelling expences of himself and his horse.

When his vast property was generally known, applications from a variety of quarters were made to him as a monied man, and he became a prey to every adventurer, who had a want or a scheme. On such occasions it was soon found by those, who made a profitable use of their knowledge, that paving the way with a little present was the surest method of succeeding in their wishes. By these and other arts he was tempted to advance money on faulty securities, and it is asserted, on unquestionable authority, that he lost, by bad debts, considerably more than a hundred thousand pounds. Lending money to necessitous builders, and bankrupt architects and surveyors, was one of the infatuations of his life, and, for his own security, he gradually became possessed of a great number of houses in Marybone. Inspecting repairs, and overlooking workmen, was also a favourite occupation; but he would never hear of alteration beyond what was absolutely necessary to prevent the building from tumbling down; as he denied such indulgences to himself, he could not be expected to allow

allow them to others; of course he was a stranger to what are called the comforts of a house.

A near relation once slept at his seat in the country, but his bed-chamber was open to the wind and weather, and he was waked in the night, by the rain pouring in torrents upon him. After removing the bed several times, he at last found a place in the room, through which the rain did not penetrate. On remarking the circumstance to Mr. Elwes, in the morning, "Aye," said the old gentleman, "I don't mind it myself; but, to those who do, that's *"a nice corner in the rain."*

To preserve peace in the county, he was chosen member of parliament for Berkshire, in 1774; and, tho' an old man, (for he was then sixty-three,) used to call himself a young member, and boasted, that he came into parliament for eighteen-pence, which was the price of the election dinner. During the American war, he was a steady Lord North's man; yet the praise of independance and disinterestedness cannot be denied him; as to be thought poor, was the favourite wish of his heart, he desired neither post, rank, or emolument.

After sitting in the house of commons twelve years, parliament was dissolved, during the popular phrenzy conjured up by the opposers of Mr. Fox's India Bill; but nothing could prevail on Mr. Elwes to risque the trouble and expence of a contested election, and he retired to the uninterrupted enjoyment of pounds, shillings, and pence. This pupil of frugality seems to have possessed the

rare power of imposing even on the rebellious passions; (for he was very amorous) the same æconomic rules which guided every action of his life, and regulated the retirement of those looser hours of dalliance, when the purstring of the miser is often found to relax.

A high-bred kept mistress, he feared would make deep inroads on his estate; and a modern wife, with every possible comfort attached to the character, he well knew would be an expensive addition to his household. Under such impressions, he was content to take a bedfellow from his kitchen, who, without possessing sufficient influence or authority to break through his favourite system, might add to his satisfactions, and diminish the expence as well as trouble of the family. By this woman, who filled with propriety the awkward, double character of a servant and a favourite, he had several children, who, I understand, inherit the bulk of his unentailed property.

In forming an humble female attachment, he is said to have imitated Matthew Prior, the poet and statesman, who once made the following reply to lord Oxford, who had been reproaching him for low amours, "Lord trea-
"surers, and men of certain in-
"come, and great independent
"fortunes, may afford to marry,
"or keep a French opera girl;
"but, for a poor poet, whose
"daily bread depends on the life
"of an unhealthy queen, and the
"continuance of a jarring admi-
"nistration, he deserves to have his
"ears cropped, if he aspires be-
"yond

“yond the snug felicity of a bux-
“ome, tender-hearted wench, who
“can dress his dinner, and wash
“his shirt,

As Mr. Elwes increased in years, his parsimonious habits, and love of money, became inveterate and irrational. He grudged himself food and cloaths;—anxiety and fear of losing his property were ever uppermost in his thoughts, and he watched opportunities of hiding guineas and bank notes in different parts of the house. Tho’ distant from pecuniary distress, as Ganges from the Northern pole; poverty seemed to stare him in the face, and the fever of accumulation raged with redoubled fury, when the avenues that lead to enjoyment were closed up for ever. He was a compound of folly and sense, of meanness and magnanimity—he was a striking example of that provoking indigence of wealth, which does not confer happiness on its possessors, and that aggravating impotence in gold, when it does not enlarge the understanding, or rouse the social affections.

ELLWOOD, THOMAS, a Quaker, almost at the commencement of that religious sect, and an unresisting sufferer, under the tyrannic pressure of a code of laws, whose existence (notwithstanding a partial repeal) is a libel on the English constitution.

He was the companion, rather than scholar of the author of *Paradise Lost*; and, by reading to him different authors in the learned languages, contributed as well to his own improvement; as to the solace of the dark hours of the poet, who had lost his sight

by an affection of the optic nerves, called *Gutta Serena*; a disease, in which neither the beauty or appearance of the eye are at all impaired, although vision is utterly and irreparably extinguished.

“The curious ear of John Milton (says Ellwood, in the history of his own life) could discover, by the tone of my voice, “when I did not clearly understand what I read; and, on such “occasions, he would stop to examine me, and open the difficult “passages.”

Milton appears to have entertained a good opinion of his abilities, as well as his integrity; for, (says Ellwood,) “On a visit I “made him at Giles Charlfont, “he called for a manuscript, “which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take “it home with me, and read it “at my leisure; and, when I had “so done, return it to him, with “my judgement thereupon.

“I set myself to read it, and “found it was that excellent poem, “which he entitled *Paradise Lost*. “When I had, with the best attention, read it through, I returned his book, with due acknowledgements. He asked me “how I liked it, and what I “thought of it; which I modestly, “but freely, told him; and *pleasantly* said to him, “Thou hast “said much of *Paradise Lost*, “but what hast thou to say of “*Paradise Found*? He made me “no answer, but sat some time “in a muse. When, afterwards, “my occasions drew me to London, I waited on him there. “He then shewed me his second “poem, called *Paradise Regained*, “and

"and, in a *pleasant* tone, said to me, "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head, by the question you asked me at Charlfont, which before I had not thought of."

During the reign of Charles the second, Ellwood suffered, in common, with his fraternity, the rigors of intolerant laws, which, from the evils of a former reign, were designed by the legislature against a description of men of very different principles. The treatment he experienced whilst in his father's family, where the inward light of quakerism burst on his soul, by the excitement of an accidental preaching in the neighbourhood, was also highly mortifying.

It has been said, by a humorous writer, "Some cry out against the Turk, and some against the Pope; but *I find my worst enemy is my neighbour.*" And Ellwood's severest trials were in the house of his father, a justice of peace, who had been active in suppressing conventicles. We may easily imagine the old gentleman's emotions, on perceiving his son, a young man of hope and expectation, forsaking the established religion in which he had been educated, and joining zealously in the austerities, and unpleasant peculiarities, of a proscribed and ridiculed sect, against whom the activity of his zeal, had been so lately exerted.

Our young convert, to a strong and enthusiastic conviction of the justice of his tenets, added a fund of good sense, and knowledge of the world; on joining the family at dinner time, with a

covered head, instead of partaking a hearty meal, he was ordered out of the room with a box on the ear, and much humiliating severe reproof.

From the society of his father's house, and afterwards from the improving converse of Milton, he made a quick and unpleasant transition to jails, to counters, and Newgate, in a country, which, a few years before, had punished its first magistrate for a violation of the freedom of the subject. But Ellwood, however contrary he thought it to his duty, as a christian, to oppose his enemies, with carnal weapons, was a copious writer, and successful assailant from the press. Many of his tracts, as well as the *Apology of Barclay*, appear, in my opinion, never to have been effectually answered.

It has long been the fashion among the elegant and the gay, to laugh at, and expose, the inflated feelings, the starched affectation, and unaccommodating manners of Quakers; yet their systematic opposition to ecclesiastical extortion, their general purity of manners, and generous attention to their own indigent members, without burthening the public, which is bound to provide for them, with their quiet, inoffensive deportment, and conscientious discharge of the duties of private life, have conciliated the good will of the sober and rational part of mankind:—and, after a revolution of sixteen centuries, if the fishermen of Gallilee were to be deputed by their Master to revisit the earth, and report the state of that religious system, which He had exemplified by precept as well

and too often the indecent, tho
well-wrapt bon mot, are the hap-
piest efforts of his pen.

He has favoured the world with what he calls, "The History of "my own Life," at once obscure and uninteresting; among other particulars, he tells the reader, that, when he turned his thoughts to the church, he ordered his hair-dresser to be with him by four o'clock in the morning. He seems to have thought, he could not improve the inside of his head, till the outside was properly ornamented.

Yet from affectation, or from bad taste, which leads him to a vicious imitation of obscure writers, he is very often unintelligible.

He scatters so assiduously thro' his diurnal paragraphs, such a quaintness of phrase, such an elaborate prettiness of expression, that the reader is often puzzled to understand the sense.

If this way of writing be, after all, only an ingenious effort, to prevent any legal advantages being taken of the political falsehood, and personal malignity, which perpetually recur in the paper, it may be said, in some degree, to answer the purpose; for the conductor "evades all detection, by hiding his meaning."

The World, that proper gazette of the minister, (as Mr. Sheridan calls it,) has been rather H
unfortunate,

unfortunate, on the score of panegyric; it was pouring a troubled stream of turbid praise on Mr. Pitt, as a financier, and a friend to liberty, at the moment he was fettering the press, and embarrassing a valuable branch of our commerce, with additional regulations in excise, and extolling him as a financier, while more than an unprovided million of the public revenue was floating in arrears:—it was extolling Kemble, of Drury Lane, for easy, fashionable gesture, and an agreeable pliancy of manners, whom neither nature or art has calculated for the pleasing walks of the drama.

"Tis only praise like this, that
"damns our friends!"

The manager of the puppets in Downing-street, I will not presume to advise; tho', if I were his personal enemy, I could dwell on the popularity he has abused, and the credit his inconsistency has lost. I might add, that his parasites, aware of those, being fondest of praise who deserve it least, are determined to deal it forth to him by the lump.

It is not my wish to diminish Mr. Kemble's just claim to the accuracy of dramatic criticism, and verbal pronunciation, but, as a man of sense, he cannot but know and feel, that the harsh, the odious, and the horror-inspiring personages of tragedy, the stern, rugged Coriolanus, the hateful Richard, and the dauntless Macbeth, are characters, for which alone he is calculated, by form, feature, and voice, with the exception of Petruchio, and a very few others in comedy.

I would advise him, when he reads the criticisms of Pro Roscio, as I am told is always the case before they are printed, to draw his pen over lavish, irrational and unmerited panegyric, which injures his just fame, and renders us unwilling to allow even his real merits.

I shall be thought remiss to dispatch this article without noticing the Poetry of the World, which, under the names of Della Crusca, Laura, Anna Matilda, &c. has been ushered to the public with no little pomp.

In the present dearth of real poetic genius, though Mr. Hayley thinks we have many poets, I see with pleasure, in these compositions, strength of passion and forcible sentiment delineated in glowing diction and harmonious verse; but they have the original sin of the vehicle in which they were produced; sometimes obscure, sometimes unnatural, and often degenerating into rant, fustian and bombast.

The last piece, called "The Interview," is attributed to Mr. Merry, and possesses much splendid imagery, with fewer of the faults I just now mentioned than any of the rest—it is impassioned, animated and affecting.

It would be unjust on this occasion not to mention the name of Bell, who has embellished these poems, and has introduced to the public many national works of genius, with all the taste and elegance that type, paper and first rate artists could procure.

But I consider the paper called the World, without any retrospect
to

to its merits, as rather in its wane; and, for this reason, the novelty of the thing is gone off, the temporary curiosity of the public has subsided,

And I am convinced any enterprising man, with money in his pocket and proper assistants, might, in the same manner, every three or four years establish a new paper, bring it into fashion, and that, like the *World*, it would have its day; but, that as its successful rivals acquired fame, it would gradually decline and sink into oblivion.

Even before this perishable bagatelle reaches the press, my prediction approaches to its accomplishment, new rivals have arisen to equal, if not eclipse the glories of the *World*.

Mr. Este and his employer have turned their literary weapons and diurnal abuse against each other, and the disputes of this *par nobile fratrum*, promise fair to conclude in the King's Bench or the Court of Chancery.

FIESCA, JOHN LOUIS DE, COUNT OF LAVAGNA, a rich and powerful noble of Genoa, which may be called the Land of political Experiment, as there scarce subsists a form of government which this city has not tried and been discontented with. After emerging from the alternate yoke of the Romans, the Lombards and Charlemagne, they have at different times been governed by dukes and by counts, by consuls, podestats, captains of the people, councils of twelve or of twenty-four, and by doges; but, in spite of every precaution, have uniformly experienced family faction and civil commotion.

After ages of intestine discord, Andrew Doria (a name still revered in Genoa) was sent by Heaven to rescue his bleeding country from a foreign yoke, and to heal her wounds.

It was during this short-lived interval of tranquility that the subject of this article, assisted by the intriguing spirit of France and the Vatican, conspired against his country.

Most conspiracies have originated from the grievances of an oppressed people, or the desperate hopes and ruined fortunes of the insurgents.

But, in the present case, Genoa appears to have been in a state of more real freedom and happiness, than it had enjoyed for some centuries; and Fiesca possessed the gifts of fortune, fame, form and understanding, in a degree that falls to the lot of few men.

In the prime of life, for he was only twenty-two, blest with the affections of a wife, whom he ardently loved, the beautiful, the tender, the accomplished Eleanor; and enjoying the friendship of a good man, he was stimulated by a boundless and restless ambition to aim at supreme power.

And, it must be confessed, he pursued his designs with an ardor that surmounted every obstacle, with a refined policy and impenetrable secrecy that baffled suspicion.

After securing effectual assistance of men, money, and armed galleys from the king of France and the Pope, whom he so far overreached as to make them believe he was only fighting *their* battles; he proceeded to the execution of his

his daring purpose, and won the affections of the populace by largesses of money and corn, under the specious plea of charitable contributions. He displayed himself on all public occasions in splendid attire, and on fine horses, richly caparisoned, by his air, manners and graceful familiarity, fascinating all ranks of men; for he particularly excelled in equestrian and other manly exercises; he also took care occasionally to drop hints of the pride and oppressive behaviour of the nobles, affecting to censure and lament it.

He sometimes would venture to intimate, that a remedy was not impossible, but, after a pause, always exhorted them to patience and submission.

He continued his visits to the two Dorias, Andrew, and his nephew Jeannetin, treated them with great respect and attention, and affected an openness of manners with the latter who had offended him, by some real or imaginary arrogance. Fiesca had spent the summer at his country seat, in arming and exercising his vassals, under a pretence that he expected an insult from the duke of Placentia, though, in reality, that prince had promised him two thousand men, and his own people amounted to that number.

To prevent any alarm at the appearance of his gallies in the port, and armed men entering the city, he declared in public that he was going on a cruise against the Turks. He made it his business, at the same time, to secure the ambitious, the discontented, the idle, and the necessitous of all parties, by splendid promises, by flattery,

and by gold, without imparting to them the particulars of his plan, which, for a considerable time, was known only to three of his most intimate friends, Calcagno, Sacco and Verrina; the two first cautious, deliberate and timid; the last haughty, violent, intrepid; considering, like his employer, the gratification of personal revenge, and the greatness of their undertaking, rather than the probability of its success, but all alike devoted to the will of the count.

After several deliberations on the mode of executing their design, after removing their doubts, strengthening their hopes, and soothing their apprehensions, it was at last determined, that if Fiesca dar'd to be supreme, he possess'd sufficient power and resources to make himself so.

It was propos'd to invite Andrew and Jeannetin Doria, with other persons of distinction who it might be suppos'd would be inimical to their purpose, to an entertainment at the count's, and to dispatch them, while the city-gates were to be taken possession of by the partizans of the conspirators; Fiesca was to raise the people, and make himself master of the palace, and Verrina at the head of a trusty band, was to proclaim him Doge: but an accidental indisposition of the elder of the Dorias, obliged them to alter their measures.

In the mean time the plot was hinted to Paul Panfa, the friend, and formerly the tutor of the count, venerable from his age, his virtue, his love of his country and literary acquirements; for Fiesca, though in the closest friendship with

with this good old man, had not yet discovered the fatal, the guilty secret to him, from a conviction, that nothing could have persuaded him to join in the conspiracy.

But Panfa, though he could not assist, would not betray, and thought he acted a proper part between his friend and his country, by endeavouring to dissuade him from his dangerous projects: calling at the count's house, and retiring with him to a private saloon, he told the young man, that from the alteration in his looks and behaviour, and from his associating with persons beneath him, both in rank and reputation, he was convinced he had some dangerous enterprize in view.

He conjured him by the honour of his family, by his esteem, fame and friendship, by his locks which were grown grey in the service of him and his family, not to throw away the real and certain happiness which was in his power, for chimerical and dangerous expectations, which, if they succeeded, could not elevate him to a situation more splendid, honourable and happy, than that in which he was already plac'd, and if they failed, entailed death, ignominy, and confiscation on himself, his friends and adherents.

But dazzled by the bewitching prospects of ambition, Fiesca was not to be diverted from his purpose by argument or entreaty, and the good old man departed from his palace in tears.

The next day, an entertainment was to be given by the count of Lavagna, and the evening was ultimately fixed for the execution of the desperate deed.

A gun fired from a galley in the harbour by Verrina, was to be the signal for seizing Doria's galleys, and for the forces on shore, beginning to act.

The guests of Fiesca assembled at the appointed time, and were surprised to find his house crowded with strangers and armed soldiers; they were conducted to a remote saloon, when he addressed them in the following words.

"The time is at length come,
"when you have it in your power
"to free Genoa from the tyranny
"of a few nobles: one hour more
"entirely accomplishes her freedom.

"This is the glorious feast to
"which you are invited.

"The younger Doria is for
"making himself absolute, of which
"I have sufficient proof; he considers me as one who will resolutely oppose every effort he can make to enslave you, and has therefore resolved to assassinate me, I have hitherto escaped his treacherous attempts, but he still meditates my destruction.

"You are trampled on by a
"haughty and arrogant nobility,
"whose oppressions will only increase by the elevation and success of the Dorias.

"Rescue yourselves, follow me,
"I will restore the popular government, and cement it by the blood of our enemies.

"My precautions and measures
"are such, that success is certain.

"I have in my house, three
"hundred armed soldiers, and
"galleys well provided in the harbour.

"The guards are devoted to
"my purpose, and with fifteen
"hun-

"hundred artificers, two thousand
 "of my own vassals, and two
 "thousand soldiers from the duke
 "of Placentia, wait only for the
 "appointed signal.

"My design is a profound secret, and the enemies of liberty
 "and our country, unsuspecting,
 "and off their guard.

"I have undergone all the
 "danger and all the anxiety, of
 "forming the plan, and only make
 "choice of you to share in the
 "glory.

"But as I wish no one to join
 "in an undertaking which he does
 "not entirely approve; if there
 "should be any such in this company, let them retire to an adjoining room, where they may remain in safety, till the great work we have undertaken, is executed; I pledge my honour that they shall then return, unmolested, to their families."

The guests stood for some minutes silent and motionless, but at last, excepting two, they joined in acclamations, that they would support the count of Lavagna with their lives and fortunes.

Whilst they took a hasty repast, Fiesca withdrew to his wife's apartment.

Under a pretence of urgent business, he had invited his friend Panfa for the evening, hoping, that the engaging manners and agreeable conversation of an old man for whom she had the highest respect, would prevent his wife from observing the concourse of people, and unusual noise in the house; for, with a degree of cruel kindness, he had not yet made her acquainted with what was in agitation.

Torn by the alternate struggles of love, ambition and friendship, he discovered, in a few words, the nature of his views, and said to the trembling affrighted Eleanor, who on her knees, and in tears, conjured him to abandon his purpose, "It is now too late, and in less than an hour, you will be a widow, or mistress of Genoa."

At this moment, a cannon fired from the harbour by Verrina, which accidentally had been delayed, proclaimed the promised signal.

The count tearing himself from the arms of his distracted wife and friend, drew his sword, joined his impatient associates, and sallied forth.

The gates of the city were instantly taken possession of, the galleys of the Dorias secur'd, and the populace in arms, crying, Fiesca and liberty, through the streets.

Jeannetin Doria, on first hearing the alarm, rushed towards the harbour with no other arms than a sword and two attendants, and was immediately cut to pieces.

His uncle, the venerable Andrew, oppressed with age and infirmities, was conveyed by the help of his faithful domestics, to a retired situation, by a postern gate, some miles from the city.

Every thing seemed to succeed according to the most sanguine wishes and expectations of Fiesca, but amidst the hurry and confusion, while the Senate were waiting in the palace to hear his proposals, the ill fated count was no more.

During

During the tumult, this principal actor, for whom every thing was in motion, was going on board a galley, to give some necessary orders, but treading on the landing-plank, which was insecurely placed, he fell headlong into the water, which was not very deep, but the weight of his armour, and the darkness of the night, prevented him from extricating himself, and others from rendering him assistance, so that this unfortunate man at once an ornament and an enemy to his country, perished by an unexpected accident, and his designs perished with him.

Jerome, the count's brother, attempted to conduct the conspiracy, but when the populace and soldiers heard of the death of their liberal benefactor, they retired in sudden melancholy to their houses and quarters.

A general amnesty, without examination, trial, or punishment, was proclaimed; and Jerome, with Verrina, Sacco, and Calcagno, immediately left the city, which soon recovered its tranquillity.

The friends of the republic, mingling their tears with those of the venerable Paul, attempted, by every means in their power, to soothe the sorrows of the widowed, the beautiful, the forlorn Eleanora.

In the present enlightened state of Europe, few popular insurrections can be excused, except to shake off a foreign yoke, or to resist some very palpable and odious stretch of authority.

To guard effectually against these seditious tendencies, which are at once impotent and destructive, "the lower and industrious classes of people should be taught, even

"as it were against their will, their weight and importance in the state.

"For they are too apt to let themselves indolently sink into dependance, neglect, contempt, and oppression.

"They then are provoked to violence, in order to redress themselves, but they know not how; they cannot take their own parts, as they form a body which cannot move without doing mischief.

"They therefore must only act by their representatives," and after all the studied declamation, and frothy invective, concerning the anarchy and confusion, that a pure and general representation, and more frequent elections would produce: I am convinced, that this or any country where those desirable purposes have taken place, bids the fairest for internal tranquillity and happiness.

I hope that kings have been by this time convinced that a Nero, a Caracalla, or a Commodus, would not *now* be tolerated, I trust, and I speak from my own feelings and settled purpose, *not for a moment*.

In the modern grievances of society, from legislation, religion, or impost, a free press will be found a safe, and an effectual battery, from which a foolish monarch, a haughty minister, or an unprincipled ecclesiastic may be annoyed with vigour and success.

No tyranny however powerful, no oppression however respected, no chicane however artful or terrific, can long hold out against the *repeated and persevering* attacks of this glorious bulwark, seconded by

by the keen weapons of truth and common sense.

France, emancipated France, affords, at this instant, an evidence singularly favourable to my position.

From absolute despotism, from an attachment to kings nationally characteristic, from the slumbers of unconditional submission, they have been gradually awakened by the mild voice of literary disquisition, to a sense of the importance of freedom and representation, and to a resolution to obtain them. Civil and religious tyranny are monsters, which can only exist in the thick mists of ignorance and imposition; they vanish at the radiant approach of literature and science.

I have already said, that in the present state of society we are in no imminent danger from the personal oppression and tyrannic cruelty of despots.

But evils await us, of a nature equally grievous and destructive, though not so terrible to look at.

Our wives and daughters are not torn from our arms, we are not immured in dungeons for life for nameless crimes, nor are we shocked by viewing the bodies of our fellow citizens consuming in slow fires, or quivering under the tortures and wheels of the inquisitor or state executioner.

But by long and ruinous wars, and from that execrable, though necessary evil, standing armies in time of peace, and the exorbitant price of the necessaries of life, the burthens of society, though unfelt and unpitied by the rich, the

elevated and the gay, press with intolerable weight on the middle and most useful ranks of mankind, who have not the resources of public assistance or private contribution, which the lowest classes demand with stubborn insolence, or enjoy with silent ingratitude.

A countryman is said to have once complained to a priest of Hercules, that his flock was dreadfully thinned by the frequent sacrifices to that beef-eating deity, for he is called *Βεφαγος*, by the Greek writers.

"He preserves the cattle from disease, and from the wild beasts," said the priest. "What difference does it make to me," replied the farmer, "whether my herd is devoured by the wolves or by their protectors?"

In the present age of popular ferment and political regeneration, when princes ought to be cautious how they render royalty unpopular, and its trappings extravagant and costly, I cannot close this article without a serious and an earnest exhortation to kings, their descendants, and their favourites: to diminish every unnecessary branch of expence, whether devoted to useless pageantry, or the purposes of conducting with ease the business of government, least mankind should consider themselves in the situation of the farmer's cattle; least, surrounded by the gifts of Heaven, which are liberally dispensed for all, they should complain that *their* cup of human felicity is embittered; least, in a land of liberty and plenty, they sink under the rude and remorseless gripe of penury and want.

In

In countries bending under evils, which perhaps *all* have in a degree assisted in producing, no situation, however highly exalted, should claim exemption from œconomy, no rank ought to murmur at curtailing expences, derived from national resources almost exhausted.

And in certain situations, if sovereigns and ministers were voluntarily to give up, or for a time to lower their annual demands on the public, it would be the most decisive proof they could give of a disinterested regard for the happiness of the people they govern.

FOX, CHARLES JAMES, the grandson of Sir Stephen, an old courtier and faithful adherent of Charles the Second, and, I believe, pay-master of his forces, remarkable for a vigorous effort in old age. When Sir Stephen Fox was upwards of eighty, his wife, a woman of unimpeached reputation, was delivered of twins, from whom are descended the present Holland and Ilchester families.

Need I dwell on the youthful follies of his descendant—that he was never to be contradicted was the great outline of his education, a conduct inexcusable in a man of his father's good sense; a fatal system which brought its own punishment, and produced in Mr. Charles Fox every licentious excess that money could procure, or appetite demand. Those who now remark the negligence of his dress and person, will scarcely believe that he was once a fop and petit maitre; that he made the tour of Europe with manners, and engaged in pursuits that have too often attached ridicule and con-

tempt to the name and character of an Englishman.

Plucked by every adventurer, and duped by every painted thing that wore a petticoat, he soon returned to dissipate the ministerial and unpopular wealth of his father. This task he completed with a rapidity which has been the prominent feature of his life, and he soon got rid of those vulgar incumbrances, money and domestic comfort.

Yet he had snatched some moments from folly, and some from vice, in which he attained a correct taste for classic literature, improved a natural fund of good sense, and planted, however contradictory it may seem, the seeds of future solidity of character, amidst the follies of dissipation and the distractions of play. This circumstance will, perhaps, appear less extraordinary when we recollect that Dr. Francis, the elegant translator of Horace, was his tutor, and that lord Macartney, the son-in-law of the mighty Thane, accompanied him in his travels.

In a subordinate capacity, which he filled for a short time during lord North's administration, he soon taught that unfortunate statesman, that he was not formed to move in the trammels of inferior office, or to tread the dull routine of parliamentary duty as an underling. The strong impulse of genius and independence throbbing at his bosom, urged him to throw off the servile yoke of dependance, and he was soon after invited to join an illustrious band of senators and patriots, who, during the ex-

crable American war, had enforced every argument that reason or interest could suggest, to prevent or put an end to it. He came forward on every popular question with an open explicitness and decided conduct, which has forced admiration from those few who did not agree with him in opinion; he was chosen member for Westminster, with the whole weight of ministerial influence and court intrigue against him, he was hailed with one voice—Man of the People—a title which ministers tremble at, and sovereigns have desired in vain. I have observed in another part of this work, that in defining the nature and essence of the regal power, he had given offence at St. James's. "But it is not in this country that *such* men can be disgraced by the frowns of a king."

Though his private life was such as prudence cannot defend, or morality admit, he was adored by his friends, dreaded by those few whom interest and party views made his enemies, and at a certain period of his life, had he chosen to have given the least indication of his wishes, I believe any object, however high in church or state, would have fallen a sacrifice to popular indignation. But there is not, at this moment, a truer friend to the constitution than Mr. Fox, or a more loyal subject in the true and literal sense of the term; he loves his king, not from the slavish irrational idea of there being any thing sacred in the person or office of a first magistrate *created* by the people, but because the regal office is *one* of the three branches that constitute our happy form of

government; happy, indeed, were it administered in its true spirit.

After a struggle of years, in which our hero was joined by many of the first characters in this country for talents, rank and property, lord North was obliged to declare, that he was no longer one of his majesty's ministers.

The marquis of Rockingham was, after a short pause, called to the treasury, and Mr. Fox was appointed one of the principal secretaries of state. The same energy of mind which had hurried him into the excesses of deep play, and had inspired him with a vigorous and unremitting spirit of opposition for so many years, now took a new turn, and impelled him to fulfill the duties of his new post with all the patient industry of a plodder. He was regular and attentive, as the dullest rogue alive, and as scrupulously exact in office minutiae and ministerial arrangement, as if he had not possessed a single ray of genius. He seized this favourable opportunity of convincing the world that there *was* an interval of his life, of which he could listen to the imperious voice of duty, and quit without a sigh, the fascinations of the gaming table, and the allurements of pleasure.

But these prospects, so flattering to national welfare, as well as Mr. Fox's ambition, soon vanished; the death of Lord Rockingham dissolved an administration which, during its short continuance, rendered essential services to the cause of the people, and took several important steps towards purifying parliamentary elections and representation. He soon found it necessary to resign, in consequence of certain

certain dissensions in the cabinet, in which, as is generally the case in life, the intriguing spirit and low cunning of his opponents, over-reached the superior genius and unsuspecting honesty of Mr. Fox, and he appeared a few days after in the house of commons, with no other dignities annexed to his person, than those invaluable and unalienable ones which God and nature had given him.

It would be swelling this article to a size inconsistent with the nature of my work, to enter into a detail of the various combination of circumstance which compelled lord Shelburne to retire reluctantly from the treasury, induced lord North to hide himself in the triumphant train of the whigs, and placed the duke of Portland at the head of a new ministry. I will not tire my reader by recounting the *honourable* appointment of Mr. Pitt, through the kind helps of his cousin the marquis of Buckingham; it is not necessary to repeat the ingenious manner in which the nation was infatuated by unfounded terrors of Mr. Fox's India bill, a measure which oriental insolvency and sound policy rendered absolutely necessary.

It is not the first instance in modern or antient history in which a friend to mankind, an honest spirit that would not bend to the corrupt purposes of a court, has been rendered obnoxious and unpopular by hollow arts and political manœuvre.

I confess Mr. Fox's India bill pleased me, with all its faults, and many faults it had.

"Ardent spirit and decisive regulation characterised the mea-

"sure; it was no scheme of the day to postpone the hour of danger, no crude undigested plan, imploring the doubtful assistance of explanatory bills and declaratory acts."

Its best panegyric is the puny bill of his rival and successor, which under the deceitful but odious name of a board of controul, has in effect adopted, as far as pride and naughtiness of heart would permit, the spirit of its great prototype.

That it separated the executive power from the crown, is an argument now almost abandoned by those who defended the proposed restrictions of Mr. Pitt, in the debates on the regency. But allowing the bill to be pregnant with every fault and every mischief its worst enemies can alledge, why was the nation to be put in a ferment, and the public mind to be inflamed. Could not its extravagant and erring spirit have been restrained, might not exceptionable passages have been expunged or modified? could it not have been altered and re-altered, as has regularly been the case with almost every bill since introduced.

But in that case, the concealed purpose had not been answered; those officious eyes planted round a drawing room and bed chamber, which reading looks, and translating smiles, "watch the sign to hate," had not been gratified by the removal of a reforming minister, personally offensive to their master, for there at last was the root of all the evil:

Hinc illæ lachrymæ—

Hæsit lateri lethalis Arundo.

I 2

Mr,

Mr. Fox is once more a private member of parliament, but I am much mistaken if his popularity be not again budding forth, for, with all his obliquities and political sins, there hangs about him a conciliating integrity, a rugged open honesty that attracts, interests and binds. And if I mistake not, there still exists in this country, a fund of good sense that will never suffer first rate genius and splendid talent, to pass unnoticed and unrequited.

How very few of us attain eminence, independent of the aids of education, wealth, and other extraneous adventitious circumstances? placed in obscurity we probably should live undistinguished, and die without notice. But had the subject of this article sprung from the dregs of society, I am convinced he would have emerged with credit from his depression. Had he been a ploughman or a shepherd, I cannot but think he would have turned the best furrow, and have reared the finest flock in the hamlet. He probably would have intrigued with the milk-maid, loitered in the skittle-ground, and have had a long score at the ale-house, yet whatever had been his pursuit, in that I am persuaded he *must* have excelled.

"Such, heaven-born genius, such the gifts from thee."

He is said, when a very young man, to have been desperately enamoured of a lady, as distinguished for her beauty as her misfortunes, who, unlike many of her sex, withdrew in time from the flowery dangerous bewitching paths of pleasure and seduction.

I have seen lines addressed to her on her marriage, which would not disgrace the first of poets to own; they have all the bold energy and melting pathos of Hammond, without his whining and unmanly cant: they abound in strong expressive imagery, they paint far beyond the powers of the pencil, in fervid glowing colours, the wild conflicts that rob us of peace, the anguish of jealousy, and the furious rage of unextinguished disappointed desire; yet is the ardour of fiery passion sweetly tempered, by sentiments of the most affectionate fondness, by winning yet manly tenderness.

These, if I recollect right, are some of them:

"The star of the evening now bids thee retire,

"Accurs'd be its orb, and extinguish'd its fire,

"For it shows me my rival, prepar'd to invade,

"Those charms which I once both admir'd and obey'd;

"Oh had I been blest with thy beauties, my fair,

"With fondest attention, with delicate care,

"My heart would have strove ev'ry pang to remove,

"And have pluck'd ev'ry thorn from the roses of love;

"My insolent rival less proud of his right,

"Contemns the sweet office, that foul of delight,

"Less tender he seizes thy lips as his prey,

"And all thy dear charms the rough summons obey;

"Even now more licentious,—rash mortal forbear,

"Restraint

"Restrain him, O Venus—let
"him too despair.

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —

"And yet the fond sigh 'midst
"enjoyment will stray,

"And a tear is the tribute
"which rapture must pay,

"Still, still dost thou tremble
"that rapture to seek,

"Which pants on thy bosom,
"and glows in thy cheek,

"Confusion and shame thy soft
"wishes destroy,

"And terror deranges the blof-
"soms of joy."

"Mr. Fox," says an able but
not an impartial writer, whom I
have quoted in other articles,
"Mr. Fox wants the exterior ad-
"vantages of an orator, for his
"person and appearance are mean
"and disagreeable; his voice is in-
"harmonious, and he manages it
"unskilfully. He possesses strong
"ingredients to form a political
"character; accustomed to the vi-
"cissitudes of fortune, and marked
"by the storms of fate.

"He has experienced all the dis-
"tractions of play; he has been
"reduced from affluence and prof-
"perity, from a command of for-
"tune and friends, to a depend-
"ance on usurious creditors.

"He is not supposed to possess a
"great fund of information, but
"his mind supplies these defi-
"ciencies from its own inexhausti-
"ble treasures. His understand-
"ing is strong and masculine, his
"expression full and copious. In
"proportion to the quickness of
"his conceptions, his delivery is
"rapid. The torrent of argu-

"ment comes rolling from him
"with irresistible force.

"A perfect master of the art of
"debate, he does not leave his
"hearers to follow, but drives
"them before him, and disguises
"the sentiments of his opponents
"with so much dexterity, that the
"strongest sense is not proof
"against his power. His elo-
"quence never fails producing its
"effect it strikes the whole as-
"sembly, and every man commu-
"nicates the shock to his neigh-
"bour. Yet, with these qualifi-
"cations, his invincible attach-
"ment to play deprives him of
"our confidence; we all admire
"his abilities, yet, from a suspi-
"cion of his principles, no man
"wishes him to be employed."

It would undoubtedly be highly
gratifying to the nation, and con-
sistent with the pure moral cha-
racter of his majesty, if every
department of government could
be filled by individuals of irre-
proachable life. Yet, in the pre-
sent humiliating state of personal
correctness, I cannot think that one
pursuit dangerous only in its *private*
tendency, should deprive this
country of acknowledged *public*
virtue, and powers unequalled.
When our health or our property
are at stake, we hesitate not a mo-
ment in employing the most aban-
doned lawyer or profligate phy-
sician, we are anxious only for pro-
fessional skill, and turn with con-
tempt from an ignorant practi-
tioner, though "prayers were his
"morality, and kneeling his re-
"ligion."

Besides, if I suspected any want
of principle in Mr. Fox, which I
freely confess I do not, his illustri-
ous

ous associates, the venerable houses of Cavendish, Ruffel, Bentinck, Fitzwilliam, and a respectable train, too long here to recount, are sufficient sureties of his integrity and political consistency. And I cannot reflect, without exultation, that the people of this country have in Mr. Fox a tried and fast friend, not to be disheartened by the temporary fluctuation of popular applause, nor to be seduced by royal or princely smiles, from his country's cause.

I consider him, whether in or out of place, as a faithful incorruptible watchman of the public weal, who will strictly guard the sacred barriers of the constitution, dispute every inch of ground with the enemy; and though he cannot always prevent encroachment, yet he will on every necessary occasion raise his voice, and give an alarm to the friends of liberty.

I beg leave (as one who venerates and loves him) to suggest a consideration to Mr. Fox: As nothing but a pressing urgency of affairs and the strong call of political necessity will, during the present reign, introduce him as a minister at St. James's, let him recollect, with manly pride, let him recollect, that he may make his own terms. He will then deceive the expectations of his friends, and the just demands of the people at large, if he loses sight of the following desirable purposes, however they may clash with the interests of a few of his adherents, or his own private opinion.

1st. A liberal unfettered toleration.

2dly. To define, and if possible diminish, but at every risk set in-

surmountable obstacles to an augmentation of regal expence, in a country exhausted by taxation.

3dly. To shorten the duration of parliaments, and amend the present very defective mode of election, and unequal representation in that assembly.

To conclude, boundless imprudence, fatal propensities, and political disasters, which would have blown up and buried in irretrievable ruin every other man, have only served to set this gentleman's actual worth, fertile resource, and strength of mind, in a more exalted point of view:

—durus ut illex tonsa bipennibus
—ab ipso

Ducit opes animumque ferro.

And I should hope that the majority of young men, unable to equal the transcendent merits of Mr. Fox, will not be induced to follow his example in the culpable excesses and inexcusable parts of his character, "for the same fire " which burns a worthless piece of " wood to ashes, can only melt a " guinea, which still retains its intrinsic value, though his majesty's countenance no longer " shines upon it."

FOOTE, SAMUEL, a man of genius, a dramatic writer, and a mimic. His paternal fortune, which was more than competent to the wants of a prudent man, was soon spent, and he had recourse to those convivial talents and powers of ridicule, for support, which rendered his company generally sought, and had contributed, in a considerable degree, to involve him in pecuniary difficulty. It was frequently observed by him, that no man ever knew the proper value

value of a guinea, till he lived to want one ; an observation not without truth, but even this experience had not a proper effect on Mr. Foote.

Not being able at first to procure a licence for his dramatic entertainments at the Hay-market, he advertised it as a place of resort for tea-drinking, and drew large audiences. He successfully lashed vicious affectation, strange whim, and personal peculiarity, by licentious distortion, and broad caricature ; while selfishness, and imposition, disguised in the demure exterior of religion, and pretended sanctity, were unmasked, ridiculed, and set in the most absurd points of view.

By these means he often forced us to join in the laugh of the moment, though we could not help quickly correcting ourselves for such uncharitable ebullitions of mirth, because they were frequently at the expence of misfortune, personal deformity, friendship, and private worth. The gentleman from whom the character of Cadwallader was drawn, is said to have been once his intimate friend : and who can hear, without indignation, that those peculiarities and infirmities, which Foote introduced on the stage, were observed and copied at times devoted to convivial merriment, and domestic hospitality.

This is not the first instance, in the history of human vanity, where the feelings of a friend have been violated, for the sake of saying a humorous or a witty thing. It also enforces a sentiment, which has often been repeated, that we ought not to look for the soothing

balm of lasting friendship, or useful association, among persons elevated in the regions of power, learning, wit, or the arts : exceptions will undoubtedly sometimes occur, but ambition, like sensuality, is selfish, and not scrupulous in its manner of procuring gratification ; and he who has attained eminence, will sacrifice almost any thing to secure himself in the strong holds of superiority.

If Foote exercised his buffoonery on the corporal defects of others, he did not spare himself, with whom it may be said, he had an undoubted right to take such liberties. He often called himself Captain Timber-toe, and where a piece has seemed to languish and flag, I have seen him, by a hobbling walk across the stage, accompanied with significant gesture and grimace, set the house in a roar. He was threatened by a gentleman for *taking him off* : " I use you no worse than myself, for" (said Foote) " I will *take myself off*," and he instantly quitted the room.

I said he was a man of genius ; his conversation, and his dramatic writings, surely authorize the assertion ; but I have sometimes been inclined to doubt, if I could say the same of David Garrick, who, by the help of an eye, which from its anatomical structure, touched the strings of the heart, and a happy association of features, which accurately represented the passions, assisted by habit and experience, acquired excellence in the profession of acting, which is an *imitative and mechanic art*.

The fascinating art of conversation, the knack of pleasing in company beyond most people, Mr. Garrick

Garrick eminently possessed; but the eye of a keen observer could not but perceive, "that when he "was off the stage he was acting." Strenuous effort, and the toil of attention, were palpably evident in the whole of his behaviour; while the amiable fear of giving offence, or exciting resentment, gave at times such a peculiar degree of reserve to his manners and utterance, that Foote, whom he dreaded, used sometimes to tell him, he was not perfect in his part.

Many who have enjoyed the pleasure of Mr. Garrick's company, and an exalted pleasure it was, have acknowledged the justice of this observation.

Indeed it were to be wished, that characters which study rather to please, than shine in company, were more frequent, we probably might have less wit, and less noisy merriment; but that inconvenience would be amply made up by less wrangling, and less ill blood.

I used formerly to divert myself with imagining poor Roscius sitting in easy chit-chat at breakfast with Mrs. Garrick, when they expected a large company to dinner at Hampton, and giving her a sort of cautionary lecture for the day.

"We shall have Lord George Germaine, and General Burgoyne; you know, my dear, of course you won't speak of Minden or Saratoga; and as we expect Mr. Fox and Mr. Rigby, it would be ridiculous to touch on gaming, or the peculation of public money; as George Selwyn and Monsey promised to come, I need not caution you against ridiculing people who

"fabricate stale jests, and tell nasty "stories."

If the manager were living in the present day, and to invite a party, I am inclined to think he would not speak of a parliamentary reform, the slave trade, or the Irish propositions, in the hearing of Mr. Pitt: he would be too polite to touch on long speeches, or recantation pamphlets, in the presence of Mr. Burke; nor would he venture to mention toleration, and the mild spirit of christianity, to Dr. Horsley, or the danger of credulity and implicit faith, to the copious Dr. Priestley.

To a man like Garrick, who shrunk from, and was alive all over to the fear of giving or suffering offence, the company of Foote was irksome and terrifying, "for, "like me, he will say or do any "thing," said George Boedens, whose unbounded licentiousness, brutality, profaneness and profligacy procured him with some, the character of a wit and a pleasant companion, which he attained in certain circles by a savage resolution, to say whatever came uppermost, however incompatible with decency, order, or good sense, it was "running muck" with a vengeance, and merited the same treatment, being knocked on the head, or kicked down stairs. "You did not know that I was behind you, Garrick, when you "were repeating the soliloquy, as "you walked up the Haymarket, "a few days ago," said Foote. Garrick lowered his brow. "Was "it from Hamlet or Macbeth," said one of the company. "I should "fancy, by the conclusion," replied

plied Foote, "that it was from an essay on compound interest; but you shall hear it: I was stumping gently along behind him, and was going to speak; but hearing him talk to himself, I listened, and it was as follows: "Yes—yes—I *will*—I positively *will* leave off making a drudge of myself, I have already a sufficiency for every purpose of dignity as well as comfort, and why should I be a slave to every impertinent puppy who can throw down his shilling? I positively will live like a gentleman. He remained in this opinion," continued Foote, "till he got to the corner of Coventry-street, when he met with the ghost of a farthing, coming out of the snuff-shop, at which he started, and it put every generous and noble idea to flight; he sunk again into the manager, and marched on to Leicester-fields, full of pounds, shillings and pence, and wholly absorbed in mortgages, bank notes, and three per cent. consols."

There appears very little in this when written, but the whole company were in one convulsive burst of laughter for five minutes; and Garrick, seizing his hat, left the room, evidently chagrined.

But latterly, Mr. Foote's spirits failed him, and he applied to his old resource the bottle, but in vain: yet even in those temporary flashes, which this false friend affords, I have observed intervals of silence in his company, which I could account for no otherwise than from the fear inspired, by the keenness of his sarcasm, and the overwhelming tumultuous attack

of his humour, which, when exerted, always predominated, and bore down every thing and every body before it.

But a life spent in a violation of the moral duties, and whose best praise was, that it provided laughter for the giddy, and indecent merriment for the unthinking, while the good and reasonable sighed at his fate; such a life could not be expected to end with comfort or substantial hope.

In the midst of company he was latterly observed to be often lost in reveries, whilst frequent sighs and a corresponding countenance betrayed a heart ill at ease, and he replied to a friend, who congratulating him on having settled his annuity business with Colman, observed, that he might now pass the remainder of his life with tranquillity:

"I was miserable before, and now I am far from being happy."

He died at Dover, on his way to France, from an over dose of laudanum, taken either by mistake or design, though, from an authentic relation of the circumstance, by a person present, I strongly incline to the latter opinion.

GANGANELLI, JEANNE VINCENT ANTOINE, a protestant Pope, the son of an apothecary, at St. Angelo, near Rimini, distinguished early in life for great abilities, unabating application, and modest manners. At eighteen he commenced his novitiate as a Franciscan, but fortunately before that period he had taken the habit of a more important order, the order of good sense, which taught him, though a rigid fulfiller of his duty, to
K despise

despise empty ceremonies, and to consider religion not as an enemy to reason, but its brightest ornament and best reward; a source of comfort, and reliance for human weakness, but not a mercenary indulger of it, a disinterested healer of the wounds inflicted by misfortune and the world.

He read lectures on philosophy and theology at Milan and Bologna, with great reputation, but occasionally offended some of the zealous bigots, by his liberality and candour. His literary correspondence was considerable, entertaining and instructive. A posthumous publication of his letters is generally considered as a fabricated work, I think by a Mr. Caraccioli, but is by no means a bad description of the sentiments and manners of the man: and some of the letters from their intrinsic value, and the vanity of those who received them, had been shown to select circles before his death. They were probably procured by the editor to enrich and give credit to his collection. The address to a young man on his burying himself in a convent, is confessedly genuine; it exhibits every internal evidence of the mild spirit, acute understanding, and enlightened ideas of Ganganelli. In the monastery and on the throne of St. Peter's he was alike rational, charitable, unassuming and humane.

He finally suppressed the Jesuits, a work which his timid predecessor commenced with hesitation. "It is my duty to do it," he would say, "and I am resolved to persevere, though I know it will end in my destruction;" a prophetic declaration, said, on doubt-

ful evidence, to have been literally fulfilled.

He possessed a correct taste for sculpture, admired and encouraged the arts and sciences, and was particularly fond of anatomical preparations. His predilection for England, and all that came from that country, and his marked civilities to them, were very observable, and sometimes gave offence. He would frequently repeat the well known anecdote of Leo, one of his predecessors, who seeing certain handsome young men at Rome, asked them in Latin who they were? "Angli" was their answer "Non Angli hercule sed Angeli," said the punning but polite Pope.

He excelled peculiarly in conversation, adapting, without apparent effort, his subject to the temper, opinions and circumstances of those he conversed with, equally avoiding bigotry, faction or party. He once said to an English Clergyman, who was introduced at the Vatican, "I am sorry you English are not part of my flock; those who know me will not think it is on account of the revenue, it is because I lose an opportunity of showing how kind and gentle a shepherd I would be."

Clement the Fourteenth (for that was the title he assumed on being exalted to the popedom) has been called a philosophical and almost a christian Pope, for he united gravity and cheerfulness, science and simplicity, mildness and resolution, dignity and humility, admirably tempering a love of solitude with a conscientious discharge of the duties of social life."

IF

If subjects of biography were all like Ganganelli, the harsh but necessary language of invective would be lost or forgotten in the pleasing task of just panegyric.

GARTH, SIR SAMUEL, a man of wit, a physician, and a favourite poet of the whigs, in the reign of king William, by whom he was knighted: his pen is said to have produced much pleasanter lines than prescriptions, a circumstance we may easily credit, for at table and the jovial board, he was a fascinating companion and in his element; but the dry business of physic, and the disgusting circumstances of a sick room, he used to confess in confidential moments, were the objects of his aversion, nor is it probable that he would ever have forwarded himself in that profession, but by the helps of party support and court favor.

The benevolent design of his once popular poem, called the Dispensary, ought to shelter it from the severity of criticism: it was written to promote a plan for providing the poor with advice gratis, and furnishing them with medicines at prime cost: among many careless, and many languid lines, it exhibits much learning and some vigorous, but a greater number of highly polished passages: the extravagant flattery which he pours out so profusely on the *great Nassau*, lord Sommers and the rest of his party, is where he shines the least; it is to be lamented, that the subject was of so temporary and local a nature, that the objects of his satire were obscure, known only in a narrow circle, and of course speedily forgotten, a danger from

which the poem itself is not wholly exempt. His enemies accused him of stealing from the *Lutrin* of Boileau, and of borrowing liberally from the ancients, an allowable species of theft, which he has committed with much taste and discernment, giving several passages of Homer a turn of exquisite humour, a knack in which the merit of mock heroic poetry principally consists; an instance of this occurs at the 125th line of his fifth canto, which a curious reader may compare with a passage analogous to it in the sixth Iliad, as I quote by memory, I cannot mention the line; it begins

Ἀφ' ὅδο παῖς πρὸς κολίπον, &c.

The same good-natured gentleman also told him he spoke feelingly in his description of the situation of the Ghost of Guaiacum in the shades below, who was tormented by the spectres of deceased patients, the victims of his ill conduct and injudicious treatment on earth:

"Who vex'd with endless clamour his repose,

"This wants a palate, that demands a nose;

"And here they execute stern Pluto's will,

"And ply'd him ev'ry moment with a pill."

The scandalous anecdote of the day was, that Guaiacum, whom Garth in his poem calls his once loved friend, had early in life almost persuaded our poet to be of his opinion, that a certain fashionable disease was curable by guaiacum, ptisans, &c. without the use of mercury, and that our young whig physician did not change his mind till he felt his mistake experimentally,

tally, and carried proofs of an erroneous theory with him to the grave.

A declaration of Garth's is also recorded, which I cannot with decency quote exactly in his words: after a long and severe indisposition, finding himself somewhat recovered, he ventured out among his friends, who congratulated him on his being better, and observed that, although he could not hope to be ever strong and vigorous again, he had still a prospect of enjoying his future life in ease and comfort. "I thank you kindly, gentlemen," said he, "but to drag on such an existence as you describe, is by no means desirable; what is the enjoyment of life without that of women?"

Balnea, vina, Venus corrum-
punt corpora nostra,

Sed vitam faciunt, balnea, vina,
Venus.

Baths, women, wine, corrupt our
lives,

And cut life's scanty line,
But what is life or love or joy,
Without baths, women, wine.

It is to be feared, that his desires remained after his powers had forsaken him; a common effect of excess, which it would be well for us in the blissful hours of youth and pleasure, if we were some, times to bear in mind.

Pope, in one of his letters, mentions this gentleman in a manner singularly ambiguous: "If there was ever a good christian, without knowing it, Sir Samuel Garth was one;" and if christianity consisted only in the exercise of a benevolent disposition, Pope may be right, for his friend was undoubtedly a philanthropist,

and possessed an excellent temper; but the pure tenets of Christ can surely never be imputed to him, who appears neither to have felt their influence, or acknowledged their worth, whose appetites were feebly restrained by lax morality, who, with all his genius and endearing qualities, seems not to have aspired beyond the praise of good-natured sensuality.

But I have been enticed beyond the original design of this article, which was to introduce part of the dedication of the Dispensary, as a specimen of refined well written flattery, which may be read without disgust, a circumstance not often the case with flattering dedications: it was addressed to Mr. Henley, the father of lord Northington, the chancellor, and I believe the writer of a very laughable letter to Swift, which may be found in the dean's works among his correspondence. Garth commences his address in the following words:

"A man of your character can no more prevent a dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered when it labours most to be concealed.

"It is hard that to think well of you should be but justice, and that to tell you so should be an offence; thus rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues, and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

"The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart can be consistent with such faint-
"ness

“ness in the expression; but, when
 “they reflect on your readiness to
 “do good, and your industry to
 “hide it, on your passion to oblige
 “and your pain to hear it owned,
 “they will conclude that acknow-
 “ledgments would be ungrateful
 “to a person, who even seems to
 “receive the obligations he con-
 “fers. * * * * *

“Your approbation of this po-
 “em is the only exception to the
 “opinion the world entertains of
 “your judgment, but you forget
 “you are a critic while you are
 “thinking of your friend; to say
 “more would be uneasy to you,
 “and to say less would be unjust
 “in your humble servant.”

GARRICK, DAVID, for an
 enquiry whether his excel-
 lence as an actor, may be called
 genius or mechanic art, see Foote,
 Samuel, page 79.

GERMAINE, LORD GEORGE.
 See Sackville, Viscount.

GIBBON, EDWARD, a cele-
 brated historian, who, after
 inflicting deep and incurable
 wounds on priesthood, and the
 hierarchy, seriously declares that
 “he wishes to be at peace with all
 “mankind, and is unwilling to
 “offend the pope and clergy of
 “Rome.” Using such language,
 is as if Sheridan, when he had fi-
 nished his memorable philippic
 against Hastings, had approached
 him with mild congratulation, and
 offers of peace and friendship.

Since however, so much has
 been said and sung on the Decline
 and Fall of the Roman Empire, a
 candid critic may perhaps be per-
 mitted to ask, what are the striking

faults and most conspicuous errors
 of Mr. Gibbon's production?

After paying a just tribute to the
 genius of philosophy, and vigo-
 rous sentiment which inspires his
 pen, we probably may regret, that
 the simplicity of the English lan-
 guage is so deeply tinctured with
 the Gallic idiom, that the epithets
 are numerous, the style poetic,
 and the periods flowery, in a de-
 gree wholly incompatible with a
 grave historic composition.

Perhaps too, we might mention
 its wanting that close and intimate
 connection of parts, which at once
 stimulates and gratifies curiosity.

That the repeated ill treatment
 this excellent writer has experi-
 enced from his antagonists, has at
 times induced him to *step a little out*
of his way on the subject of reli-
 gion and its professors, no one
 will deny; and perhaps the same
 bias induced him to bring forward
 on every occasion the virtues and
 magnanimity of Julian, whose
 character he closes by observing,
 “that the apostate was the friend
 “of mankind, and deserved the
 “empire of the world;” while
 the vices of Constantine, whose
 reputation has been exalted far be-
 yond his merits, are minutely de-
 tailed and dwelt on with apparent
 complacency and satisfaction.

I readily agree with this en-
 lightened writer, “that a candid
 “but rational enquiry into the
 “Rise and Progress of Christi-
 “anity” to a certain extent, may
 be considered as a necessary part
 of the History of the Roman
 Empire. The avarice of the
 clergy, the mild unresisting doc-
 trines of Christ, and the rage for
 monastic retirement, as producing
 memorable

memorable effects on the people and the empire, lay fairly in his way, but I doubt if these were sufficient reasons for swelling, or rather converting his book into an ecclesiastical history of heresies, martyrs, councils, and Trinitarian controversy, by far the dullest and least interesting part of his work, while his account of the seven sleepers, delivered in a manner that renders it impossible to judge whether he is serious or not, has caused a frown from the pious, and smiles from the ungodly. The same objection I have made to his very minute investigation of the christian religion, might be applied to the Jewish, the Pagan, the Persian, the German and other systems of national worship, which he has so diffusely discussed.

Had our historian not entered so fully into these and some other subjects, the world, it is true, would have been deprived of much pleasant and much instructive reading, but my pocket as well as shelf would have had to groan under only six instead of twelve octavo volumes; and Mr. Cadell's productive generosity would have been taxed at somewhat a less rate than six thousand pounds, which he is said to have given for the work. For the encouragement of him, who unites with Mr. Gibbon's abilities, the same diligence and inclination to trim the midnight lamp, I cannot help adding, that his public-spirited, and, in every instance of life, his fortunate book-seller, has declared his willingness to advance the same sum for a work of equal merit and promise.

If the *warm* passages in some of his notes, had been omitted,

the goodness of our author's taste had not been less, though, on this point, only those who understand Latin and Greek have a right to censure him. While the fashionable conversations after dinner are so *highly seasoned* with obscenity, if luscious anecdotes were to be related only in a learned language, the mischievous tendency of this vicious foible would be very circumscribed in its limits.

With these blemishes, which many will not be disposed to allow, I cannot but consider him as the first of English historians, with whom Dr. Robertson and the late Dr. Watson only have a just claim to rank.

The man, who from a mass of materials, crude, undigested, and often contradictory, who, from a period wilfully darkened, perplexed and confused, has been able to produce *such* a work, has indeed converted an unprofitable wilderness into a useful and highly cultivated spot, and Gibbon, after extracting excellence from so much rubbish, may be said to possess, in a very exalted degree, the art of turning all to gold.

The established clergy will not think themselves obliged to him for observing, that the doctrines of the church of England, are *far removed* from the knowledge and belief of its private members; nor will the dissenters thank him for saying "that they preserve the name without the substance of religion, that they indulge the licence without the temper of philosophy, and that they shake the pillars of christianity."

I believe

I believe that Dr. Priestley is pleased by the historian's telling him, "that there *are* passages in "the works of the Doctor, *some* at "which the priest, and *some* at "which the magistrate may tremble."

The peculiar merit and distinct character of Gibbon as a sceptic, is liberality and candour, a praise to which neither Hume or Voltaire have any just claim; in *their* strictures on revelation, they have proved themselves the mere bigots of infidelity, and have carried into the wilds of deism the narrow un-social spirit of the cloyster; whilst the unerring shafts of the English historian are directed against the superstition and tyranny of the priest, he is ever ready to do justice to the philanthropy and heroism of the man.

To conclude, the outcry that has been raised against this and other books, brings to my mind a story of a man famous in the year 1745 for knocking down impertinent excisemen and impudent tax-gatherers: these officious and incensed gentlemen represented him as disaffected to government, and he was carried before a justice of the peace, who severely reprimanded him, and accused him of disloyalty. "King George, God bless him," said the man, "has not "a more faithful subject in the "county, but as to those scoundrels "who brought me before your "worship, I should give them a "drubbing if it was to do again, "for the exciseman was interfering in my private concerns "with my wife, and the tax-gatherer was picking the lock of "my bureau."

In a word, reformation, however necessary, (and who will say that nothing now remains to be done) is always an invidious task; and if we look back to the days of Luther and his predecessors, we shall find the titles of heretics, atheists, freethinkers, &c. were liberally bestowed on Huss, Melancthon, Jerom of Prague, and other illustrious coadjutors in the glorious work.

GIBRALTAR, the importance of. See Jardin, Major. **H**ARDOUN, JOHN, a learned Jesuit of the seventeenth century, remarkable for broaching strange paradoxes. It was his opinion, that the monks of the fourteenth century, in their cells, "those storehouses of atheism and "heresy," as he calls them, had fabricated the *Æneis* and *Odes* of Horace, with several other productions, which we have for ages been taught to consider as precious remains of the Augustan and other remote times.

On publishing an edition of his favourite Pliny, the dawn of doubt first broke in upon him, and scepticism is seldom at a stand in studious and contemplative minds. He began to smell a rat (*susodorari* is his word) in the year 1690, and after many struggles and much laborious investigation, at last convinced *himself*, if not others, that we have no genuine productions of antiquity but the following: Cicero, Plautus, Pliny, the *Eclogues* and *Georgicks* of Virgil, the *Satires* and *Epistles* of Horace, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, and the nine books of Herodotus. But it was against St. Austin and his wicked crew (*impia cohors*) that his

that his fury was principally directed, and the arrows of criticism were sharpened by religious and superstitious zeal.

Had he been able to establish his favourite position, (and he believed he had) his inference was this, that men hackneyed in forgeries, who had been so long imposing on mankind in matters of taste and science, could not be very nice and scrupulous in their *management* of the Holy Scriptures.

His argument is like the reasoning of a man who having had his house broke open, should seize a fellow he met in the street because he had picked his pocket a year or two before.

"They had" says this singular man, "artificers in every style; who exercised their *nefarious* pens with skill, but they all fall short of (latinitas Pliniana) the classical purity of Pliny," an author whom he considers as the touchstone of originality. "What they could not find in the Holy Scriptures to answer their *atheistical* purposes, they created by the arts of forgery and interpolation. In the Gospel of St. Matthew and St. Paul's Epistles, they scattered their heretical seeds, which in copies artfully dispersed in the libraries of convents, before printing was known, have since sprung up, and produced such *baneful* doctrines

"So elaborate" says father Hardouin, "were these *atrocious reasoners* in the cause of atheism, against the holy catholic faith," but he forgets to mention how very implicit their credulity and how very hood-winked they were on most other subjects.

On these grounds he boldly accuses Austin, Ambrose, Wicliffe, Luther, Calvin, the Jansenists, and a long train of their *deluded* followers, of industriously attacking the true religion in favour of infidelity. It is a curious circumstance worthy the attention of an impartial and philosophic reader to perceive how this Antæus of doubt in literature, dwindles when he touches the sandy ground of ecclesiastical tradition, into the meere dwarf of papistical insatiation and blind credulity.

Some of the noblest and most pleasing monuments of the christian revelation, antient learning and elegant mythology; even St. Matthew and St. Paul are to be sacrificed, because they tell against mother church.

This author has hit on the art (Jesuit like) of introducing in a work, which roused the attention of the learned world, some of the fundamental doctrines in favour of the holy see, where one would not have expected to meet with them; he has ingeniously handled and set in new points of view the logical jargon, solecisms and absurdities of Mariana and Bellarmine.

I read his book as a literary curiosity, I was pleased with his classical style and language, it gave me (as is the case with many other books) much entertainment, but carried no conviction with it. Dr. Warburton was compared to Hardouin by some of his controversial adversaries, which nettled him very much; he called the comparison insolent and injurious, yet Pere Hardouin was a lamb, compared to the zealous bishop.

HAWKINS,

HAWKINS, SIR JOHN, an historian of music without taste, a biographer of Dr. Johnson without information, but useful as a justice of the peace, and respectable as a chairman at a quarter sessions; yet our aspiring magistrate could not be content, till he had essayed to twine the laurel round his civic crown, an attempt which has attached a ridicule to the solemn pedantry of his character. This writer, to whom every term of critical severity has been applied and almost exhausted, considers all modern music as absurd and unnatural, and in what he calls a history of that science, after neglecting or slightly mentioning persons and circumstances the most obviously interesting, devotes page after page to the petty detail of obscure clubs, alehouse biography, and chimney-corner anecdote.

The writer of this article presumes he has a claim to the rare, and, in this instance, to the unenvied praise of patient diligence and indefatigable resolution, for he once read through the work, which, totally deficient in plan, order, or arrangement, consists of bold assertion without argument; and while it exhibits a minute and ridiculous precision in trifles, is grossly inaccurate in matters of moment. Sir John may be stiled a raker together of antiquarian fragments, a scavenger among dusty shelves and obsolete chronicles, who collects with important assiduity, the venerable rubbish of other times, from books which few can and few will read. His five oppressive massy quarto volumes are larded with mutilated quotation and black letter type, which he

thinks a sufficient excuse for long digressions, uninteresting and foreign to his business; a work thus conducted, without judgment, taste, discrimination, or indeed any merit but that of a heavy compilation, must naturally conclude without pleasure or profit to the reader, and with much disgrace to its author.

HAYLEY, WILLIAM, a sensible writer, a smooth harmonious versifier, a friend to liberty, and the rights of mankind, who exhibited early in life every appearance of idiotism, but, after a certain time, reason, that lamp of the soul, "that bright emanation of the deity" began to dawn. He has attained no small degree of fame by powers which have had every aid that laborious cultivation, that useful and polite learning could give: he possesses a judgment critically exact, but has not an highly creative imagination.

The sentiments of gratitude he expresses to a good mother, for her unceasing cares and anxieties during his infancy and childhood, are truly poetic, elegant, and interesting, they come from the heart.

" 'Twas thine, with constant love
thro' ling'ring years,

" To bathe an idiot orphan with
thy tears;

— " Thy child, from pow'rs
above;

" Receiv'd the sense to feel and
bless thy love."

A satirical writer, who, in a fictitious vacancy of the laureatship, makes Mr. Hayley one of the candidates, has pronounced the following sentence on him with more severity I think than justice, tho'

L

not

not without truth in some of the remarks:

"The polish'd period, the smooth flowing line,

"And faultless texture, all must own are thine;

"For these thy rank thou shalt unenvied keep,

"While all must praise, but while they praise they sleep:

"No flames of genius through thy verses burn,

"Languor and sweetness take their place by turn,

"Nor force or vigour there——

"Select in phrase, in ripen'd judgment cool,

"Deep hast thou studied the Italian school,

"Correctly cold thy wishes here are vain."

Yet who can read without emotion his descriptive complaints of the rare and tardy rewards of ill-fated genius? Who can contemplate without a sigh, if not a tear, the affecting picture (and a picture it surely is, drawn in glowing colours) of that death bed, where the unhappy suicide Chatterton "drains the poisoned phial, tears the strings from his once lov'd lyre, and dies in the phrenzy of despair."

I remember reading that highly finished poem, *The Triumphs of Temper*, with alternate pleasure and disappointment; I experienced much amusement in those cantos, which carry on the narrative; the charming but *faultless* *Serena* and her maiden aunt, with nothing remaining but the ghost of her beauty, who scolds her niece and snatches from her hand a novel, which she

pockets for her own perusal; and the old whig "turned to a tory in his elbow chair," are conceived and introduced with much happy humour. But my memory was burthened, my attention fatigued, and my ideas confused by Mr. Hayley's alternate cantos, which describe the subterraneous voyages of his heroine and her guide. I will not deny that this journey exhibits many happy imitations of Dante, and much splendid imagery, that the great moral truths are inculcated by apt and elegant allegories.

A French author used to read his productions to his old woman, and found that the parts she relished best, generally were most agreeable to the public. At the first publication of this poem, on the eve of my departure for the country, I put it in my portmanteau, and among my rural friends read it to occasional circles; those to whom I read the *whole* poem, regularly yawned before it was finished, and said they did not see much in it. Taught by experience, to others I read only the narrative cantos, and they were, without exception, highly entertained by the production. The decision of such critics will not perhaps have much weight with the learned. Yet, after all, it is for the public we write, and if we wish to instruct, we *must* amuse; in other words, write what people will read; and, after making allowance for newspaper puffs, and lying title pages, numerous editions of a work will be found, generally speaking, as good tests of merit in a book, as a good receipt at the treasury of a theatre is of dramatic excellence.

Mr.

Mr. Hayley's compliment to his old favourites, ancient virgins, beginning,

" 'Twas theirs to press all selfish views above,

" A sister's offspring with parental love," &c.

is happy, and applicable to life. Our poet's admonitions on the subject of sweetmeats and preserves, being only deceitful vehicles for drams and liqueurs, is well managed; their destructive effects are strikingly held up to view, and this useful piece of satire was extremely well timed and necessary, when our women of fashion were sinking into all the gross abuse of what I once called a gin-shop in masquerade. The figure of the fiend Ennui is monstrous, and bordering on caricature; but it is just. The odious simile taken from that kind of serpent which, by a particular and nauseous process, has the power of swallowing beasts larger than itself, however strictly applicable and resembling, ought not to have been introduced. For in poetry, as in the intercourse of mankind, truth, particularly when disgusting, is not always to be told. A judicious selection of pleasing objects of agreeable, but appropriate resemblances, is the criterion of a man of taste, and a good writer.

It has been observed by Pope, though he forgets to mention that one of the ancients had said it before him, that the business of a writer of pastoral is judiciously to select and pick out the most agreeable and pleasant circumstances of a rural life, and to paint them in simple, but attractive, colours. Were an author to determine to represent in his pastoral the real state of rustic manners and situa-

tions, and with truth and fact for his guides, minutely to describe the drudgery, oppression and poverty, the low pleasures and multiplied pains, the laborious youth and neglected age of the ploughman, the milk-maid, the cottager, the little farmer, and the peasant, his work would in effect be a satire of the severest kind.

This task indeed has been undertaken, and executed with no small judgment by Mr. Crabbe, in opposition to the Utopian descriptions, primitive innocence, and undisturbed rural felicity of many writers. Mr. Crabbe's portraits of the sporting curate, and the parish apothecary visiting the workhouse, are surely drawn from the life.

To conclude, it falls to the lot of few clergymen who reside in the country to be able, with the curate in the poem, to play their rubber at whist, keep a gelding, or associate with the squire. It is the happiness of few to enjoy or deserve, like Mr. Crabbe, the smiles of the great; the majority of these unhappy men pass their lives in penury, oblivion, and contempt; they toil and starve on less than forty pounds a year, while their principals, who have the trouble of coming down twice a year to receive their money, are either feeding luxuriously at the chaplain's table at St. James's, or slumbering in prebendal stalls.

HESSE, Mr. For an account of his melancholy death, see Adair, Robert, page 3.

HOWARD, Mr. a benevolent reformer of hospitals and prisons, who, animated and stimulated by practical philanthropy, personally and minutely inspected most of the lazarettos and places of confinement in Europe.

“ His plan,” said Mr. Burke, “ is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. He “ has visited all Europe, not to “ survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples, “ not to make accurate measurements of ancient grandeur, nor “ to form a scale of the curiosities “ of modern art, not to collect “ medals, or to collate manuscripts: “ —but to dive into the depth of “ dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the “ mansions of sorrow and pain; to “ take the gauge and dimensions of “ misery, depression, and contempt; “ to remember the forgotten, to “ attend to the neglected, to visit “ the forsaken, and to compare “ and collate the distresses of all men “ in all countries.”

Solitude, labour, temperance, and moral instruction, with a scrupulous attention to cleanliness, warmth, and ventilation, are his great principles of reform. To mitigate human calamity, to check vice, to subdue the refractory, and soothe the repenting, to reclaim as well as to punish, were the darling objects of his wishes; objects surely worthy the attention of every wise and humane government.

But while the public, as well as individuals, are dispensing comfort to the unfortunate, and purifying the dungeons of the guilty, it is much to be wished, that some of Mr. Howard's suggestions may be attended to, in the construction or alteration of our places of worship and public amusement: that burying-grounds, noxious trades, and stagnant waters, might be removed from the metropolis, and indeed from all cities or large provincial

towns. Neglecting these important objects, we incur the hazard of damp walls, injurious currents of air, pestilential vapour, and pent up noisome exhalation; we too often imbibe the seeds of disease and death in our hours of devotion, business, and rational amusement.

This worthy member of society, after devoting the greater portion of his life and fortune to charitable exertion, fell a victim to the plague at Cherson, a place he had visited with a view of investigating the nature and treatment of that tremendous scourge of the East, whose ravages are continued, and aggravated, by the incautious and predestinarian doctrines of the Musselmén. This advocate for the distresses of mankind, this ambassador of peace and compassion, was frequently admitted to an audience with crowned heads; need I add, that the glorious task he was engaged in, rendered him frequently their superior. In one of these royal interviews with the late emperor Joseph the Second, who, I really think, merited a better fate than he experienced, Mr. Howard was expatiating, with an honest warmth, on the comfortless and pernicious state of the Austrian and Hungarian prisons, and the shocking situation of the prisoners. The emperor, who valued himself on a penal code of laws, more efficacious, but less sanguinary, than the English, was nettled, and replied, “ I don't use them worse “ than you do in England, where “ you hang them up by dozens at “ a time.” “ Very true,” replied Howard, “ but permit me to assure “ your majesty, that I had rather “ be *hang'd* in England, than *live* “ in

"in your German dungeons." He soon took his leave; "In truth" said the emperor to prince Kaunitz, "this little Englishman is 'no flatterer.'"

HOWE, SIR WILLIAM, a general, and commander in chief of the British army, during part of the American war. This gentleman would have no claim to a place in this catalogue, either for natural or acquired endowments, but for a singular, and I think, in his case, an improper ceremony, which took place on his leaving America; a country, which I believe no one will deny that he left unconquered.

With what propriety a mischianza, consisting of triumphal arches, tilts, tournaments, and dances, where knights and squires, celebrated with their damsels, in midnight song, the praises of their general, I cannot conceive. A festival so various in its parts, so gaudy, sumptuous, and elaborate in its decorations, must have required much previous preparation. Nor was it consistent with that modesty, the constant companion of true courage and real merit, which ever industriously avoids "the mobs' huzza," "the crowds' unmeaning stare;" to suffer such splendid mockery, such misapplied mummery to be exhibited. Sir William's not forbidding it, clearly proves, that it met with his approbation, and his approving it, was evidently wrong.

HUNTER, WILLIAM, a physician and anatomist; a native of Scotland, with a considerable share of that sagacity, which characterizes the inhabitants of that kingdom, in which, as

learning is procured at a cheaper rate, it is of course more generally diffused; a circumstance, which enables Scotchmen to avail themselves of those fortunate contingencies, which are said, at one time or other, to present themselves in the life of every man, but which the illiterate, the dull, the indolent, or the sensual, either neglect, or cannot avail themselves of. He came to London with no other helps, than the fruitful resources of a mind stored with professional knowledge; but he found them ample and sufficient.

As an anatomical lecturer, and an accoucheur, he gradually advanced into notice; and I have been told, by professional men, that considerable, and useful discoveries, were made by the joint efforts of Dr. Hunter, and the ingenious Mr. Hewson, in a system of vessels, called lymphatics. He also published proposals for a series of copper-plates, on subjects in his own particular branch of practice; a work afterwards finished, at once splendid, expensive, and aided by every assistance that accuracy, or first-rate artists could furnish. It frequently afforded him matter of regret, that plates, descriptive of subjects of science, were too often servilely copied from former writers, to save the trouble of actual ocular inspection, by dissecting, a charge, which I have never heard produced against himself.

Being a single man, and not expensive, his fortune increased with his fame, and he was enabled to build himself a capacious house, and anatomical theatre, with a museum for the reception of his books, medals, preparations, and other

other curiosities. He had previously applied, by letter, to a secretary of state for the time, I believe (but am not certain) it was lord Hillsborough, to know if a piece of ground, in a proper situation, could be granted him by government, as he considered it a national object. But ministers have other things to attend to, and it is probable, that Dr. Hunter's letter was forgot among the hurries of American negotiations, and the bustle of contested elections.

Conscious of the eminence on which he stood, which placed him as a benefactor to mankind, far above kings, or the favourites of kings, Hunter took fire at the treatment. He addressed the secretary in manly, bold, but respectful language; he told his lordship, he was not asking a favor, but conferring one, that he would now give him no further trouble, as he was resolved to rely rather on his own private resources, than the generosity of the public. It was a language, which none but fools and cowards ever take offence at, which minds, truly great, are conscious is the proper mode, by which man ought to be addressed by man.

A happy and a peculiar art of communicating instruction, was the distinct characteristic merit of this gentleman: clear, concise, and patient, he amused the volatile, while he fixed their attention: the dull of comprehension and the timid, he led by the hand, with the anxiety and temper of a parent: the ardent, the curious, and the diligent, he interested, gratified, and rewarded. Few men, I believe, sent pupils

out into the world with more obligations to their professor. "Be diligent, deserve well, and you *must* succeed," was his animating advice to young men, on their launching into life.

I have somewhere seen some lines on his death, in which, this didactic qualification is adverted to: these, I believe, are some of them.

"Cold is that hand, which nature's paths display'd

"Dead are those lips, on which instruction hung;

"Fix'd are those eyes, enlivening all he said;

"For ever mute is that persuasive tongue!

"When a dry subject claim'd the winter's eve,

"With useful knowledge he the pleasing mix'd;

"The tir'd attention he would oft relieve,

"While striking anecdotes the doctrine fix'd.

"When fancy, warm, too oft will lead astray,

"Blest be that art which guides our youthful hours,

"To eminence, helps up the arduous way,

"And strews instruction's rugged paths with flow'rs.

"The wreath of myrtle for his tomb prepare;

"Fold round his urn the philosophic robe;

"Let Fame and Gratitude be pictur'd there;—

"He health and science spread o'er half the globe."

In pursuits, as highly useful to the world, as they were delightful to himself, he lived to a good old age; and was never happier, than when he could assist the unfortunate

fortunate with advice, (in which the writer of this article has been a witness to his disinterestedness) could render service to science, or gratify and amuse the curious and scientific, by exhibiting his *musæum*.

It has been justly observed by a writer, speaking of Dr. Hunter, "that we do not often meet with that liberality of disposition, which makes the possessors of collections eager to communicate their stores, and to diffuse both the taste for science, as well as the means for gratifying it. Contented with their own enjoyments, or the limited applause of a narrow circle, they desire no more. To collect is often to hide. A contrary conduct does not always ensure applause; and those, whom the cynic cannot censure as avaricious, he will sometimes despise as vain."

J A R D I N, M A J O R, a well-informed, judicious officer, in the corps of Engineers, but evidently neither a disciple, or favourite, of the duke of Richmond. This gentleman has favoured the public with two volumes of letters, written during his travels in Morocco, France, and Spain. His journey forms only a small part of the work; and if Spain and Morocco were sunk to the centre of the earth, his books contain inestimable truths, which would amply repay the loss of rulers, still determined to support the ancient reign of ignorance, prejudice, and abject superstition; and of beings, who submit to that barbarian, whom we condescend to call the "Emperor of Morocco."

This writer has been accused of giving only mere outlines of

thought, of stopping short with abbreviated sketches, and rapid transitory ideas, when he ought to have pursued them. "And, for the same reason," says a certain critic, "that physicians generally shorten Latin words in their prescriptions, because they generally are ignorant of the proper terminations of them: it saves much trouble in finding out grammatical mood and tense."

If this raiser of objections had suffered himself to consider for a moment, with what reluctance mankind are disposed to relinquish any long-established, or generally received opinion; and how much alarm and abusive outcry usually take place on such occasions, he would probably have imputed the prudent caution of our public-spirited writer, to more amiable motives.

The human mind, like the body, seems incapable of undergoing sudden and violent changes. The spirit, the understanding, the heart of a people must be gradually raised, amended, and enlightened, before political, religious, or legislative improvement can be introduced with safety, or practised with advantage. This doctrine cannot be more strongly illustrated, than in the two revolutions, which have so lately taken place on the Continent. France long depressed by despotism, nobility, and the church, was gradually awakened by the disquisitions of Rousseau, Montesquieu, Raynal, and other friends of human nature, to think, to reason, and to act. "Thus prepared, and thus excited, she walked forth to battle" against civil and religious tyranny, hoary with age, and illustrious by descent

descent, and her victory (I thank God) has been complete. Prepared by an intercourse with freemen, during the American war, matured and ripened by theory and investigation, a gallant and enthusiastic nation has burst from the ignominious shell of thralldom, into real existence and importance, as citizens and men. On the ruins of the Bastille, a noble, capacious, and comprehensive structure, has been reared, well worthy the imitation of other nations; and, in the building of which, many of the acknowledged evils of the British constitution, have been cautiously avoided. "It hath been weighed in the balance, and is found wanting:" was aptly applied to the English form of government, by Mirabeau.

Stimulated by an incensed clergy, and probably encouraged by the Emperor's ill health, and the circumstance of his being engaged in a foreign war, the Austrian Netherlands boldly declared themselves independent. But the bandage of superstitious bigotry had not been removed from their eyes, the sacred seeds of liberty and toleration had not been sown in their bosoms, and decisive measures, which in France have confirmed the empire of freedom and good sense, have served in Brabant to strengthen the power of priesthood, and rivet the fetters of religious prejudice. Had they succeeded, it would only have been changing the splendid imperial sceptre, for the iron rod of ecclesiastical aristocracy.

Government and legislation, are not the only subjects which major Jardin has touched with a pen of

taste; in speaking of religion, arts, commerce, and war, he has discovered an enlightened mind; and much useful *practical* knowledge; in short, he has proved, to use his own words, "that a man who can fight, is generally good for something." He stands forth a firm, and eloquent pleader, in the cause of women; and wishes them, in education, dress, and manners, to make a nearer approach to the masculine habits of men. I agree that the fair sex would in many instances be happier, and that they might be rendered more serviceable members of society, if *some* of the major's hints were adopted; but I query if we should after all like them so well for wives, mothers, and sisters, if they entirely shook off the bewitching weakness, and attractive softness of women. And I believe our philosophic author himself, would have formerly been disgusted, if one of his fair friends in Kent, had taken the air with him in breeches, and astride on the horse; a mode he approves of, and expressly mentions.

Speaking of national peculiarities, he observes "that an Englishman may agree with a Frenchman on a problem or a picture, but he will always prefer roast beef and Shakespeare, to Racine and soup maigre. Their writers have more variety and grace, they have many *pretty* ways of *insinuating* what they mean, but they are very deficient in our forcible, and manly way of *speaking out*."

"I am glad," (continues this writer,) addressing himself to his correspondent, "I am glad you approve

" approve of brevity and simplicity
 " of style, the art of spinning out
 " a little matter into a long story,
 " is beneath the dignity, sense and
 " precision of the English language;
 " your words should be all
 " weight and substance, full measure,
 " pressed together, and running over
 " in a redundancy of sense, but not of sound: we
 " must not look for the beauties of
 " a rough, manly, and powerful
 " language, in the sickly fancy of
 " modern refinement, nor in the
 " mincing jargon of fashionable
 " conversation. The vulgarity of
 " great towns is insupportable,
 " there is something romantic and
 " antiquated that renders rustic ignorance
 " sufferable; but in great towns,
 " the lower classes have either no taste,
 " or worse than none. Your Cocknies
 " have contributed largely towards
 " spoiling both your language and
 " your taste. An education in
 " France, that pernicious prejudice
 " of English parents, can only be
 " proper when relations or friends
 " accompany young people. The
 " great object in the school convents
 " is to convert the children to their
 " own superstition," and if they
 " succeed, to teach them by jesuitical
 " arts to evade enquiries at their
 " return. " You are too apt to fancy
 " in England, that mankind are in
 " general become moderate, rational,
 " and tolerant, nothing like it, the
 " bulk of the people, at too great a
 " distance from the superior circles,
 " still retain the deep sown lurking
 " seeds of hatred and animosity;
 " the bloody inquisitorial spirit
 " of religious intolerance, only
 " pretends to sleep. The most

" probable means of insuring
 " safety will be a gradual and humane
 " dissolution of the monastic and
 " regular orders, future wars,
 " and a thorough improvement
 " of the present modes of education.
 " Were toleration clearly understood,
 " establishments and national
 " superstitious might be banished
 " without danger, the experience of
 " America proves, that a just and
 " equal government wants not such
 " assistance, indeed they are modes
 " of terrifying and subduing a
 " people which tyranny and injustice
 " only require.

" It is difficult to improve a
 " savage man, or to entice him
 " even to common decency, they
 " have very lately left off
 " destroying the glass windows in
 " Spain, of those who ventured
 " to have them, and to deface
 " statues and avenues.

" How can we improve him
 " who will not learn, or teach
 " those, whose taste, and judgment,
 " natural as well as moral, are
 " vitiated and reversed? who
 " consider some of the most useful
 " occupations, as disgraceful, but
 " look on begging and assassination
 " in a better light. They prefer
 " dirt and indolence, to industry,
 " cleanliness, and the comforts
 " of life. Disliking, in general,
 " milk, greens, and other simple
 " kinds of natural food, and
 " indulging a factitious fondness
 " for garlic, onions, and high
 " seasoning. But man is the
 " creature of habit, and when
 " from want, oppression or
 " indulgence, he abandons the
 " first simple feelings or
 " instincts of nature, nothing
 " seems able to stop him
 M from

“ from gradually destroying, his
 “ senses and himself. He may
 “ go on from stupifying himself
 “ with spirits, and eating assafoe-
 “ tida, till he does mischief for
 “ pleasure, and ultimately the
 “ whole animal is spoiled or an-
 “ nihilated.

“ We are apt to mistake the
 “ character of the Spaniards, there
 “ is in the very excess and abund-
 “ ance of their wit, joy, and good
 “ humour, a certain steady even-
 “ ness of manners, equally distant
 “ from pedantry, levity and af-
 “ fection, more mirth of the
 “ heart, than in all the gaiety,
 “ and noise of their neighbours,
 “ a kind of dry, grave humour,
 “ with a serene and placid firm-
 “ ness of countenance. But from
 “ too much of the religious and
 “ then of the military spirit, they
 “ have rapidly declined into en-
 “ thusiasm and cruelty; and as
 “ the human character never stops,
 “ have sunk still lower into in-
 “ difference, pride, indolence and
 “ barren devotion: the generality
 “ of the people, are not to be ex-
 “ cited to great efforts, but by
 “ superstitious terrors, love, re-
 “ venge, and a fandango.

“ A wish to reform, is, I con-
 “ fess, too often a respectable
 “ error, to mend the wheels of
 “ society, requires a wisdom and
 “ dexterity which fall to the lot
 “ of few. For the machine must
 “ not be stopped, its motions
 “ must be followed and watch-
 “ ed, and it must be repaired by
 “ gentle means, yet bold and pre-
 “ cipitate reformation, is some-
 “ times necessary, and sometimes
 “ succeeds. The revolution in
 “ 1788, was an event highly in-

“ teresting to every Englishman,
 “ but all its tendency and effects,
 “ do not yet appear to have been
 “ thoroughly understood, or pro-
 “ portionately followed up. As
 “ it was hurried, it is in a de-
 “ gree incomplete, we may hope
 “ to see it gradually improved,
 “ and being born for action, if
 “ we do not go forward, we shall
 “ grow worse, it is therefore bet-
 “ ter to be aiming at perfection,
 “ even at the risk of doing
 “ wrong.

“ Gibraltar, with common pru-
 “ dence, will scarcely ever be lost,
 “ but by corruption, or the te-
 “ dious and expensive operation
 “ of a blockade, and even then
 “ the chance is against the Spa-
 “ niards, who might draw more
 “ advantages from that garrison
 “ now, than if it were in their
 “ own possession, if they could
 “ prevail on themselves to depart
 “ from their sullen, inveterate,
 “ improvident measures, and be-
 “ have with common politeness
 “ and good policy. Most nati-
 “ ons wish this fortress to be in
 “ *our* hands, rather than in those
 “ of Spain, who they know would
 “ tyrannize and destroy, but would
 “ never encourage a free trade.
 “ You remember how the duke
 “ de C. like a little trifling French-
 “ man, blabbed the secret, by
 “ calling the Straights, his *master's*
 “ *seas*. The importance of Gib-
 “ raltar, will not be properly
 “ known, till after it is lost or
 “ given up in some foolish ne-
 “ gociation; it is the possession
 “ of this precious rock, which gives
 “ the English name a superiority
 “ in influence as well as conse-
 “ quence, in the countries that
 surround

"surround the Mediterranean;
 "it must be kept for reasons of
 "state, for national honor and
 "glory, which ministers well
 "know, cannot be estimated at
 "pounds, shillings and pence. The
 "Mediterranean is an important
 "commercial sea, surrounded by
 "more than seventy millions of
 "people, and as our eyes may
 "hereafter be more open to the
 "revival of a trade nearer home,
 "it is highly necessary to support
 "our dignity among nations, who
 "rejoice to see the English flag in
 "that sea.

"Spain and Portugal fancy they
 "can protect themselves by distance
 "and desolation, on this principle
 "they leave most of their roads
 "impassable; as military science
 "declined, timidity succeeded to
 "discipline, and men prepared
 "for war, by casing themselves in
 "armour to be smothered, or by
 "shutting themselves up in castles
 "to be starved; they forgot that
 "national strength consists in an
 "active and moving force, and
 "that the safest state of defence
 "is being always ready to attack.

"The Portuguese pride has use,
 "fully changed its object, from
 "the black cloak, spectacles, an af-
 "fectionation of wisdom and sanctity,
 "and having nothing to do, they
 "are grown fond of fine cloaths,
 "diligence and activity. Lisbon
 "appears a mixture of luxury and
 "misery, at once nasty and sumptuous;
 "the buildings, since the
 "earthquake of 1755, are rather
 "barbarously gigantic. The mar-
 "quis de Pombal had the misfor-
 "tune of being beyond controul,
 "no man presumed to understand

"even his own trade so well as
 "the marquis.

"It is astonishing and will be
 "more so to posterity, that na-
 "tions, scarcely able to support
 "themselves, should maintain in
 "affluence a set of men to tyran-
 "nize, to mislead, and to devour.
 "It is a desideratum in ecclesiasti-
 "cal policy to encourage learning,
 "religion, and morality, without
 "giving their teachers dangerous
 "powers and influence; they have
 "had a hand in all the important
 "duties of society, education, mar-
 "riage and inheritance.

"If the Popish system could have
 "been completely established on
 "its professed principles, which
 "consider a future state and not
 "*this* life as worthy of our care
 "and attention, it must have been
 "immovable, and would have put
 "an end to society, or perhaps
 "the human race, of which there
 "was once a probability, during
 "the fervors of that madness,
 "which seized mankind, for se-
 "cluding themselves from the
 "world, and being buried in mo-
 "nasteries. Nothing could have
 "been better calculated than such a
 "theory, to debilitate the human
 "character, to arrest human
 "knowledge and improvement, to
 "destroy happiness, and to render
 "men useless, detached and in-
 "different to the reciprocal duties
 "of society.

"Such almost insurmountable
 "difficulties have been laid in the
 "way of reformation, that the
 "blame of all the temporary mis-
 "chief it produces, is constantly
 "laid on the reformers; yet I hope
 "the bugbear Superstition loses
 "ground;

“ground; indeed finesse, deception, and artifice, however venerable, cannot hold out for ever against truth, honesty, and perseverance.

“The monastic orders are not to be diverted from their purpose by any social or human feelings; they have long been burthens to society, and ought to have been abolished, if the rapacity of princes and governments could be trusted with the disposal of their property. Their duties, as members of society, are superseded or lost, in the habits and discipline of their order; they do not resemble Turgot, who lately said to his king, ‘Sire, I was a man before I was an intendant.’ Yet, after all the improvements in philosophy, in art, and in science, let us not be lulled asleep, by supposing that knowledge and letters are so diffused and established as never to be lost: a mistaken monarch, or a bad minister, the accidental conquest of a bad general, may banish and shut them out for ever; Fez, Campania, and Greece, were once the seat of science, laws, and arts.”

I hope this extract, from so interesting a work, needs no apology; it may possibly be perused by those who, not being general readers, have not seen the Major’s book; the facts they illustrate, as well as the sentiments, come home so immediately to the bosoms of us all, that every enlightened man, and every man who wishes to be enlightened, ought to read them. To those who have already seen them, truth, sacred important truth, cannot be too often repeated.

On closing this article, I lament, that while different parts of the world have been extricating themselves from the ignominious bonds of civil and religious oppression, Spain, by the express command, by the active and more immediate interposition of her young sovereign, is prevented from participating in these advantages. A circumstance which will surprise us still more, when we recollect the acknowledged capacity, and patriotic views of this prince. And as kings have a right to a candid interpretation of their actions, as well as other men, I will imagine, for a moment, that he considers the embargoes he has laid on literary intelligence, and political discussion, as rendering a service to his country. But a few years acquaintance with the wishes and wants of his people, will, I trust, induce him to yield with a good grace, what it will be impossible for him long to keep. I would wish him to reflect on the ruinous and often the bloody effects of intemperate zeal and hasty reform, when a people who have been injured or trifled with, take power into their own hands.

Should this trifle (as once happened to a former one I ventured to publish) prove so fortunate, as to be occasionally read to him, by the medium of an ingenious and highly favoured friend; I earnestly and seriously entreat him to consider, that truth has pervaded or overleaped higher and stronger barriers than Alps or Pyrenees, and that he will prove himself the best friend to his own interest, as well as that of the country where he resides, by yielding early, and from

from prudence and foresight, that which he may be obliged, however reluctantly, to give up from necessity at last.

But while I write, a friend at my elbow tells me, that this monarch, with all his political acumen, cabinet diligence, and good sense, wants strength of mind; and it is understood in the different departments of government, that he will dispute every inch of ground with those who pretend to make any inroads on what the priest or what the nurse has taught.

"When shall we see a sovereign unite the qualities of Cæsar and Alexander, with the political wisdom of Solon and Lycurgus?"

JOSEPH BENEDICT AUGUSTUS, Archduke of Austria, and Emperor of Germany, one of the few sovereigns who appears to have made his duty his chief pleasure, and the welfare of his people the great object of his life: adapting his conduct to the calls of an enlightened and improving age, reformation of abuse was the laudable purpose he ever had in view; yet it is to be lamented, that, in the execution of some of his favourite maxims and plans, he at times defeated the end, by adhering too rigorously to certain means; and that in other instances he did not sufficiently consult, the local attachments and religious opinions of his subjects; but good intentions, if they cannot, like charity, conceal, may in some degree excuse a multitude of faults, and the man who quitted, for a time, the pomp and splendor of a throne, and the seducing mask of royalty, to converse with his fellow-creatures on a footing of equality, to

feel and experience the elbow and bustle of common life, to hear the unbiassed clashing opinions of mankind, must have been different from most monarchs, and many men. "Time is precious, abstain from compliment, let me know the truth, 'tis that only I seek, speak with freedom, I love it; disguise nothing, my wish is to gather information;" was the common language of the subject of this article, who, while he thus submitted to correction, and in a manner invited reproof, though he might occasionally err, could never be egregiously and perversely mistaken. A proof of the moderation with which he bore what would have been denominated a severe repartee from an equal, may be seen in the article allotted to the late Mr. Howard.

Joseph the Second was the son of that Maria Theresa in whose praises modern historians have been profusely lavish, though, after minutely surveying her actions, and allowing her the common merit of a warm attachment to her children, and an excessive fondness for her husband, not unfrequent in devout females; religious bigotry, and political ingratitude, appear to have been the most prominent features of her character. In the year 1741, a year to Maria of difficulty, danger, and distress, her son Joseph, only three months old, was displayed in the arms of his mother to the States of Hungary; and it may perhaps be thought not unworthy of remark, that the same royal infant, whose silent eloquence pleaded so effectually in behalf of his mother with the German Palatins, should, in a few years, rouse

rouse a spirit of discontent, almost amounting to rebellion, in the same subjects; nor is it less extraordinary, that the child of a zealous and rigid Catholic, a strict observer and enforcer of the most minute ceremony, fast, or genuflexion, should attempt to subvert the pillars of the Holy See, and prove a severe scourge to the church. During the whole period of his reign, the emperor Joseph appears to have been at war with the prejudices in favor of the real interests of his subjects: whilst his keen eye was minutely exploring national grievances in every department of government, and whilst he was endeavouring, amidst a thousand difficulties, to render his Austrian Netherlands a great commercial mart, and giving audience to the meanest individual of his realm, the affections of a considerable number of his subjects were estranged by a hasty, but healthy regulation in the mode of interring their dead, in which, with too much of the philosopher, but too little of the man, he betrayed a total disregard to the finer feelings, and minute decorum of polished life.

“Too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient,”
seems to have been his failing.

By dissolving the monastic orders, and destroying the papal jurisdiction in his dominions, he proved himself a practical statesman; removing so cumbersome a weight, which suppressed, or turned into unnatural channels, the first law of nature, buried worth, energy, and talents, in barren ground, and drained his people of an immense annual sum, rank him with the

best friends of his country, and mankind; but in bringing back, or forcing into society numbers of individuals, incapacitated by the indolent habits of contemplative devotion, by disease of body, or of mind, from supporting themselves abroad in the world, it is to be feared that respect was not paid to age, rank, or education, or sufficient distinction made between the sturdy mendicant, who preferred ease to labour, imposing on others to exerting himself; and the pious matron, or debilitated veteran, who, broken down by sorrow or misfortune, were humbly seeking their God in the sequestered shades of repentance and contrition.

He had felt the evil of a want of secrecy in a former campaign, during which, some of his best concerted schemes had been counteracted by the enemy procuring intelligence; an edict, almost inquisitorial, determined that no letter should pass from any individual in his army, without minute official inspection, a proceeding, which disgusted his best officers, and alienated the affections of an army enthusiastically attached to his family. An Englishman need not look from home for proofs, that agents and contractors too often prove devouring locusts to our fleets and armies; the evil has been, often and seriously felt, but our imperial reformer forgot for a moment, that to these merciless defaulters, an army looks up for its very existence; till in consequence of some disgust, produced by his rigorously enforcing a new regulation in the articles of forage and bread, an important expedition

pedition was frustrated by impending famine, perhaps artificially increased.

Such, after a reign commencing with so much promise, was the fate of a reforming sovereign, who appears to have had the aggrandizement, population, and welfare of his subjects next his heart; yet, though he so often failed, and at last is said to have died of a broken heart; let us not forget the power, magnitude and influence of the enemies he had to contend with; a worthless herd of court sycophants, the bane of princes and their subjects; a nest of ecclesiastic hornets, armed with stings; noisy, loud and vigilant in defence of their invaded privileges, income and immunities; deeply entrenched in the strong holds of religious bigotry and antient prejudice, with about one in a thousand of his own subjects on his side, I mean the rational and disinterested portion of mankind.

KIPPIS, ANDREW, a dissenting minister, a doctor of divinity, a candid enlightened writer, and a principal conductor of the *Biographia Britannica*, who after inducing the public to patronize that work, by his name and acknowledged merits, has formally given notice, that more important concerns have induced him to resign his office.

I would not wish to hurt the feelings of Dr. Kippis by calling such conduct literary deception, yet, at the same time, I cannot consider it as perfectly blameless. It was surely his duty (and this I have told him before) to have properly weighed his motives, and before he entered on so great a work,

to have foreseen what difficulties and obstructions might present themselves.

Will he pardon my suggesting an opinion, that his secession from the editorship, if not produced, was hastened by the occasional criticisms and observations, to which that ostensible situation exposed him. The Doctor should have recollected, that "censure is a tax which every man pays to the public for being eminent."

Mr. Horace Walpole observes, with some justice, that the *Biographia Britannica* exhibits too general a tendency to indiscriminate panegyric; in the short article assigned in this work to the late lord Clive it has been noticed. The declaration of Dr. Kippis, that *more important* avocations called him from his office, brings to my mind the words of a judicious critic: "To celebrate," says this excellent writer, "to celebrate the good men who have been the ornaments of human nature, and the public blessings of mankind, and to hand down their names with honour to future ages, is surely one of the most delightful services in which an ingenious mind can possibly be employed, and it is a service as useful as it is delightful. But as there have been men illustrious for their worth and virtue, so have there been *eminently bad men*, the disgrace of human nature, the plagues and curses of mankind, for whom there should be some provision to perpetuate and immortalize their infamy. This indeed is a less pleasing, but it is a necessary task. It might be some restraint upon a haughty ecclesiastic,

“ecclesiastic, or ambitious minister in the fulness of their power, to remember, that a time would come, when men might dare, without offence or fear, to delineate their true characters, to render them and their vices objects of lasting detestation.”

Surely then, however high in Dr. Kippis's estimation the academic institution at Hackney might be, or his duty as a minister of the gospel, the task of assigning to each character, according to its merits the nich of panegyric or the gibbet of infamy, is a post of no small consequence in the republic of letters. The wreath of fame, which with other good motives impels the martyr to suffer, the hero to fight, and the patriot to die, cannot be distributed with too cautious a hand. It is equally tarnished and misplaced by endeavouring to deck with it the trappings of villainy, however dignified by title or success, or by lavishing it on the idols of splendid imbecility, however remarkable they may have been for goodness of heart, or attached to us by friendship or agreement in religious sentiments.

If we bestow on the undeserving and the depraved those rewards which genius and virtue only ought to enjoy, we weaken the main spring of human actions, and shall gradually destroy one great and noble incitement to the energies of virtue and the exertions of intellect.

Under whatever auspices, or by whatever hands the Biographia shall be hereafter conducted, I cannot agree that the editors should be closely tied down to tread in the steps of their predecessors. Pan-

gyric was the favourite topic of Dr. Campbell's pen, for he was a good man himself, as well as a pleasant one, if he had a fault it was prolixity and diffuseness.

The great objects to be attended to, therefore, in the future volumes, will be to drop obsolete articles, to curtail, or rather reject uninteresting ones (such, for instance, as Courteen, a long and dull article,) to prune the luxuriance of unmerited praise, and to infuse a due proportion of censure where it has been evidently deserved.

KYRLL, MR. JOHN, celebrated by Pope as the Man of Rofs, a charitable, humane, and public-spirited character, well worthy the imitation of his superiors in rank and fortune; but it was not in his power, with an income which scarcely ever amounted to five hundred pounds a year, to compass the many beneficent undertakings ascribed to him. The poet, therefore, must be understood to mean, that, by the influence of his example, and solicitations to his wealthier neighbours, as well as his own contributions, he effected his various benevolent purposes.

He gave two public dinners in a week, where personal worth, and humble merit, were more attended to, than dignity or fortune, and, after the servants had dined, what remained was always distributed to the poor. Neither made-dishes or wine ever appeared at table; his expences for his own personal gratification were trifling, by which means he was enabled to lay by for the poor a greater proportion of his income than most men have inclination or self-denial enough to give

give up: and during the winter, while the majority of rich people retire to London from dreary prospects and clouded skies, he fulfilled, what is rare in the present day, the useful and honourable duties of a country gentleman, diffusing the comforts of food, fuel, raiment, and attendance, among the sick, the indigent, and the old.

One part of his conduct in relieving the poor, deserves to be noticed by those who have ability and inclination to dispense the gifts of mercy. He expected every one who applied for relief *to do something*, as far as was consistent with age and health, for he rightly considered it as a discouragement to, and a tax upon, diligence and industry, to support any but the aged and infirm in indolence and inactivity. A constant resource of elemosynary employment was therefore regularly provided, such as gathering stones, way-mending, clearing wood, transplanting young trees into hedge-rows, and other tasks adapted to the strength and abilities of his various supplicants.

Never to give *money* would, I think be a good rule, as it is too often spent in spirituous liquors, which intoxicate and inflame, without affording either strength or nourishment to the drinker. Indeed it is to be lamented, that managing the parochial poor is not in general conducted with more attention to œconomy, good policy, and comfort. The poor-rate, that heavy and increasing tax, is often misapplied by the artful and selfish cabals of overseers and churchwardens, who convert the furnishing work-houses with necessaries into a lucrative and

fraudulent traffic. Gentlemen think attending to this subject beneath their notice, as it would sometimes break in on the fox-chace, or the pleasures of the table, till they are alarmed by finding their tenants impoverished, and the poor oppressed. I know two parishes where the people of property could not be stimulated to exert themselves in this business, till they had suffered heavily; but they already find the advantage.

Those who mean to be active in this business must expect the fate of all reformers, the malignancy of disappointed selfishness and the defamatory abuse of low people; but they will reap benefits sufficient to compensate for these disadvantages, besides doing their duty; for, in the two instances I have before mentioned, the poor-rate in three years has fallen one third, and the poor are maintained in cleanliness and comfort, to which they had long been strangers.

The principal points attended to by these correctors of petty fraud I shall briefly recite, although, except I may be permitted to judge from their good effects, it is a business of which I am not a competent judge.

First, Every article for the use of the poor is furnished by that person who sends in the cheapest offer, in whatever place or parish he resides, in a sealed letter, on a particular day, subject to the inspection of proper persons, who examine the commodity, that it be good and wholesome.

Secondly, A large poor-house is erected, or their present one enlarged, so as to be capable of containing

taining all that become chargeable.

Thirdly, No relief of any kind is given out of the house.

Fourthly, A parish uniform is worn.

Fifthly, A manufacture is established in the poor-house, in which the master has some proportionate interest, and the poor some trifling reward, for encouraging exertion: ten per cent. is also offered to those who furnish raw materials for the manufactory; the different occupations of baking, brewing, washing, making cloaths, are carried on under the same roof. In all public work on roads, or in harvest-time, the parishioners, or, if they neglect it, others have a power of agreeing with the parish-officers for the labour of such as they may chuse, at a reduced price.

By these, and other methods, a growing evil, though it cannot be entirely removed, has been diminished, and parish-houses, instead of proving what they too often are, loathsome seminaries of indolence, prostitution, and theft, might be converted into schools of sobriety, industry, and ingenuity, in which a rising generation of useful well-educated domestics, and industrious handicraftsmen might be reared.

I have heard, or read of a plan for universally establishing parish-clubs, and to render that a general obligation which at present is done voluntarily in many towns, and with good effect.

I take this opportunity of mentioning, with disapprobation, a mode of supplying the poor with medical attendance, now generally adopted in most country parishes of the kingdom. The candidate

who will undertake it at the cheapest rate is, in every instance, preferred, without at all adverting to his age, ability, or experience.

And as it is now become the custom on most great estates, for tenants to pay the poor-rate; our artificers, labourers, peasants, and mechanics, are left in sickness and old age, to the unfeeling tempers of stewards, bailiffs, and farmers.

In the course of my pedestrian excursions in the country, I have often narrowly escaped being rode over by young men, who surprised me, by the eagerness of their enquiries, and the fury of their pace; yet, through the dirt of the road, and the foam of the horse, I could discover that they had imported into the desert a fashionable dress, the town air, and polished manners. On asking at the next cottage, I was told that it was now Easter, that the persons I met were young doctors riding after parishes, racing and galloping across the country in various directions, to secure support from different vestries. Thus the work-house, that last retreat of age and infirmity, too often becomes a scene of experiment to young men, ardent for practice, and brimfull of theories from the lecturer, and dissecting-room. It is natural to expect, that their behaviour will too often exhibit much of hurry, and little of feeling, which is generally the case, where a man is tempted, by poverty or by avarice, to undertake a great deal of *work* for a very little money.

From what has been said of Mr. Kyrll (whom I have been tempted by my subject to wander from,) few will suppose that dress and

and personal ornament, consumed much of his time, attention, or money. He was remarkably plain and homely in this respect, and on a journey he once made into Oxfordshire, without a servant, was apprehended at Benson, in that county, on suspicion of being a highwayman. The justice was better acquainted with the penal statutes than with Pope's writings, and our Man of Rofs would certainly have been committed to prison had he not sent for some of the neighbouring gentlemen, who hurried in their carriages to bail him.

He was for many years a blessing to the town of Rofs and its neighbourhood, an assister of young tradesmen on their first commencing business, an assiduous healer of discord and contention, a friend to the fatherless and widow, and died at the age of ninety, with that calm confidence and serene hope such a life ensures, a death which we all wish for, but few of us have a right to expect.

Though respected while living, and perhaps immortalized in the strains of Pope, he was deficient in most of the requisites of modern posthumous fame. He had broken no parent's heart, he did not dissipate his substance in the brothel, the club, or at Newmarket, he neither composed or sung obscene songs, nor was it the grand occupation of his life to ride horses to death, and exterminate foxes, hares and partridges; in a word, he felt not the ambition to shine in endowments in which buffoons, gamblers, whippers-in, and sharpers can at any time excel us.

LUDLOW, EDMUND, a commander in the civil war which raged between Charles the First and his parliament, who contributed by his personal courage and patient diligence, to the degradation of that unhappy prince. General Ludlow appears to have possessed political integrity, and to have acted from a firm conviction of the king's unconstitutional conduct; he also considered a republican form of government as the likeliest model for promoting public virtue as well as private happiness. Perhaps he was mistaken, but if his theory was built on the supposition that the bulk of mankind, were actuated by the same public spirit which warmed his own bosom, it was a glorious and honest mistake.

After rendering effectual assistance towards the abolition of regal power, he boldly and consistently opposed the selfish ambition of Cromwell, rejecting with scorn the splendid offers of that successful usurper, whose conduct can be defended on no other plea than self defence; for he had created in those turbulent times a host of enemies of all parties and all denominations, from whose open violence or disguised malice, nothing but the massy and oppressive shield of military despotism was able to protect him. From such men and from such measures our stern republican retired to Vivay, in Switzerland; the house afforded him as an asylum, by the citizens is distinguished by the following inscription:

Omne solum forti patria.

Which our English travellers, in their flight over the Alps, view with

with emotions of triumph, detestation or indifference, according to the different impulses of prejudice and education.

Soon after the revolution of 1688, when the regal prerogatives were duly bounded, and the rights of the people in *some* degree ascertained, Ludlow offered his services to king William the Third, which he readily accepted, but his intentions were counteracted by the hatred of some of his personal enemies in parliament, abetted by a party, which, during the greater part of that reign, concealed their hatred of a free government, and their efforts to embarrass all its measures, under the specious mask of public spirit, and a timid jealousy of a prince, to whom we are indebted (whatever might be his motives) for the blessings of civil and religious liberty, which I trust we shall long be able as well as willing not only to protect but *extend*, for

“Multum adhuc restat operis.”

“Tho much is done, yet much remains to do.”

LYTTLETON, LORD, son of the venerable and illustrious author of the History of Henry the Second, as remarkable for an early display as for a flagitious prostitution of great abilities. That he would not only be a libertine, but a libertine destroyed, was a strange and as it afterwards proved, a declaration prophetic of his fate, which he is said, on good authority, to have uttered with an oath, when only twelve years of age. Yet, with all his vices, and a total absence of moral principle, he attained no small consequence as a parliamentary speaker, and with-

out application on his part, was appointed chief justice in eyre, a sinecure which his father, a man of dignified sentiment and excellent qualities both of head and heart, could never procure.

This illustrious wanderer from the paths of propriety and virtue, united with shameless profligacy, and a front which no blush had ever disconcerted, a weakness not often to be found in minds enlightened by education and a knowledge of the world: he believed that apparitions or ghosts occasionally visited the earth; and would frequently ring his bell with violence at midnight for the servants, who, on entering his apartment, generally found him sitting in bed in a cold sweat, with a countenance evincing every symptom of terror and dismay. These visitations of a guilty conscience, or a disordered imagination, were probably produced, or sometimes aggravated by intoxication; and he would oblige one or more of his domestics to sit with him for the remainder of the night.

The man who has passed a life of sin and enormity, needs not I believe be haunted by any spirit more terrific than the stinging reflection of crimes unrepented, time mispent, and talents uncultivated; in the despair of a lost heaven and the horrors of a hell which awaits him, he may be said to “meet the ghosts of his departed days, a numerous train which frown like furies.”

I hope for the honour of human nature, that many anecdotes related of him, and many declarations attributed to him, had no other foundation than that kind of bravado,

bravado, which drunkenness and iniquitous vanity too often produce; many of them I am persuaded wholly deduce their origin from one of his well known associates, who I fear is now—— but I will not fill up the sentence. Yet, if all be a fiction, they are such fictions as would only be conceived in, and applied to, the last and most execrable state of human depravity.

The death of this young man, who I wish had never been born, was hastened by over heating himself in running or walking for a wager, and incautiously drinking after it; yet his preternatural prepossessions followed him to the last; and, on his death bed, he persisted, as long as sense remained, that for several days preceding, the curtain drawn back by an invisible hand, had opened at the foot of his bed, and presented to his sight a fluttering dove; a conviction which no argument or mode of demonstrating his mistake in the circumstance, could at all remove.

A small volume of letters were soon after published, *supposed* to be written by him, which I believe few have read without pleasure. That they were not the work of lord Lyttleton is generally understood, but most people I have heard speak on the subject, especially those best able to judge, are of opinion that they are, as to composition, sentiment and language, exactly the kind of letters he *would* have written; it is a sort of epistolary portrait, a picture of his mind, a strong likeness, and the work of no common hand.

From these letters, I cannot forbear making extracts, though it is clearly to my own disadvantage, as I only shew the coarseness of my own *fustian*, by ornamenting it with a rich Persian silk.

“ My insensibility to reputation” says this writer, personifying my lord, “ is not so great as you “ would believe, for the heart of “ a bad man, with all his boasting, cannot be at ease when he “ pretends to despise the opinion “ of mankind. Depend on it, he “ is a hypocrite twelve hours out “ of the four and twenty, and hypocrisy is the homage which “ vice pays to virtue. I acknowledge that I have endeavoured to “ turn my back on the good opinion of the world, and that I “ have sometimes accomplished “ the business without confusion “ of face, but never without confusion of heart. An instance “ highly mortifying to me very “ lately presented itself.

“ At a numerous public meeting in the county, where, my “ father lives, where his property and influence are considerable, and his name respected, I was not only deserted but “ avoided. I found myself alone “ in the croud, and what was still “ worse, alone out of the croud: “ I passed the remainder of the day “ without company, and two or “ three such evenings would either “ have driven me to despair, or “ have reformed me. I flew from “ solitude, which must have produced conviction, to dissipation, “ company, riot, and intemperance. Vice, be it what it may, will “ still find some one or other to “ flatter

“ flatter it. There are assemblies of
 “ people, where, when public and
 “ honourable society has hissed
 “ you from the stage, you may
 “ find not only reception but ap-
 “ plause. Where you meet with
 “ every art to hush the pains of re-
 “ flection, and to keep out the in-
 “ trusions of conscience; this, in-
 “ deed, is an evil, but I see not
 “ how it can be remedied, till you
 “ persuade young men that praise
 “ and approbation are only valua-
 “ ble in proportion to the real me-
 “ rits of those who bestow them.”

The following invective, I think, every man cannot but agree with, who has in his time been subject to the scurrilities of low, trifling, insignificant people, who are fond of catching every opportunity to dwell on, and enlarge the misconduct of persons who *have* some character, and whose superior endowments are sufficient reasons for their blazoning abroad their faults, and at once hating and fearing them.

“ My relation then turns up his
 “ eyes, and shrugs his shoulders
 “ when my name is mentioned—
 “ this indeed is a stinging mortifi-
 “ cation, and proves how very in-
 “ significant I must be, to be open-
 “ ly despised by insignificance.
 “ How loud must the hiss of the
 “ world be, when such a puny
 “ whipster insults me. If honour-
 “ able men were to speak of me
 “ with contempt, I would submit
 “ without resentment, for I have
 “ deserved it; if they should pity
 “ me, I would thank them, for in-
 “ deed it is more than I merit; if
 “ mankind despise, I have only to
 “ resist, or fly from their con-
 “ tempt. But to be an object of
 “ supercilious airs, from one who,
 “ two years ago, would have

“ wiped the dust from my shoes,
 “ and perhaps two years hence will
 “ be proud of the same office, a pu-
 “ ny pratler, who does not possess a
 “ sufficient degree of talent or im-
 “ portance to give dignity either to
 “ virtue or crime—to be the butt
 “ of such a one severely mortifies
 “ me. Were I on the other side
 “ of the water, his back-biting
 “ looks and shrugs should be
 “ changed in a moment to well
 “ made bows, and suppliant pos-
 “ tures. If I live, the scurvy
 “ knave shall do me homage, his
 “ subservient attentions shall give
 “ the lie to the insolence of his
 “ humbling compassion. The day
 “ of my revenge will come, when
 “ he shall open his mouth for me
 “ to spit in it, as he was wont to
 “ do, and perform every trick of a
 “ parasite; his genius is to fetch
 “ and carry, a very spaniel, made
 “ to fawn, and eat your leav-
 “ ings.”

Speaking of a woman, both beau-
 tiful and good, he says, “ She is
 “ capable of making the bad,
 “ good, the inconstant, stable, and
 “ the giddy, wise.”

The following is so very appli-
 cable to the crying evil of the
 present times, and to the circum-
 stances and situations of two-thirds
 of our young men, that I think
 it cannot meet the public eye too
 often; if I ought not to say,
 “ repetita placebit,” I may say,
 “ repetita docebit.”

“ Miserable is the man who has
 “ nothing to do, for the human
 “ intellect, like nature, abhors a
 “ vacuum, and will embrace any
 “ thing, however criminal or tri-
 “ vial, rather than be without an
 “ object: had I kept my seat in
 “ parliament, most of the unplea-
 “ sant

“fant predicaments in which I am
“involved would have been avoid-
“ed. I should have had employ-
“ment, my passions would have
“been incited by proper animating
“objects, and my vanity sufficient-
“ly satisfied. You know me well
“enough to be convinced, that, to
“fix my attention, there must be
“something which inspires desire,
“rouses activity, keeps hope on
“the stretch, and has a degree of
“high colouring about it: power
“and popularity are of this kind,
“and I am convinced they would
“have kept under the baser pas-
“sions, at least if I was destined to
“be a slave, my slavery would
“have been of a more honourable
“kind; but losing a situation so
“suitable to me, I yielded myself
“a victim to dissolute manners.

“I do not mean to write dis-
“respectfully of my father, but he
“was very ignorant of mankind;
“though an able writer with con-
“siderable understanding and
“knowledge, he was almost child-
“ish in his management of do-
“mestic parental concerns. He
“wanted that necessary discern-
“ment which enables a father to
“read the character of his child,
“to watch its growing dispositions,
“and to gently mould them to his
“will. I have been sacrificed to
“family vanity, and at a time
“when I was, not sensible of it.
“There is a good deal of diffe-
“rence between a good man and
“a good father; I have known
“bad men who excelled my father
“as much in parental care, as he
“was superior to them in real
“virtue. Being the only boy, and
“only hope of the family, and
“taught, almost before I could un-

“derstand it, that I had an heredi-
“tary and collateral right to ge-
“nius, talents, and virtue, my
“earliest prattle was the subject of
“continual admiration: as I in-
“creased in years, I was encou-
“raged in boldness, which parti-
“al fancy called manly confidence;
“while sallies of impertinence, for
“which I ought to have been scourg-
“ed, were fondly and fatally confi-
“dered as marks of an astonish-
“ing prematurity of abilities.

“My dispositions demanded
“pressure and restraint in no
“common degree, but vanity had
“so blinded the eyes of my rela-
“tions, that they spoilt my mind
“by liberty and encouragement,
“in the hot-bed of flattery,
“for such was every company
“where I was introduced. The
“late lord Bath, Mrs. Montague,
“and many others, joined in the
“family incense, and contributed
“to my ruin. I was thus nursed
“into an early state of audacity,
“and was able at any time to raise
“the laugh against my father or
“my uncle.

“After travelling, without con-
“troul in point of expence, and
“gratifying every excess and every
“passion; at my return, because
“I made a flowery bold speech in
“parliament, I was received at
“home with a warmth, delight,
“and triumph, which was due to
“virtue alone. To give solidity
“to my character, and to correct
“youthful inexperience, a rich
“and amiable young lady was
“chosen for my wife. I confess
“she was handsome, and had
“many good qualities, but she was
“cold as an anchorite, and tho’
“formed to be the best wife in the
“world,

"world to a good husband, was
"by no means calculated to re-
"claim a bad one."

In another letter, which he is
supposed to write on receiving in-
telligence of his father's death;
those who recollect him must be
struck with the following:

"I awoke, and behold I was a
"lord, from infernal dreams and
"an uneasy pillow, from insignifi-
"cance and desertion, to a peerage,
"with all its privileges, and a good
"estate. The carriage of those
"about me is already altered, and
"I shall now have it in my power
"to look down on those who have
"pretended to disdain me; my co-
"ronet shall glitter scorn at them,
"and insult their low souls to
"the extreme of mortification.
"I have received a letter from
"that dirty parasite ———, full of
"condolance and congratulation,
"with a my lord in every line. I
"will make that rascal lick the
"dust, and when he has flattered
"me till his tongue is parched
"with lies, I will upbraid him
"with his meanness and duplicity,
"and turn my back on him
"for ever.

"May eternal ignominy over-
"take me if I have not ample re-
"venge on him and a score or two
"more of reptiles of the same
"character, I will make the ten-
"derest vein in their hearts ache
"with my reproach.

"I have now a full scope for ex-
"ertion in the line of political du-
"ty, and I hope this will snatch
"me from those Circean draughts
"and other miserable pursuits,
"which of late have been my only
"resource. But you must not
"expect an instant conversion, the

"æra of miracles is passed, besides;
"the world would suspect its sin-
"cerity: It is true, I am sinner
"sufficient to call down the inter-
"position of Heaven, but the pre-
"sent age has no claim to such
"coelestial notices."

It is time to conclude quota-
tions, which, from the evident me-
rit of the work, have swelled be-
yond my intention; I shall, there-
fore, only give the following story;
which I remember hearing talked of
before the book was published;
but can give no sort of voucher for
its authenticity.

"It was in the early part of our
"friend's life," says the writer of
lord Lyttleton's Letters, "that he
"attended a hunting club at their
"sport, when a stranger of gen-
"teel appearance and well mount-
"ed, joined the chace. He
"was observed to ride with a de-
"gree of courage and address that
"attracted the notice of all, the
"hounds could never escape him,
"and the huntsman was outstrip-
"ped during the whole of the day.
"At the conclusion of the sport, the
"stranger was invited to dinner;
"when he astonished the company
"as much by the powers of his
"conversation and the elegance of
"his manners, as he had in the
"field by his equestrian atchieve-
"ments. Whatever was the to-
"pic, whether in art or in science,
"in poetry, music, or in painting, he
"was sure to say the best thing, and
"make the most acute observa-
"tions, and such was the magic of
"his discourse, that it kept the
"drowsy sportsman awake long
"after their usual hour. But wea-
"ried nature could be charmed
"no longer, and the company
"began

" began to steal away by degrees to
" their repose.

" On his observing the society
" diminish, he discovered manifest
" signs of uneasiness, and endea-
" voured, by a new force of spirits,
" and fresh sallies of wit, to de-
" tain the remaining few. This
" had some little effect, but the
" period could not be long delayed
" when he was to be conducted to
" his chamber. The remains of
" the company retired also, but
" they had scarce closed their eyes
" when the house was alarmed by
" the most terrible shrieks that
" ever were heard. Several per-
" sons were awakened by the noise,
" but its continuance being short,
" they concluded that it proceeded
" from a dog accidentally confined
" in some part of the house: they
" therefore again composed them-
" selves to sleep, but were soon
" awakened by shrieks and cries
" still more terrible than the for-
" mer. Alarmed at what they heard,
" several of them rang their bells,
" and were told by their servants,
" that the horrid sounds proceed-
" ed from the stranger's chamber.
" Some of the gentlemen immedi-
" ately arose, to enquire into this
" extraordinary disturbance; and
" while they were dressing them-
" selves for that purpose, deeper
" groans of despair, and shriller
" shrieks of agony, again asto-
" nished and terrified them. After
" knocking some time at his cham-
" ber door, he answered them as
" one awakened from sleep, de-
" clared he had heard no noise,
" and rather in an angry tone of
" voice, desired he might not be
" again disturbed.

" They returned to one of their

" chambers together, and had
" scarce began to communicate
" their sentiments, when their
" conversation was interrupted by
" a renewal of yells, screams, and
" outcries, which from the horror
" of them seemed to issue from the
" throats of damned and tortured
" spirits. They immediately fol-
" lowed the sounds, and traced
" them to the chamber of their ex-
" traordinary guest, the door of
" which they instantly burst open,
" and found him upon his knees
" in bed, in the act of scourging
" himself with the most unrelent-
" ing severity, his body streaming
" with blood. On their seizing
" his hand to stop the strokes, he
" begged them to retire, assuring
" them that the cause of their dis-
" turbance was over, and that in
" the morning he would acquaint
" them with the reasons of the
" cries they heard, and the melan-
" choly sight they saw. After a re-
" petition of his entreaties they re-
" tired; and in the morning some
" of them went to his chamber,
" but he was not there; and, on
" examining the bed, they found
" the sheets extremely bloody.
" On further enquiry, the groom
" said, that as soon as it was light,
" the strange gentleman came to
" the stable, booted and spurred,
" desired his horse might be im-
" mediately saddled, and appeared
" extremely impatient till it was
" done, when he vaulted instantly
" into his saddle, rode out of the
" yard on full speed, and was nei-
" ther seen or heard of after."

MANDEVILLE, DR. the au-
thor of a book, which in its
time raised much outcry, was pre-
sented by a grand jury, and
preached

preached against by a bishop. Yet, after frequent perusals of his Fable of the Bees, I cannot perceive the doctrine it inculcates to be either new or dangerous. "Providence severely punishes wicked men, but at the same time extracts advantage even from their vices; an axiom which surely sets divine wisdom and policy in the highest point of view," and counteracts effectually all the evils that have been supposed to result from the free agency of man.

"Mandeville was of Dutch extraction, it is not therefore extraordinary, that cunning was part of his inheritance. His father had fled precipitately from Holland, because in a popular commotion, he had pointed out to an exasperated mob, a place where cannon were deposited, with which they might soon level the house of a concealed obnoxious burgomaster. His advice was instantly followed.

"Mandeville, the writer, had the art of prefixing odd and alarming titles to his books, by which means he turned the attention of the public to his performances, and the purpose of an increased sale was generally answered. Private Vices Public Benefits, The Virgin Unmasked, A Defence of public Stews, and his Attack on charitable Foundations, where he takes an opportunity of speaking acrimoniously of Dr. Rattcliffe, come under this description.

"His pointing out the motives, and his description of the general conduct, of managers of charitable institutions, are just and

"humourous, their ill effects occasionally exaggerated, yet his deductions and cautions, from late experience, appear well founded." His calling Addison a parson in a tie-wig, and a reply which one of his clerical opponents made to him, not remarkable either for point or wit, that his name bespoke his character, man—devil or a devil of a man, are generally known.

MASON, the REV. WILLIAM, an English poet, precentor of the Cathedral at York, and editor of Gray and Whitehead, an office which, I fear, has been productive of more disquiet than honor or profit; it had also told more to his credit, if certain sarcastic criticisms on Dr. Johnson had appeared during the life of that able but surly moralist. He has been mentioned as writer of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, a composition which I had rather be the author of, than of any poem in the English language. Besides a fine vein of solemn irony pervading the epistle, it abounds with frequent flashes of poetic fire, and the

"Vivida vis animi" bursts forth so often and so ardently in tierce metre, and glowing language, not often occurring in Mr. Mason's performances, that, till he avows it (and so respectable a testimony would instantly silence doubt,) I cannot consider it as the production of his pen.

I acknowledge, with pleasure I acknowledge, that many sublime and many beautiful passages occur in *Caractacus* and *Elfrida*, which may vie with the noblest productions of the Grecian drama. But if we look for, or wish to find, in Mr. Mason's

Mason's writings a rapid succession of affecting incidents, if we expect to be melted with pity, fired with rapture, or hurried by the magic wand of poetry,

"Ultra flammantia mœnia mundi,"

we shall be disappointed, by tedious declamation, or the cold correctness of classical erudition. His poem, the English Garden, contains much useful technical knowledge; the narrative is naturally introduced, and well managed; the agonizing smile of despair,

"Such a smile as quite *out-rows* tears,"

is well described; yet this performance inherits the fault of all long didactic poems, is sometimes dull and fatiguing, and occasionally uninteresting; its moral tendency, and public-spirited language in the cause of freedom and virtue, cannot be too highly praised.

It is to be lamented, that the life of a man so deservedly eminent in the paths of literature, a friend to liberty so strenuous, and a clergyman so exemplary, should be consumed in adjusting the petty etiquette of vergers, vicars-choral or squeaking chanters; and that his days should be embittered by frivolous altercations with booksellers, and the vexatious quarrels of a county hospital.

"Petty contention and provincial strife,

"Bestrew'd with thorns his private path of life,"

says a late satirical rhymers, who has introduced him as an unsuccessful candidate for the laureat, and dismisses him, by saying, that lawn sleeves, mitres, and crofters, not laurel, are his and every church-

man's dream; and I believe it generally to be understood, that this intelligent member of our established church, has been disappointed in certain prospects of honor and preferment, towards which his hopes, and indeed his merits, had taught him to look. This observation, I trust, will not be considered as any reflection upon Mr. Mason, more especially when we see around us such numbers of clergymen of high acquirement, and pure character, neglected and unprovided for; I rather consider it as an actual proof of the superiority and eminence of his clerical claims, but it proves his total ignorance in the arts of borough-jobbing, canvassing, levee-hunting, and court-intrigue. I have mentioned his disputes concerning literary property; and it reminds me how very seldom it happens, that authors reap much benefit from the labours of their pens: they frequently are shivering in want, or pining in neglect, while the happy bookseller is feasting on the fourteenth edition.

I cannot take leave of Mr. Mason, without giving him a caution not to censure so illiberally the biographic labours of others, till he is able himself to excell them. Were I to select the best specimen of biography, at this day extant, it should be chosen (with some exceptions) from the works of the person he censures—if the worst, I would instantly hold forth Mr. Mason's; it is the only literary effort in which he has *grossly* failed.

MASSIANELLO—See Aniel-lo Tomase, page 12.

MEAD, EDWARD, a physician of eminence, skill, and success,

success, a zealous encourager of literature and science, to whom merit in distress, of any country, might always apply, with certainty, for solace and relief. His work on poisons could not have been produced but by a person of sound erudition, and extensive reading; it contains much useful knowledge in botany and minerals, and is a complete history of what had been said on the subject of his book, down to his own times. Dr. Rattcliff's advice to him, "that if he did not use mankind ill, they would use him so," has been often repeated.

The stubborn asperity, dignified independance, and stern integrity of that old gentleman, will not suffer us to suspect that he meant to advise an actual breach of moral rectitude. We can only infer, that he thought, and indeed from experience knew, that a physician, in his intercourse with mankind, would meet with many worthless, imposing, and injurious people; and that sagacity, and a necessary attention to his own interests would sometimes render it necessary to turn the arts of designing selfishness against itself.

Dr. Mead procured medals, antiquities, and other curiosities, at a very great expence; but there was one branch of profusion in his establishment so peculiar, and, I may almost say, so superfluous, that I cannot speak of it without a smile. He kept a mistress at the expence of four hundred pounds a year, when, by a confession of the girl, which does little credit to her gratitude, there was no other intercourse between them, than his innocent pastime of fondly comb-

ing, and occasionally toying with her hair, which was remarkably fine, and hanging in luxuriant curls, at once shaded and contrasted the beauties of her neck. Whether this was the amusement of exhausted youth, or impotent old age, I cannot say, but am inclined to think, it was in the decline of Mead's life. Greenfield, his exasperated antagonist, with whom he carried on a paper war, touches invidiously on this amour, "*Puella* (for it was in Latin) *fabri vincula tibi finxit, amoris tardi, et languescitis in via vinculo sa;*" for she was the maid or daughter (I hope and believe not the wife) of a blacksmith in Fetter-lane. Greenfield had, by writing and by practice, endeavoured to introduce the internal use of cantharides, which as he observes was not a new thought, but had been exploded as dangerous, from a want of necessary prudence and caution in those who had given them. Some disagreeable consequences which took place in one of his patients, came to Dr. Mead's knowledge, and he censured it. In the heat of controversy, some harsh expressions dropping from Greenfield, inflamed the business, Mead lost his temper, carried the matter into a court of law, and prosecuted his opponent with unbecoming violence and acrimony for a mode of treatment, which it was proved, he had at the same time adopted in a great measure himself.

Yet Dr. Mead was a desirable character, with much to praise, and little to blame, a good physician, and a pleasant man, charitable, humane, liberal, and beneficent, a praise which, notwithstanding the struggles

struggles of unobtruding humility, is certainly the just due of the present Dr. Lettsom; not that I mean to include, in the most distant manner, the charge of "*Amoris tardi et languiscentis*," against that gentleman.

Dr. Woodward and Mead had violent and frequent altercations, which at last ended in an accidental personal rencounter; they both drew, but, according to Woodward's account, Mead did not love cold iron, and was retreating, when Woodward making a false step, fell down; his antagonist then ran in, and demanded, as he stood over him, if he would submit, and ask his life. "If you offered me your phylic" (said Woodward,) "I would certainly beg for my life, but I have no fear of your sword, and certainly shall not ask it." Some people passing by interfered, and prevented further consequences.

A modern physician, after steering clear of the factions of a court, the persecutions of a college, and the intrigues of a city hospital, after equally despising the smiles or the frowns of apothecaries, nurses, children, and old women, on surveying the life and most of the actions of Dr. Mead, may safely say, "I will go and do likewise."

MICA, CHARLES EMANUEL, a private soldier, born in the principality of Piedmont, whose name and heroic conduct ought not to be forgotten. He possessed, without education, and without a knowledge of history, or that spirit of gallantry which superior rank, and an acquaintance with bright examples are calculated to inspire, all the consum-

mate resolution and patriotic firmness of a hero.

In the year 1706, the French army, after conquering the dutchy of Savoy, entered Piedmont, and laid siege to Turin, the capital of the Duke's dominions. The marchal de Marfan, and the duke of Orleans, encouraged their soldiers by example, as well as reward, pressed the siege with vigour, and at length some of their grenadiers gained possession of a subterraneous gallery, which led directly to the center of the town: by this passage they proposed, the following night, to make themselves masters of the garrison by surprise, a design which they probably would have accomplished. But it fortunately happened, that a body of Piedmontese miners were that moment at work exactly under the spot; and Mica, the subject of this article, as soon as he heard the French over his head, concluded, that if a blow was not directly struck, Turin must be lost, and his country subject to a foreign power, which he and his countrymen detested. The mine was already charged, and he instantly resolved to blow himself and the invaders of his country into the air; not having what engineers call a fauciffon ready, which would have enabled him to retire in time, he had no alternative, but either to sacrifice his own life, or lose the town. After communicating in a few words this design to his associates, he begged of them to pray for his soul, recommended his wife and children to the prince, and took a last and affectionate leave. They then retired as fast as possible, and on their making a signal that

that they were out of danger, this second Curtius set fire to the mine, and at once involved himself and the enemies of his country in convulsive ruin, promiscuous carnage, and inevitable death.

I cannot believe that these circumstances will be read without emotions, which are now throbbing at the bosom of him who describes them; for who, unaffected, can see a worthy individual, tearing himself from a wife and children he loved, and meeting a shocking death with cool intrepidity, to save his devoted country. His sovereign lamented that the capital had been redeemed at the expence of so valuable a life, but did not leave his family to the scanty support of an ill-paid pension, rendered still less by unprincipled agents. He generously protected the widow and her family, and settled on them a good estate, which their descendants enjoy to this day.

Such behaviour, and such beneficence were princely; they deserve, and will generally ensure the genuine exertions of bravery and merit. But the case will be far otherwise in an army and navy preyed upon by hungry contractors, and rapacious agents, who watch every opportunity to diminish the scanty pittance of the private soldier, the sailor, or the subaltern, and what they cannot at last withhold, to embitter with insolence of office, or the quibbles of delay.

Should an army or navy be thus unfortunately circumstanced, it will not be surprising, if men enter such a service with reluctance, or, when entered, that they become listless, mutinous, and inactive. The martinet, the rigid disciplina-

rian, and the bluffing captain, may despise such reasoning, and imagine that the halbert and cat-of-nine-tails, will answer ever desirable purpose to quicken and excite—are men then, after all, only moving machines? These gentlemen should recollect, that in the heat of an engagement, the same musket that is pointed at an enemy, may very easily, unobservedly, and I think justly, turned against an unjust and merciless commander.

Much has of late been said on the miseries and oppressions of the unhappy Africans; and wretched indeed they are! But let us imagine a sailor, torn from his ship, after many years absence from his country, with all his hopes and all his expectations about him, and dragged on board a king's ship, under an unfeeling and despotic captain, who has a proper understanding with a fraudulent purser. To vary the scene, but not the wretchedness, let us imagine a peasant or mechanic, in the moment of intoxication, enticed to enlist himself, and ordered to join his regiment in the country, exposed to finical stripling cadets, an agent, master of his business, and a haughty lieutenant-colonel, of furious ungoverned passions, while the *scented* general is only visible at court and the club. I cannot but think the soldier and sailor, in these situations, may look with envy on the negro, broiling and bleeding under the scourge of the cruel overseer.

MIDDLETON, DAVID —
See Adair, Robert, page 3.
NORTON, SIR FLETCHER,
a barrister at law, speaker of
the

the house of commons, and lastly, on the secession of Lord North's administration, created lord Grantley. A man of invincible countenance, and vigorous intellect, but in some degree spoiled, as is not unusual, by a law education; and it cannot be mentioned but with regret, that so many young men who bring with them to town worth, modesty, learning, ingenuous and pleasing manners, should, after a few years at commons, Westminster-hall and the circuit, exchange those delectable qualities for insolence, vain attempts at wit, vanity, self-importance, and evasive contemptible chicane. But Sir Fletcher is not mentioned for the purpose of indiscriminately censuring a numerous, and in some instances a useful society of men; he is introduced in this collection for having, on a certain important occasion, spoken the language of truth with energy, boldness, and I sincerely hope, not without effect. The time to which I allude was when he addressed the king, on presenting the civil list bill in the year 1777; and the speaker's conduct surely deserves more than common praise, when we consider the trying circumstances and situation in which he was placed, looking forward to a peerage, and possessing at that moment two considerable posts, which in effect though not in form, he received and held at the pleasure of the crown; I hope no one who reads this book will think any apology necessary for reciting this spirited address, which departs so essentially and so properly from the dull repetitions, and verbose, frothy, unmeaning

compliments, generally hashed up in such compositions.

"Your majesty's faithful commons" (said Sir Fletcher, erect with honest pride,) "your majesty's faithful commons have granted a great sum to discharge the debt of the civil list; and considering that whatever enables your majesty to support with grandeur, honour and dignity the crown of Great Britain in its true lustre, will reflect honour on the nation: they have given most liberally, even in these times of great danger and difficulty, taxed almost beyond our ability to bear; and they have now granted to your majesty an income far exceeding your majesty's highest wants, HOPING THAT WHAT THEY HAVE GIVEN CHEARFULLY, YOUR MAJESTY WILL SPEND WISELY."

Such were the bold sentiments forced on Sir Fletcher's mind, by stubborn and alarming circumstances, and presented at an awful crisis to the royal ear, which so seldom receives plain matter of fact or important truth, untainted by flattery or misrepresentation. Such language, which sovereigns ought to hear with reverence, cannot be too strongly inculcated or repeated too often by the representatives of a free people. I watched, I narrowly watched the royal eye when this speech was delivered, and declare with pleasure I did not perceive one symptom of displeasure deranging the mild serenity and dignified softness of the Brunswick countenance. A lawyer, the creed of whose profession is, that God and
man

man must be given up if they stand in competition with profit or preferment; a lawyer who could for a moment lose sight of such darling objects, deserves much credit; and considering the general habits and education of some princes, who are taught to look on their subjects as born for and designed only as sources of support or amusement, and to regard advice as insolence, and reproof, as treason, the king has an undoubted claim to his share of praise, for listening without resentment, and afterwards elevating the author of this harangue to the peerage.

Were I to have my choice of chusing or rather of creating *any little comfortable place* at St. James's, I would be appointed (start not my good bed-chamber lords) I would be appointed, notwithstanding the novelty of the post, speaker of truth at court, with the privilege of repeating, at proper intervals, the sentiments contained in this speech to his majesty; and I persuade myself, from the active benevolence of his character, and his attention to the increasing burthens of his heavily taxed subjects, that it would not be repeated in vain. A great salary would not be my object, I should be content with what is given to the laureat, for serving up his annual sugared treat of palatable panegyric, an office, the abolition of which would prevent the puzzling perplexities of Mr. Pye, and many future poets, reflect credit on the English court, and indeed is become highly necessary in the present æra of propriety and just discernment. I cannot dismiss the stern virtues of Sir Fletcher, without repeating

Mr. Burke's compliment to him, when speaking of his appointment as chief justice in eyre. "Your dignity, Sir, is too high for a jurisdiction over wild beasts, your learning and talents are too valuable to be wasted in gloomy pomp as chief justice of a desert. I cannot reconcile it to myself that you should be stuck up as a useless piece of antiquity."

PITT, WILLIAM, second son of the first earl of Chatham, who studied, and I believe for a short time practised as a barrister at law; but it was not his fate to lose himself in the intricate mazes of modern jurisprudence, or retail his lungs and conscience for gold; a more splendid situation was reserved for him. And at a time of life when we are too often sowing, with profusion, the bitter seeds of future repentance and remorse; by unmanly pursuits or irrational dissipation, he launched (with the youthful down still on his cheek) into the tumultuous sea of politics: After steering amidst the quicksands of party, and weathering the stormy billows of opposition, he gained the wished-for port, where he reigns supreme the favourite of his sovereign, the arbiter of his associates, and, with some exceptions, the idol of the people. When we behold a youth thus occupying a post, which cabinet veterans and political candidates have passed the best part of a long life, in qualifying themselves for, or in vainly attempting to attain, we are naturally induced to enquire by what superior merits, such superior, such uncommon advantages have been procured.

At

At a certain period of his reign, the situation of our sovereign, as to his political servants, was confessedly hopeless. He had experienced mortifications, various and severe; the once highly favoured minister North, was driven from the helm: the feeble Rockingham party, with all their good intentions, "dissolved in its own weakness." Lord Shelburne was unpopular; the duke of Grafton had felt, by woeful experience, that his only safety was in obscurity; and Mr. Fox had given personal offence, an offence which I understand is never to be forgiven. He had uttered an incontrovertible truth, but in terms too coarse for the sensitive texture of a royal ear. "The king," said Mr. Fox, with law and fact evidently on his side, "the king is the creature of the people."

Surrounded by ministers whose principles or conduct he did not approve, our gracious king anxiously looked around him for an Atlas whose shoulders were equal to the oppressive burthen of ministerial responsibility, and a young man instantly presented himself in the prime of life, of popular name, correct conduct, and morals like his own, undebauched, but, like his own, sufficiently pliable for political manœuvre and cabinet intrigue. Lord Temple laid the train, the watch-word was given, and Pitt and the constitution spread like wild-fire through the nation.

To survey minutely the political services of this minister, or rather (to use his own words) this confidential servant of the crown, is not consistent with my plan, it will be sufficient

to observe, that a personal dislike of his predecessors, rather than any eminent capacity, or extraordinary talents of his own, were the prominent and immediate causes of his early and rapid advancement. A concurrence of events, fortunate for Mr. Pitt, had deprived his majesty's ministers of their master's confidence and support, and the rays of royal favor, collected in a strong focus, were happily centered on himself; this advantage he has improved, by what I consider as two of his great leading characteristic qualities; qualities diametrically opposite to each other, and seldom united in the same person—immoveable firmness and accommodating prudent pliancy. The first furnished him with steadiness and resolution to keep his seat at the treasury, against the sense of a majority of the house of commons, which every other minister had been taught to tremble at; and shrink from—it also supported him firm and unshaken against a host of enemies; amidst the declamatory violence of the debates on the regency. In circumstances for which parliamentary records could scarce find a precedent, he was not to be subdued by popular clamour—he was unawed by the frowns of princes!

However I may be accused of not rendering him a just tribute of applause, it has been my endeavour to speak of facts, equally avoiding invective and panegyric:

The Commutation Bill, that tax in the shape of a benefit, his wretched Irish propositions, his unfunded million, and his Prussian
P treaty

treaty, authorize me, in refusing to call him a first-rate genius in politics, commerce, or finance.

His abandoning the dissenters, who once supported him, tottering on his seat, his evasion of a parliamentary reform, and the slave trade, when we all know, that a minister might carry any tolerably decent measure, if he seriously wished it; and many other leading points, needless here to recite, prove his accommodating prudence and pliancy, which taught him to accept, with a good grace, advice and alterations in all his greatest measures, from his profest political opponents.

"*Fas est et ab hoste doceri,*" is his favourite sentiment.

Were I to give my private opinion of Mr. Pitt, I would say, he is a diligent improver of the plans of others, rather than a discoverer or a contriver of means himself, a man of expedience, a useful, but not a great minister, and perhaps better calculated for a country, *sinking* under accumulated burthens, than a more splendid and enterprizing one.

"Mr. Pitt," (says the author of a declamatory invective) "has the address beyond any minister I ever knew, of disguising all his hateful measures, in an alluring, popular mask.

"Few men ever possessed in a greater degree, the glitter of tinsel, the gewgaw glare of foil so attractive to women and children.

"Though the path," says the same author, who addressed the Premier, during the regency debates, when he was hourly expected to resign, "though the path

"to greatness and glory is barred against you, as a statesman, nature and education have eminently qualified you for the bar. "the court of King's bench, where "your friend presides, opens its "friendly doors, and you may "sink with safety into a respectable barrister. You will be valued "by solicitors and attornies; with "pompous diction, studied phraseology, and hackneyed forms "of words, you may soothe the "slumbers of a puiſne judge, and "mislead a petty jury." But the prophetic spirit of this writer failed—the king happily recovered, and our young Palinurus, notwithstanding his armed truces, his peace without security, still grasps with tenacious hand, the reins of administration, and retains his seat.

Much has been said on the extension of the excise, a mode of securing the revenue, which Sir Robert Walpole, by popular clamour, was obliged to abandon. Few ministers in this country, have been found bold enough again to take it up. It ought in justice to be observed, that the alarming accumulation of the public debt, (most of which was incurred before the present servants of the crown came into office) rendered the strictest attention to improving our annual receipt absolutely necessary. And I believe it is generally understood, that on many articles, no tax can, in any tolerable degree, be rendered productive, without the odious and unpopular interposition of the excise: it is assuredly a serious national evil, a perplexing domestic grievance; but I fear it is a necessary consequence of a load
of

of debt, which almost puzzles the arithmetician, ever to specify, and which no-thinking man can contemplate without a sigh.

PRIOR, MATTHEW, — for his œconomy, &c. in keeping a mistress, and his reasons for it, see Elwes, John, page 54.

REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA, President of the Royal Academy, almost against his will, and a painter, as eminent for the masterly exercise of his pencil, as the candour and benevolence of his character. He has produced a train of servile imitators, who, if they would be satisfied in their efforts to attain his excellencies, would not excite our contempt: but, when we find them copying with culpable industry, and despicable exactness, his *obvious errors*, it reminds us of the base flatterers of Alexander the great, who, without one pretence to that monarch's heroism in battle, and moderation in victory, selected an obliquity of one of his shoulders, as the servile object of their imitation. These puny insects of the brush, these murderers of oil and canvass, should recollect, that nothing but the President's superiority of genius can excuse that *vaino-mania*, which has of late years so unhappily possessed him. These drivellers should be reminded, that, in *their* compositions, an unwieldy mass of paint cannot disguise impotence of invention, nor an ocean of glaring varnish, make us forget a total want of effect.

I have heard long and loud complaints, that the pictures of Sir Joshua, like every other earthly blessing, are *transitory*, and of short duration. May I be per-

mitted, but with due submission, to suggest an opinion on the subject. The knight is unwilling, that the unnatural made-up *things*, the gewgaws of modern quality and fashion, that the fallow, unsocial sadness of the haughty nabob, that the unmeaning visage of city dullness, with a long list of sharpers, horse jockies, gamblers, and buffoons, should be handed down to posterity by his immortal pencil. As an artist, and a good-natured man, he cannot, without offence, turn away any one from his door.

Blending, therefore, on his pallet, a due proportion of politeness to others, with some regard for his own posthumous fame, to these *mistaken creatures*, who forget that oblivion and non-existence is *their* only heaven, he affords the short-lived satisfaction of materials like themselves and their memories, temporary, glittering, and perishable. To day in the drawing-room, to-morrow in the garret, or the dungeon of the broker.

But beauty, breathing on the canvass, and worth, which we venerate or lament, shall be handed down to after times.

The speeches of this artist to the Royal Academicians, contain much ingenious theory, and much useful practical advice; and the notes which he communicated to his friend Mason, for that gentleman's translation of Dufresnoy, evince much classical erudition, and prove him to have been no superficial student of the antient schools.

His struggle, (when among the pretenders to taste in virtù,) between his judgement and his po-

liteness, has been admirably hit off by Goldsmith, in the poem of *Retaliation*.

"When they judg'd without taste,
"he was still hard of hearing,
"But when they talk'd of their
"Raphaels, Corregio, and stuff,
"He pull'd down his trumpet,
"and took out his snuff."

Every friend of the fine arts will hear with concern, that this amiable man, who, without splendid talents, would have conciliated the love and esteem of mankind, has lately been affected with a troublesome complaint in his eyes, in addition to an habitual deafness, and that a depression of spirits threatens to diffuse a gloomy cloud over the declining days of a man, remarkable for innocent hilarity, and attic hospitality.

ROCHESTER, JOHN WIL-
MOT, EARL OF, a man of acknowledged wit, and no small share of poetic genius; but, chusing subjects, which few ought to peruse, and on which the public could not decently give their opinion, he blasted the laurel, and obscured his real merits. A fertile imagination, strong judgement, and splendid powers, were exhausted, in enlivening a circle of buffoons, coxcombs, and drunkards, and celebrating, as a goddess, some drab or prostitute of the night. His excesses in women and wine hurried him to an untimely end, after the doubtful and precarious resource of a death-bed repentance, when he acknowledged, that, in eagerly pursuing the phantoms of pleasure, he had, for many years, lost the real substance.

Much of his satirical writing, though produced in a state of in-

toxication, was just and well-timed, whether levelled at the abandoned profligacy, the unconstitutional enormities, or the wretched state policy of his master, Charles the second. The real character of this king, he well described in a few lines, as one,

"Whose word no man relies on,
"Who seldom said a foolish thing,
"And never did a wise one."

If a man of Rochester's strength of intellect had, to witty reproof, added the energy of good example, how useful a friend might he have proved: but Charles, after his death, pursued the same courses which had destroyed his favourite and companion.

His royal father, with many amiable qualities, had fallen a just sacrifice to the exasperated temper of the times. But the second Charles, without one of his virtues, and a much greater state delinquent, found the art, by winning familiarity, to lull the murmurs of a people, who, perhaps, still felt the smart of domestic discord.

Had the madness of the Stuarts (for I can give it no other name) possessed a little method with it, we might at this time have been an enslaved people; and we are, in a great measure, indebted to the unaccommodating bigotry of James the second, for the blessings we enjoy from the glorious revolution.

The libidinous writings of lord Rochester were a source of much pain and compunction to him, in his last hours. He reflected on the injury he done mankind, perhaps to a thousand generations, by compositions, which, however seriously

seriously he might repent of, he could not possibly recall. He might be said to have wasted his strength in strenuous idleness, and I cannot help applying to him some of his own lines:

"Tell me, thou base disgracer
of thy name,

"False to thy honour, fatal to
thy fame,

"With what officious zeal didst
thou obey,

"When vice, disease, and scandal
led the way?

"By what mistaken magic didst
thou prove

"So true to lewdness, yet so
false to love?

"Thus, some rude roaring bul-
ly in the streets,

"Will hector, cuff, and jostle
all he meets;

"But, if his king or country
ask his aid,

"The rascal skulks away, and
is afraid."

RUSSEL, TOM, fellow of New College, Oxford, and author of a collection of sonnets, published since his death. Several of his juvenile compositions have been omitted by the editor of these *elegant trifles*, which would have done poor Russel, no discredit. This young man, who, (to use his own words) "brought cares on himself to drive ours away," gave early proofs of intellectual excellence, and poetic tendency: this latter disposition could not escape the keen eye of Dr. Warton, who has been accused of converting Winchester school, into a hot house of rhymers. His School exercises procured him considerable applause, and when he went to the university, he was considered

as a youth of much hope.

The great advantage of forming useful and splendid connections, is the hackneyed argument advanced in favour of a public system of education. But the views are so obvious, and the ridiculous failures of interested selfishness, so frequent, that a man who is observed insidiously to select for his acquaintance the rich and great alone, is instantly described as *a dead shot at a yellow banner*; from the circumstance of young noblemen having a golden tuft on their caps, with some other ornaments, and immunities, at once injurious to, and incompatible with, impartiality and good discipline.

Can we be surprised if a young ambitious mind, like that of Russel, was deluded from the rugged paths of study, by the fascination of elegant society, and the golden dream of a wealthy patron. If in some instances, he courted too assiduously the company of *particular circles*, it ought to be observed, that one so able to communicate, as well as receive, was always welcome, and that few men came into company, better qualified to please, or to instruct.—but

"Great men use a wit, as a

"rake does a whore,

"When their end is obtain'd,

"they see him no more.

—— and Russel with all his talents, endearing qualities, and correctness of taste, was *jostled* out of his friends memory, by horse-jockies, valets, and gamblers, before my lord reached Dover, on his way to the Continent.

But the memories of Oxford tradesmen, the cellar man, and the attendants of the junior common

mon room, were more retentive, and my reader will hear with concern, that after much anxiety, and much trouble, this amiable man died of a broken heart. The writer of this article cannot but drop a tear to the memory of one, with whom he has passed many a useful, and many an agreeable hour, (hours, alas! to return no more) in the mutual, but unsuccessful effort, of alleviating anguish, which can cease only with life, palliating evils and softening prospects, over which the strong hand of death alone, is able to throw a veil.

I cannot mention the university, without suggesting a wish, that parents would not be so eager to educate their sons in those seminaries, without a perfect knowledge of the necessary expence, and the dangerous situation of a young man on his first entering a college. And it were well if heads of houses, unless they wish to see their walls deserted, it were well, if they would not leave the new comers, who have been long, and ardently panting for liberty, a prey to rapacious tradesmen, or to what is still worse, the licentious excesses of their own passions; surely it becomes them to enforce compliance, or reform abuse, and to guard the rising generation, for whose fate they are answerable, against the bewitching snares of vice and dissipation, which every where surround, and invite them. We may then venture to send our sons, without a certainty of their morals, health, and fortune, being irretrievably destroyed.

In a declamatory, but not ill-written pamphlet, which a disap-

pointed candidate for a fellowship once shewed me in manuscript, called, "Oxford dissected, or that university displayed in its proper colors," I remember his saying, that to a certain college, every member was a benefactor, for that he brought with him, money, good sense, learning, morals, and a constitution; but was sure to bring nothing away with him. As I could not with propriety subscribe to the assertion, I advised from friendship for the man, or from reverence to Alma Mater, to suppress the work, which, a few months after, with its author, was swallowed up by a storm in crossing the Atlantic.

This article cannot conclude more properly, than with the emphatic words of Dr. Johnson, which I wish were written in letters of adamant on the heart of every man of genius in the world.

"Those, who in confidence of
"superior capacities, or attain-
"ments, affect to despise the com-
"mon rules of life, should re-
"member, that nothing can
"atone for the want of prudence,
"that negligence, and irregularity
"long continued, render wit
"absurd, genius useless, and ta-
"lents contemptible."

"I am aware," says a declaim-
er at my elbow who defends well
regulated stew; "I am aware of
"the prudent regulations, and
"cautious police established by
"proctors and vice-chancellors, but
"while they will not suffer ini-
"quity, or carnal indulgence, to
"appear in any decent shape: they
"forget that Oxford is surrounded
"by the lowest and vilest sties of
"illicit passion, where filthy vul-
"garity robs sensuality of refine-
"ment

"ment its only bad excuse, and
 "where a loathsome disease,
 "poisons the springs of life."

My satirical friend, with whom, (however, I may value his abilities) I do not always feel disposed to agree in opinion, concluded his harangue, by observing, that he divided the young men of the present day, into two classes; first, your pleasant, accomplished, sensible, undone bon-vivants, without morals, health or fortune, admired, pitied, and neglected by every body:—The second, are your strange, eccentric, out-of-the-way mortals, who are dull and unfashionable enough to preserve their estates, characters, and constitutions unimpaired, but think themselves perfectly at liberty to indulge in odd whims, unaccountable fancies, and strange singularities; "to conclude," continued my friend, "I prefer the latter "with all his imperfections on his "head:"—a sentence from which perhaps many of my readers will dissent. He might have added, that the rare, the desirable character in the present age, is the man of plain good sense, and education, of uncorrupted manners, whose sensibility is not too delicate; or feelings too refined for the common, the useful, and the necessary duties of a son, a husband, a father, or a friend, who does not from affectation, or cowardice quit the post allotted to him by providence, nor wander from the beaten turnpike road of life, through dread of the bustle of competition, the snares of ill-design, or the arrow of him who shooteth in the dark: dangers from which no man has a right to claim

exemption, as every one has sufficient resolution to oppose these chimeras of human life, if he will but call it forth. From the scarcity of such characters in the common transactions of mankind, the first and most sacred duties of society, too often fall into the hands of coxcombs, rascals, and fools.

"Take a knife with a common edge, and it will do your "business better," said Swift to his friend Lewis the under secretary, who was attempting to divide paper in a very awkward manner, with a fine delicate edged expensive pen knife.

ROSS, Man of, see Kyrll, John.
 page 96.

RUTHVEN, JOHN, EARL GOWRY, a Scotch nobleman, and contriver of an intended assassination of James II. before he ascended the throne of England; an attempt, detestable for its ingratitude, and extraordinary for the very singular manner in which it was conducted, as the earl was indebted to James for the reversal of an attainder, and his restoration to the estate and honors of his family: Gowry was also brother to one of the plump wives of Rubens, whose protuberant beauties have been handed down to posterity, by the uxorious pencil of her husband.

James, who appears, notwithstanding his pedantic bad taste, and extravagant singularities, to have possessed a considerable share of good sense, was requested by a brother of the earl's, on a certain morning when he was hunting, to quit the chace, and accompany him to Gowry's feat,

at

at St. John's Town, near Perth, where Ruthven told him, he had stopped a stranger of suspicious appearance and demeanour, with a large quantity of foreign gold concealed under his cloak. The king, at first, disregarded the story, on account of the stupid embarrassed manner of the relater, and from a conviction, (as he told Ruthven) that he had not any kind of right to intermeddle with the property of a free subject; no treasure of any kind, unless found buried in the earth, appertaining of right to the monarch: but as he continued hunting, the gold was still uppermost in his thoughts, and having strong reason to suspect that large sums of money had lately been sent from France, to foment commotions in the kingdom, he resolved at once to see the man; and without injuring his property or person, to endeavour, by gentle means, to find out the purpose and pursuits of a stranger, so unaccountably laden with wealth.

After killing a buck, which led them a long chase, the king instantly accompanied Alexander Ruthven, without ordering a fresh horse, telling the duke of Lenox, and the earl of Marr, that he was going to Perth, to which place, these noblemen, with the suite, soon followed him, as well as the fatigued condition of their horses would permit: but the king had reached lord Gowry's some time before them, Ruthven all the way strongly remonstrating against acquainting others with the secret; his earnestness in this particular, with a certain disturbed wild cast of his eyes, inclined

James to suspect, either a treasonable intention, or that the young man was disordered in his senses. With such fears, and such reasons for fear, the king was resolute, or imprudent enough to enter the castle with Gowry, who had gone out with upwards of fourscore attendants to meet him, though his majesty had but few of the court to wait on him; having outstripped most of his people: after some delay, a dinner was served; the royal suite, as they dropped in, standing round according to custom; the earl, pensive and dejected, at the end of the table, stood repeatedly whispering messages to his servants, and sending them out of the room; and was remarked by all, to do the honours of his house, in a most ungraceful manner.

A dinner was provided for the courtiers, in another room, to which Gowry conducted them, and the king being then left alone with his original conductor, who during the whole time had stood behind his chair; as soon as his brother went out, Alexander Ruthven told his majesty, that "now was the time, but that none of the gentlemen must, on any account, attend;" his majesty then suffered himself to be conducted up a narrow winding stair-case, through several chambers, the doors of which, his guide safely locked after him; then crossing a gallery, and mounting a second stair-case, they found themselves in a small study, the door of which, Ruthven instantly locked, and a fellow of an ill countenance, armed with a dagger, started forth from the hangings; Alexander

Alexander immediately clapping his hat on his head, and holding his sword to the king's breast, told him he was his prisoner, that if he attempted to cry out, or make his escape, he would plunge the weapon into his heart.

James, who had no other defence than his hunting horn, gave himself up as a lost man; he however expostulated with Ruthven and his associate, on the horror of shedding their sovereign's blood, from whom, the former in particular, and his family, had received so many favours; besides which, he told them, that murder never went long unpunished, that if his children and loyal subjects failed, the Almighty would raise up stocks and stones to avenge his blood; Alexander stamping his foot, cried out, "does not the death of my father rise up in judgment against you?" "I was then a minor," replied the king, "but I well remember, he had strict justice rendered unto him, and fell by the laws of his country."

"His majesty's marvellous eloquence, with which it has pleased heaven so plenteously to endow him," had, by this time, unmanned the fellow they found in the study, he stood trembling, and disconcerted, while the sweat hung in large drops on his face: Alexander, "casting his hand out in a desperate manner," cried, "there is no help for it, you must die," and directly made a push at the king, which, suddenly turning his body, he put aside with his hunting horn, and instantly seized the hand which held the sword, grasping it firmly,

whilst at the same moment, with the other hand fixed on the assassin's throat, he brought him to the ground.

While the king was in this perilous situation, Gowry was entertaining the courtiers below, when one of his servants, previously instructed, entered the hall hastily, and told them, his majesty had left the castle by a postern gate, was mounted on horseback, and on his way homeward; they directly rushed out together, but Lenox, chancing to ask the porter at the gate, how long his majesty had departed, he affirmed that he was not yet gone; at which the earl looked angry, and called his man a liar, but said he would soon know the truth; he then went back to the hall, and shortly returning, assured the noblemen, his majesty had been so long rode out, that unless they were expeditious, they would find it very difficult to overtake him: they then all called for their horses.

James, in the mean time, was struggling with his antagonist, and having him rather at an advantage, dragged him towards the window, which he ordered the man, who otherwise stood silent and passive, to open; and his majesty not being able, while he secured Ruthven, to force more than the right side of his head, and right elbow, out at the window, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "they are murdering me! they are murdering me!" Lenox, Marr, Gowry, and others, were providentially passing under the window at the moment, and hearing his voice, the two former immediately

diately drawing their swords, told Gowry he was a traitor, and would directly have cut him to pieces, but his servants interfered. Both parties rushed into the castle in confusion; some attempted to reach the room from whence the voice proceeded, by the way his majesty went; others followed Gowry, who had the advantage of a private stair-case, and knew all the by-ways of the house.

Ramsay, Erskine, and Herries, of the king's friends, were however happy enough to reach the spot first, and soon dispatched Alexander Ruthven, whose last words were, "my brother is to blame:" his associate had fought safely in flight. Gowry, with seven servants armed, the next moment entered the room. After a contest, which lasted nearly twenty minutes, it pleased God, notwithstanding such disparity, to give victory to the smaller number; the earl, receiving Ramsay's sword through his heart, expired without a groan; and his servants, covered with wounds, and exhibiting courage worthy a better cause, were driven to a gallery, where being faint with loss of blood, they were thrown over the ballustrade of a lofty stair-case.

Soon after the victory was decided, Lenox, Marr, and other lords, joined them, having occupied the whole time, in battering down, or bursting open the various doors, the vile assassin had secured: as soon as they found his majesty unhurt, the whole party instantly fell on their knees, to thank God for the happy deliverance: the town's people alarmed by the death of

Gowry, who was their provost, at first tumultuously surrounded the house, but after being told of the foulness of his treason, and being "pleasantly harangued by" his majesty from the window, they departed well satisfied: Ramsay, Erskine, and Herries, were ennobled, and enriched with presents: the bonfires, and other public demonstrations of joy were general; a procession was made to the Market Cross, at Edinburgh, where a sermon was preached, and a public thanksgiving offered to a merciful, superintending Providence.

SACKVILLE, Viscount, originally Lord George Sackville, an appellation, which he exchanged for the name and estate of his paternal aunt, a baronet's widow, of Drayton, in Northamptonshire, an acquaintance, and, as appears from several of her letters, published in his works, a sensible correspondent of Dr. Swift: he was created a peer by George III. an elevation, productive of no small surprise at the time, and the subject of much severe altercation between certain distinguished characters.

This favourite of the present king, but never of the people, is accused, by his enemies, of having sacrificed on the plains of Minden, several thousand men, to a mistaken principle of national etiquette, or the mis-conception of orders, clearly and explicitly given, owing to the agitations of fear. After indulging himself on his defence, in vehement invective against party malice, to which he imputed his disgrace, he still insisted on the orders not being

being intelligibly delivered, and as soon as he knew what he had to do, and a regiment which impeded his marching had moved, that he attacked in front, with all possible speed: but a court martial, by which his lordship was tried, differed from him in opinion, and he was declared incapable of serving in any military capacity whatever. His conduct very much exasperated the late good old king, who with his own hand, struck his name from the list of privy counsellors; and was heard to declare with emotion, and his usual warmth of temper, (a generous, but quickly subsiding warmth) that if he had not been a king, and the offender his subject, he would certainly have pulled him by the nose. Colonel Sloper remarked on the field of battle, his lordship's embarrassed and confused appearance; yet I can scarcely impute his conduct to cowardice, which, though in a soldier an unpardonable failing, is not a crime, (for we have not all, the nerves and intrepidity of a hero) besides, in a duel with the late governor Johnson, he appears to have acted with sufficient calmness and composure.

One path to fame being thus for ever closed against him, with a resolution, perhaps a magnanimity, which few men in similar circumstances would have possessed, he plunged into the stormy sea of government and politics; where, notwithstanding royal smiles, and the friendly, elaborate, but unsuccessful panegyric of Mr. Cumberland, he experienced defeat and disappointment: he was secretary for the colonies,

during the American war, and is said to have prognosticated success, with a lively emphasis, not common in his method of speaking:—his adversaries, of whom I think he had a greater portion than falls to the lot of most men, cried out with exultation, that Minden and Saratoga, would be everlasting monuments of his courage as a general, and his abilities as a statesman.

During the unfortunate interval of this nobleman's presiding over the American department, certain national debates, were conducted with a violence, heat, and perseverance, which a conviction of their high importance, and a sense of national calamity, could alone inspire: the same period was also remarkable for a war, which, from choice or necessity, was conducted by men, who, as senators, had earnestly argued, and regularly voted against it; I could not help remarking the dramatic general, who a few years before, had conducted himself in a manner not *strictly* constitutional at Preston, haranguing the house of commons, at the moment he was a prisoner of the enemies of his country, and against whom, he should not have accepted a command, if he disapproved coercive measures: this parliamentary phenomenon, did not bring to my mind Regulus, when he quitted the senate of Rome, on his return to Carthage, the "torvus humi posuisse vultum," would have been wholly inapplicable.

SANTEUIL, JOHN BAPTISTE, a Latin poet, chiefly on religious subjects; born at Paris in 1630, and painted in

the lively, but not distinct characters of Bruyere, who, by overcharging his colouring, and multiplying the folds of his drapery, renders his pieces so often confused and incorrect, that the great out-line of his portraits is sometimes wholly lost. La Bruyere describes him under the name of Theodas, "at one moment as "complaisant, easy, and docile, "simple, credulous, playful, a "child in grey hairs; the next "instant, violent, choleric, passionate, and capricious; shrieking, jumping, and rolling on "the ground, rattling like a fool, "and thinking like a wise man, "yet with all his buffoonry, contortion, and grimace, a good man, "a pleasant man, an excellent man."

Santeuil was a regular canon of St. Victor, patronized by Bossuet, but never went farther than deacons orders: this, however, did not prevent his doing the duty of a parish church, on a day that the priest could not be found; he had scarcely mounted the pulpit, before he forgot himself, and was confused; after a pause, he retired, saying, "I had a "great many things to say to you, "but it is needless to preach any "more, you would not be the "better for it."

Being once mistaken by a female for a confessor, the pious matron had disclosed a long catalogue of frailties, before she discovered her mistake: "I will "this instant go and complain "of you to the prior," said this enraged lady; "In the mean "time," replied the poet, "I "shall make the best of my way "to your husband: an answer,

which was the signal for mutual peace.

A certain preacher held forth at St. Mary's, without giving his audience any satisfaction. Santeuil who was present, said, "he "did better last year:" a bystander asserted, 'you must be "mistaken, for the present pulpit-thumper had not preached last "year:' "that is the very reason," he replied.

A gentleman complained that he had been cheated by a monk: "I am sorry" said Santeuil, "that "a man of your years does not "know the monks; there are "four things in this world you "should always guard against, the "face of a woman, the hind part "of a mule, the side of a "cart, but against a monk, on "all sides."

Bossuet once reproached him for the irregularity of his conduct, saying, "your life is not very "edifying; if I was your superior, "I would send you into some "little cure, where you might "count your beads, and say your "breviary:" "were I king of "France," replied Santeuil, "I "would banish you to the isle of "Patmos, and your employment "shall be to write a new Apocalypse." He died in 1697, of a violent cholic: a few minutes before his death, the page of a certain great man came into his room, and said that he was sent by his highness, to enquire how he was; Santeuil, turning up his eyes to heaven, in the agonies of death, repeated twice, "tu "solus altissimus," placing a strong emphasis on altissimus, and instantly expired.

SERVIN,

SERVIN, MONSIEUR, a young French gentleman, of good extraction, who attended the duke of Sully on his embassy to England, in the year 1603, at the pressing request of his father, a remarkable and earnest request; it was, that he would try to make him an honest man, which induced that great minister to search into his character. He found him of a genius so lively, that nothing could escape his penetration, and of a memory so retentive, that he seemed never to forget; well acquainted with philosophy, mathematics, and fortification, and excelling particularly in religious controversy, and polemic divinity. To these qualifications he added a knowledge of most of the dead, as well as the modern languages, and a peculiar talent at mimicry, which, with great musical and vocal skill, rendered his company highly desirable in convivial meetings; he was, lastly, of a well-made, vigorous form, and expert at most manly exercises.

But the same man, thus highly endowed, was false, cruel, and cowardly,—a sharper, a drunkard, and glutton; and, notwithstanding his rank in life gave him a right as well as opportunity to associate with the first characters for rank and fame, he delighted only in the vilest of company, in sensuality without refinement, which, with other base pursuits, cut him off in the flower of his age, and he lastly died in a brothel. Servin, at once a miracle and a monster, is an additional proof, if any were wanting, that happiness does not consist in a possession of the greatest personal and external ad-

vantages, but in a right use and application of them; and, when we consider, that, “to whom much is given, of him much shall be required,” mediocrity of talent seems to be more desirable than splendid ability and high attainment.

SMITH, ADAM, the diligent and ingenious author of an *Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, which is a history of human industry, where the improvements and defects in agriculture, manufacture, arts, and commerce, are delineated by the hand of a master. One of his axioms cannot be too often repeated to commercial ministers, and city members, who exercise their industry with so much alacrity, and delight in fabricating and defending bounties, drawbacks, and prohibitions.

“Every system which endeavours
“by extraordinary encouragement,
“to draw a greater share of the
“capital of the society towards a
“particular species of industry,
“than would naturally go to it; or,
“by extraordinary restraints, to
“force from a particular species of
“industry a share, which would
“otherwise be employed in it, is
“subversive of the great purpose
“it means to promote, retards the
“progress of a country to wealth,
“and diminishes the value of the
“annual produce of its land and
“labour.”

The spirit of barter or exchange may be traced from the savage, who offers the skin of an animal he has just hunted down and fed on, for a nail or a bauble, to the wealthy merchant, who exports the produce of his native country,

country, after it has afforded food and employment to thousands, and receives articles which supply materials for a variety of other markets.

A superficial observer would naturally consider that country as the richest, which possessed mines, and the greatest quantity of the precious metals. But Spain and Portugal are, at this moment, striking proofs how easily such countries may be drained of their specie by poorer, but more enterprising neighbours; so that the greatest proportion of rude produce, or the greatest aptness for productive labour in preparing it, are in effect the only riches. The produce of the earth may therefore be called real wealth, or bullion; and labour, the stamp, or mint-mark, which gives currency and utility to the metal. Had the Spaniards and Portuguese been directed by the same energy of mind to their wool and their grapes, which impelled them to the golden but bloody harvests, of South America, they would long since have emerged from the clouds of mean jealousy and superstition, and have felt the enlivening rays of literature, national prosperity, power, and happiness.

But it is on the subject of a free trade, that Dr. Smith speaks the language of justice, truth, and common sense: "A free and open colony trade presents a great, though distant sale, for such product as exceeds the demands of the mother country; but this advantageous intercourse, when it degenerates into that mean and malignant expedient, a monopoly, by raising the rate of

"profit on the new employment, destroys other useful branches of commerce nearer home. By suiting to one particular market only, so great a part of the industry and commerce of Great Britain, it has rendered it more precarious, and less secure than if their produce had been accommodated to a greater variety of purchasers. A monopoly depresses the industry of other countries, without increasing that of those, in whose favour such unnatural restraints have been made. To promote the little interest of one little order of men in one country, it hurts the interests of all other orders of men, in all countries."

These reflections naturally lead our judicious author to the commercial sovereigns in Leadenhall-street, "whose interests, as kings and as merchants, are constantly opposite to each other, and too often destructive to those who have the misfortune to be at once both their subjects and their customers: as sovereigns, it is evidently their interest to sell the European goods they export, as cheap, and to buy India goods as dear as possible; but as traders, their interest is directly the reverse.

"Exclusive companies are therefore nuisances in every respect, and the genius of the government of the East-India company being essentially, and perhaps incurably faulty, in Europe, its administration in India must be still worse. To trade more or less on their own accounts, which, at ten thousand miles distance can never be prevented, to

“to exclude rivals, to buy cheap,
 “and to sell dear, in short, to
 “make government subservient to
 “the selfish purposes of mono-
 “poly, is evidently, and ever will
 “be, the business of their ser-
 “vants.”

In a system so radically defective, and founded on injustice, can we wonder at human integrity being unable to resist temptation? can we be surprized at the servants employed in a government, commercial, and, of necessity, military and despotic, being led to a perversion of justice, and still continuing to harass, to ruin, and to destroy? Is it unnatural in such a system, that the chief clerk of a factory, whose warehouse is overstocked with opium, should, with a file of musqueteers at his elbow, order a poor peasant to plough up a fertile field of poppies, at times the most profitable part of his crop. Indeed, “it is a singular
 “administration, in which every
 “member wishes to get out of the
 “country as soon as he can, with
 “his whole fortune; and, as soon
 “as this desirable event has taken
 “place, he is perfectly indifferent
 “if the whole country were swal-
 “lowed up by an earthquake.”

I see, with pleasure, that, with other symptoms of good sense, the national assembly of France have evinced a proper dislike to monopolies, they have dissolved the French East-India company, and have voted the whole system of such restraints to be pernicious, “because they collect the prin-
 “ciples of motion and of life into
 “a small part of the body poli-
 “tic, but leave a languor and want
 “of energy in all the rest.” Equal-

ly injurious and unjust, are many domestic restrictions on labour, manufactures, and trade, which, under various names and pretences, all tend to restrain competition.

Among these, we may reckon the exclusive privileges of incorporated bodies, and towns, where only freemen can carry on trade; the oppressive laws against workmen combining against their masters, who, in their turn, are perpetually uniting in cabals against their servants and the public, with impunity; the limitation of the number of apprentices, in particular *crafts* and *mysteries*, and the unnecessary extension of the term of apprenticeship; also the laws of parochial settlement, which bear particularly hard on the ingenious and industrious mechanic, in authorizing his removal from an advantageous situation. “The
 “property which every man has
 “in his own labour and ingenu-
 “ity, is the original foundation of
 “all other property, and to hinder
 “him from employing it in what-
 “ever manner or in whatever
 “place he thinks proper, without
 “injury to his neighbour, is a
 “direct violation of equity. The
 “affected anxiety of law-makers
 “on these and many other subjects
 “is at once impertinent and op-
 “pressive. Lengthening the term
 “of apprenticeships, has no ten-
 “dency to form young people to
 “industrious habits, for he only
 “will be industrious who derives
 “an immediate benefit from it.
 “The great sweetener of labour is
 “recompence. To work for a
 “long time, and to receive no ad-
 “vantage, is an infallible method
 “of

“ of creating an aversion to it; and
 “ parish apprentices, who are ge-
 “ nerally bound out for long terms,
 “ for this reason so often prove idle
 “ and worthless. The first inven-
 “ tions in science and mechanics;
 “ were undoubtedly the production
 “ of deep thought; but to explain
 “ and apply them, is a business
 “ within the compass of a few les-
 “ sons. It is true, that if trades
 “ were thus laid open and easily
 “ learnt, competition would in-
 “ crease, and wages fall. The mas-
 “ ters, the trades, the crafts, and
 “ the mysteries would be injured,”
 but what in every case should be
 the principal object, “ the public
 “ would be a gainer.”

It has been the fashion, from the
 days of *Bishop Blaise*, to call wool
 the staple commodity of this king-
 dom, though I have never yet been
 informed why it is more so than any
 other rude produce that constitutes
 materials for manufacture. Nei-
 ther the tanner, the timber-mer-
 chant, or the sail-cloth weaver
 “ have been fortunate enough to
 “ persuade parliament, that the wel-
 “ fare of this country depended on
 “ the prosperity of their particular
 “ trade.” But on the subject of wool
 the national delusion has been, and
 in some measure continues complete.
 To trade in it has been rendered both
 troublesome and dangerous, by laws
 breathing at once violence and ar-
 tifice. Its exportations have been
 forbidden, under severe penalties
 and confiscation; and even its con-
 veyance rendered hazardous in cer-
 tain situations.

“ The persons concerned in the
 “ wool manufacture, deceived the
 “ legislature by saying, what is still
 “ generally believed, that English

“ wool was peculiar, and superior
 “ to that of any other country; and
 “ that foreigners could not make
 “ fine cloth without a mixture of
 “ our wool in it: this, however, is
 “ false, for English wool is wholly
 “ unfit for making fine cloth, nor
 “ can it be mixed with Spanish
 “ wool, without injuring its fabric.”

It may be said, in favour of
 prohibiting the exportation of wool,
 that, although the doctrine of the
 manufacture is ill founded, when
 applied to *fine cloth*, yet, if wool
 were permitted to be exported
 without restrictions, our neighbours
 would, from their poor people living
 cheaper, be able to under-sell us in
 the article of coarse cloth, at the
 home as well as the foreign mar-
 ket.

“ A degradation of the price of
 “ wool, has been the natural con-
 “ sequence; and its present price,
 “ compared to what it bore in the
 “ reign of Edward the Third, is
 “ as seven to ten.”

Though clothiers may congratu-
 late each other on this circumstance,
 it is as unjust as it is injurious to
 the landholder and farmer, who are
 thus tied down to a particular mar-
 ket, and it has undoubtedly served
 “ to keep up if not increase the
 “ price of butcher’s meat; for if
 “ the wool and hide give the pro-
 “ prietor an inadequate compen-
 “ sation, the deficiency must be
 “ made up by the carcase.”

Though Dr. Smith doubts, I
 cannot but be certain that the wa-
 ges of the poor labouring man, are
 cruelly inadequate to the rise in the
 price of the necessaries of life, from
 natural as well as artificial causes. I
 also beg leave to differ from him in
 opinion, when he thinks that the
 cheapness

cheapness of potatoes, and other common vegetables, sufficiently compensates to this useful class of men, for the dearth of meat, which almost amounts to a total prohibition. I need not conduct him to Scotland for a picture of famine, the countenances of our peasants and country manufacturers evidently display it: existing, but not living, on the viscid, but ineffectual food of bread, and flatulent vegetables, ill calculated for daily toil and laborious exertion, exhausted youth rapidly sinks into premature old age. Such is the fate of those who furnish us with food and raiment, while pampered menials riot on the luxuries of our tables, and, absorbing all our smiles, are daily encouraged at once to ruin and insult us.

"To keep down the wages of weavers, spinners, and inferior workmen, and to lower the price of rude materials, but to raise the price of the complete work to the public, is the spirit of our mercantile system; a system seldom advantageous but to the rich and powerful; to the poor and indigent, in almost every instance, oppressive."

SMOLLET, TOBIAS, an army surgeon, a physician, a political pamphleteer, a novel writer, ere that species of composition was rendered so common and contemptible, and, I believe, the founder of the *Critical Review*; a work which involved his bookseller in a law-suit with the late Admiral Knowles, who professed, that his only reason for commencing an action was, to know the real author, and if a gentleman, he would insist on satisfaction. Just as sentence was about to be pronounced, Smollet gallant-

ly stood forth, avowed himself writer of the strictures in question, and that he was ready to give any satisfaction he might demand. This generous and heroic naval commander immediately began a new action against the writer, whose spirited conduct on this occasion gained him much credit and applause.

In the practice of physic he never was eminent, as he despised the low arts of finesse, servility, and cunning. But it is not to record his want of success in a profession where merit cannot always insure good fortune, that he is here introduced. I notice him as a writer of that species of modern romance, which has been denominated a novel, a literary department in which he has been peculiarly happy, superior, in my opinion, to the moral, the pathetic, but tiresome Richardson, and the ingenious, but diffuse Fielding, with all his knowledge of the human heart. I am aware that, in this decision, nine out of ten readers will differ from me; but will they candidly declare, that they have not sometimes yawned, and sometimes slept, over the wire-drawn pages of Grandison and Clarissa, or the common-place introductory discussions, and tedious trifling narrative of Jones, Joseph Andrews, and Amelia. That Fielding repeatedly displays a thorough acquaintance with nature, and that passages may be pointed out in Richardson, which do equal credit to the goodness of his heart and the depth of his understanding, equal to the best efforts of Smollet, I cannot deny; yet, after perusing their works, I never quit them with such reluctance as I feel on closing the

pages of our author, who, without introducing so much of what has been called fine writing, possesses, in an eminent degree, the art of rousing our feelings, and fixing the attention of his readers.

The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle, though they have been censured as low, scurrilous, and immoral, (a charge of a serious nature, and which I shall hereafter consider) I have always preferred to the other productions of Smollet: they relate, in language by turns strong, easy, elegant, and pathetic, a succession of events, forming a natural, well-drawn picture of human life, which the thoughtless may peruse, with advantage; and the prudent man, with emotions of triumph.

From the wild unlucky boy, teizing his aunt and the commodore, by mischievous pranks, and heading a rebellion at school against his master, we trace the headstrong youth, of pride unbroken, and unbridled appetite, plunging into folly, vice, and dissipation; wasting his substance, injuring the woman of all others he loved, and at last pining in a prison, that severe school, which too tardily teaches us the falsehood and treachery of a base world—fascinating, only to plunder; and bewitching, only to destroy:—roused by the voice of friendship, and again restored to affluence, he returns, with a stern reluctance, founded on a sense of his own unworthiness and vicious imprudence, to society, and love; convinced that, after all the bustle of pleasure, and glitter of wealth, real happiness is only to be found in moderate enjoyment, domestic tranquility, and social virtue.

A good style has been defined “proper words in proper places;” nor have I met with a more just selection of appropriate terms, and descriptive expressions, than in the following short passage of Smollet, though on a trifling subject; it is when Tom Pipes kills the gardener’s dog. “He was that instant
“assaulted by the mastiff, who fastened on the outside of his thigh.
“Feeling himself incommoded by
“this assailant, he quitted the prostrate gardener, turned round to
“the dog, and grasping the throat
“of that ferocious animal with
“both his hands, he squeezed it
“with such incredible force and
“perseverance, that the creature
“quitted his hold: his tongue lolled
“out of his jaws, the blood started
“from his eyes, and he swung, a
“lifeless trunk, in the hands of
“his vanquisher.”

His feast, after the manner of the ancients, is well managed, and replete with rich strokes of humour, and pointed satire, which, in the rancour of toryism, he directed, with eagerness, against his whig opponent, Akenfide. Yet in this, and other parts of Peregrine, Smollet has, with some justice, been thought indelicate; but it should be recollected, that in delineations of certain circumstances, and certain characters, it is difficult for the author who draws from nature, and real life, to avoid shocking the fastidious eye of nicety, and scrupulous decorum. The path of humour is pleasant and inviting, but it is a dangerous one, and too often leads us astray into the by-roads of indelicacy, as well as ill-nature.—To say a *good thing*, however smutty or malignant, is a temptation equally

equally irresistible to the humourist, the mimic, and the bon-vivant; and, as I have said in another place, we ought to recollect, that it is the nature of all humour to be sometimes gross, and sometimes inelegant.

In this respect, the dialogue between Pipes, and the hedge nymph, his master had accidentally picked up on the road, and afterwards introduced into company as a fine lady, is culpably obscene, though the story is well told, and the character well imagined; the behaviour of Pickle to Hornbeck, is also highly unjustifiable; not satisfied with injuring that unfortunate husband, beyond repair, he adds personal violence to insult. Yet, with these, and other faults, I cannot but consider it, contrary to the general opinion, as superior to Roderick Random, and as a first-rate novel, whose merits far exceed the modern puny productions, of frivolous fashion, and sickly sentiment, which load the shelves of our libraries, and teach nonsense and iniquity to our wives and daughters.

Peregrine's transition, from mirth, petulance, and gaiety, to anxiety, agitation, confusion, and concern, after first beholding the lovely Emilia Gauntlett, and the progress of the generous passion of love, as long as he restrained himself within the bounds of good sense; also the curious mode of replacing a lost love letter, are well imagined. But when the young man's mind was corrupted by prosperity, and his principles contaminated by excess and the baleful maxims of foreign climes, that awful veneration, which her presence used to inspire, gradually abated and he gazed on

the lovely, the virtuous Emilia, with gross appetite, and impure desire. After a variety of plans to lull her vigilance and apprehensions, he considers the licentiousness and late hours of a masquerade, (that hot-house of sin and hell) as a fit opportunity for broaching his unwarrantable doctrines; the address of Emilia to her lover, when she discovers his treacherous and unprincipled design deserves to be repeated; it is animated, pointed, and such as her situation would naturally inspire: "for, what must
" have been the emotions of a vir-
" tuous sensible woman, at this in-
" solent treatment from a man
" whom she had honoured with the
" most disinterested affection, and
" genuine esteem? it was not sim-
" ply horror, grief, or indignation,
" but the united pangs of them all."

As soon as her feelings suffered her to speak, she addresses him in the following words:

" Sir, I scorn to upbraid you
" with a repetition of your former
" vows and protestations, nor will
" I recapitulate the little arts you
" have practised to ensnare my
" heart; because, though by dint
" of the most perfidious dissimu-
" lation, you have found means to
" deceive my opinion, your utmost
" efforts have never been able to
" lull the vigilance of my conduct,
" or to engage my affection beyond
" the power of discarding you,
" without a tear, whenever my ho-
" nour should demand such a sa-
" crifice.

" You are unworthy of my con-
" cern or regret, and the sigh which
" struggles from my breast whilst I
" make the declaration, is the re-
" sult of sorrow for my own want
" of

“ of discernment. As for your
 “ present attempt upon my chastity, I despise your power, as I
 “ detest your intention. Though
 “ under a mask of the most delicate respect, you have decoyed
 “ me from the immediate protection of my friends, and contrived
 “ other impious stratagems to ruin
 “ my peace and reputation, I
 “ confide too much in my own innocence, and the authority of
 “ the law, to admit one thought of fear, much less to sink under the
 “ horror of this shocking situation
 “ into which I have been seduced.

“ Your behaviour, Sir, on this
 “ occasion, is, in all respects, low
 “ and contemptible; for, ruffian
 “ as you are, you durst not harbour one thought of executing
 “ your execrable scheme, while
 “ my brother was near enough to
 “ prevent or punish the insult, so
 “ that you must not only be a
 “ treacherous villain, but a most
 “ despicable coward.”

Having thus expressed herself, she quitted the room, in all the majesty of exalted virtue, called a chair, and committing herself to the care of a watchman, was conveyed safely through the midnight gloom to her uncle's house.

The mortified and degraded feelings of a man thus baffled and repulsed, are easier imagined than described; the wounds of humbled vanity, and prostrate insolence, were added to the pangs of despair: it was a heart-rending struggle of love, shame, and remorse, with base desire, pride, ambition, and revenge. The reproaches of a guilty mind, and a lively conviction of the inestimable value of that jewel which his infa-

mous conduct had deprived him of for ever, were more than he could bear, phrenzy and distraction were the last refuge of a wounded spirit. Will any one that in this, and similar occasions, has felt the arrows of the Almighty rankling in his heart, will any one deny the punishment of flagitious conduct, even in this world?

After the offender had, in some degree, recovered his health and senses, every art was exhausted to procure an interview with Emilia, but such was her prudence and vigilant precaution, that his letters were returned unopened, and all access to his mistress denied.

From the pains of disappointment, he alternately applied for consolation to the bottle, dissipation, politics, and literature, but applied, as is generally the case, in vain,

“ *Hæsit lateri lethalis arundo,*” and his constitution sunk under the effort; with a ruined fortune, and a debilitated body, he hides himself and his sorrows in a jail, loving Emilia to distraction, detesting the world, and abhorring himself: in this forlorn condition, he industriously prevents all intercourse with his acquaintance, particularly those who had experienced his former bounty, and obstinately persevered in refusing every kind of proffered assistance from the few who discovered his retreat.

The brother of Emilia, hearing of his situation, and impelled by gratitude, one morning knocked softly at his door, but when it was opened, he started back with horror and astonishment; the figure that presented itself to his view, was the remains of his
 once

once happy friend, but so miserably altered and disguised, that his features were scarcely cognizable. Instead of the florid, the sprightly, the gay and elevated youth, the pupil of pleasure and fashion, he beheld him pale, wan, meagre, and dejected, the hollow-eyed representative of disease, indigence, and despair: yet his eyes still retained a certain ferocity, which threw a dismal gleam athwart the dark cloud of his aspect, and he viewed in silence his old companion with a look of confusion and disdain; then waving his hand, as a signal for Godfrey to be gone, and leave such a wretch as him to the miseries of his fate; nature could no longer be suppressed, he uttered a deep groan, and wept aloud. Gauntlett, after pouring forth the noblest sentiments of friendship, gratitude, and esteem, thus proceeds:

"You shall no longer, my dear friend, be a dupe to the destructive prejudice of an independent spirit; you must certainly have had some regard for a person in whose behalf, though hitherto unknown to me, you have so greatly and so successfully exerted yourself; let me not therefore suffer the humiliating repulse of slighted friendship; if you will not yield to my intreaties, have at least some regard to the wishes of your old friend and interceder, my Sophia; if that consideration should be of no weight, will you not relax a little for the sake of poor Emilia, whose resentment hath been long subdued by her affection, and she now droops in secret, at your neglect?"

Every word made an impres-

sion on Peregrine; but when the name of his adored Emilia was recalled to his remembrance, his whole frame underwent a violent agitation, and, with a softened look, he recovered the faculty of speech, which had been overpowered in the conflict of passions; he protested to Gauntlett, "that no vestige of animosity against him remained; that he considered him as an affectionate comrade, a friend, whom adversity could not unbind; that he contemplated Emilia with the most reverential awe, as the object of his inviolable love and veneration, but for ever disclaimed all hope of attracting her regard: he excused himself from profiting by Godfrey's kind intentions, declaring, with a resolute air, that he had broke off all connexion with mankind, and that he impatiently longed for the hour of his dissolution, which, if it should not soon arrive by the course of nature, he was resolved to hasten it with his own hands, rather than be exposed to the contempt, and more intolerable pity of a rascally world."

He remains for some time obstinately bent on this frantic determination, notwithstanding the zealous efforts of expostulating friendship, and, but for the unexpected payment of a large debt, which had been given up as lost, and was almost forgotten, would probably have sacrificed himself to that sullen, irrational independance, the too frequent infatuation of the present day, which leads us into habits productive of misery and ruin, and without imparting to us sufficient

ficient strength of mind to resist temptation, or struggle with calamity, commences in folly, and concludes with self-destruction.

Reconciled by this fortunate incident to life, and the comforts of society (for we should have few suicides rushing from the scene, if every man could lead exactly the life he chose,) his countenance and voice by degrees recovered their pristine appearance and tone; and when he was informed by Gauntlett, that Emilia daily enquired after him with tender anxiety, and passionate regard, the bosom of Peregrine was agitated with those tumults which love, or any other passion, ill-stifled or suppressed, constantly excites.

In this situation, the following letter from his mistress did not diminish his emotions:

"Sir,

"I have performed a sufficient sacrifice to my reputation, in retaining hitherto the appearance of that resentment, which I had long ago dismissed. A favourable change in my fortune impowers me to avow my genuine sentiments, without fear of censure, or suspicion of mercenary design. I therefore take this opportunity of assuring you, that, if I still maintain that place in your heart, which I was vain enough to think I once possessed, I am willing to make the first advances to an accommodation; and have actually furnished my brother with full power to conclude it in the name of your appeased

"EMILIA."

After kissing the letter a thousand times, and falling on his

knees, "Thank Heaven, (he exclaimed, with an air of transport,) I have not been mistaken in my opinion of this generous woman! I believed her to be inspired with the most dignified and heroic sentiments, and I have now a convincing proof of her magnanimity: it is therefore *my* business to approve myself worthy her regard. May Heaven inflict upon me the keenest arrows of its vengeance, if I do not at this instant contemplate the character of Emilia, with the most perfect love and admiration! yet, amiable and enchanting as she is, I am more than ever determined to sacrifice the interest of my passion to *her* advantage, and *my* glory, though life should fail in the contest, and even to refuse an offer, which, otherwise, the whole universe should not bribe me to forego."

Under these enthusiastic impressions, he answered her letter as follows:

"Madam,

"That I revere the dignity of your virtue, with the utmost veneration, that I love you infinitely more than life, I am at all times ready to demonstrate; but the sacrifice to honour it is now *my* turn to pay: and such is the rigour of my destiny, that in order to justify your generosity, I must refuse to profit by your condescension.

"I am doomed for ever to be wretched, and to sigh without ceasing, for the possession of that jewel, which, though now in my power, I cannot, I dare not enjoy.

"I

"I will not describe the anguish that tears my heart, whilst I communicate this fatal renunciation, but appeal to the delicacy of your own sentiments, which can judge of my sufferings, and will do justice to the exquisite tortures I have imposed on myself, by this cruel self-denial.

"P. P."

Peregrine soon after succeeds to his paternal estate, and (notwithstanding his declarations) the novel concludes in the usual manner, with a reconciliation and a wedding.

I was very young when these adventures accidentally fell in my way, and perhaps on that account, they made a deeper impression, and appeared in the eyes of a schoolboy more worthy of attention, and better written, than they really are; circumstances which I hope will excuse thus serving up to my readers a second-hand hash from the novel shop. I well remember the forlorn situation of Peregrine, his declining every kind of proffered assistance, and the obstinate peculiarity of his conduct, with regard to Emilia, struck me as a noble exertion of manly and philosophical self-denial, not unworthy the characters of Socrates or Cato; and I could not help bestowing on his behaviour warm encomiums, and viewing him with a mixture of envy and admiration—but the happy conclusion was not suitable to the enthusiasm of juvenile fancy, dreaming of, and seeking, as objects of meditation, themes far more gratifying, interesting, and affecting, than reason, nature, and probability.

"Had I been in such a situation," (have I often exclaimed in the blissful extacy of fourteen) "had I written this novel, or had I been in such a situation as Peregrine, I would have suffered myself or my hero to perish in prison, unassisted; the cup of comfort should have been dashed untasted from my lip, and to add to my punishment, my last look should have been cast on the woman I was dying for and adored; without suffering myself to enjoy a heaven, which was placed within my grasp; after darting my eyes on that bosom, where gods would wish to have revelled; I would have turned them from the delicious, enchanting sight, and sunk into everlasting sleep."

I need not add, that to the pourer forth of such a rhapsody, the performance of Smollet would have been more pleasing, had its termination been in the stile of Spagnolet, less happy.

It may be proper in this article, to mention, that, with a slight knowledge, if not a total ignorance of the Spanish language, further than dictionaries afford, Smollet was a *successful* translator of Don Quixote; and that this circumstance exposed him to much abuse, and in one instance I believe, to a personal attack.

As a traveller, he was petulant, illiberal, and almost on every occasion lost his temper: but is no excuse to be made for a frame, convulsed by the pangs of disease, and a life imbibed by disappointment, and domestic calamity? a spirit wounded by ingratitude and irritated by the malignant

malignant shafts of envy, dullness, and profligacy; to add to his evils, he is said to have been a literary retainer to the Earl of Bute, and to have experienced ingratitude from that nobleman, who has in many instances been found a generous patron to men very inferior in importance and ability to Dr. Smollet. Under such impressions perhaps he ought not to have written, but on certain occasions, the pen will be found to afford a similar relief to the dram-bottle, or a round of diversions; and where is the man, who, having once found solace in a pursuit, will not naturally seek for comfort and consolation in the same path?

SPARTACUS, a native of a little town in Thrace, from which he drew his name.—This extraordinary individual, who shook the foundations of Roman greatness, in its meridian splendor, had been imprisoned early in life, for resisting oppression in his native province; he was sold for a slave, became a fugitive, a soldier, a deserter, a robber, and descending as it were to the lowest scale of human misery, was at last a gladiator; but discovered in every situation of life, matchless strength of body, and uncommon vigor of mind. Seventy-three years before the christian æra, he was confined with about two-hundred of his associates in misery, at Capua, in a school, or rather a prison of gladiators, the property of Lentulus Batuatius, who, as his latter name expressed, furnished the amphitheatres with unhappy objects for the bloody sports of the circus; a species of

commerce, from which he drew a great, but ignominious profit.

The justice, or even the policy of rendering the minds of a people familiar with savage sports, and brutal exhibitions, is a question which has been frequently agitated, but never determined: the happy medium between ungovernable ferocity, and a degenerate effeminacy of manners, is perhaps attained with difficulty; for I can easily imagine a multitude so hardened by bloody spectacles, and inhuman habits, as to be rendered almost unfit for the purposes of civilized society, and only qualified for the business of making war on their fellow creatures; while a nation, torpid and slothful through a long peace, and totally inattentive to every manly effort, or military exertion, becomes irrationally timid, fears death beyond every other calamity, and considering war as the greatest of all possible evils, falls a prey to some invading neighbour, or ambitious citizen.

But whilst Batuatius was amassing a princely fortune by his merciless traffic, the generous spirit of Spartacus, unbroken by calamity, "disdained to make acquaintance with ill-fortune," though he well knew that on the first demand for a fresh supply of gladiators, he might be hurried away in fetters to contribute, with some of his unhappy companions, to the amusement of a worthless rabble, where the utmost his courage and dexterity could procure, would be the odious and dishonorable recompence of maiming, or murdering a harmless, perhaps

perhaps a friendly fellow-sufferer, and protracting his own hateful existence. Being stimulated to escape, at any risque, from such dangers, by every sentiment of honor, friendship, and self-preservation, a part of the wall which enclosed them, was observed at a certain spot, to be somewhat decayed, and while the attention of their keepers was directed to an opposite place, by a pretended tumult, a select party, directed and assisted by Spartacus, were employed in undermining the foundation, till a practicable breach was effected. At the hour of midnight, after overpowering and gagging the sentinels, they sallied through the opening which led to a street in Capua, inhabited for the most part, by cooks and butchers, whose occupation afforded an instant supply of weapons, with which, and others seized on the road, they armed themselves. After pillaging the neighbouring villages for food, and defeating a detachment sent in pursuit of them, they posted themselves on a rocky, and almost inaccessible promontory, near the summit of Mount Vesuvius.

It is not often that history has condescended to gratify posterity, with the slight, but interesting anecdotes of remote domestic life; we are, however, able to gather from the precious fragments of an invaluable historian, that the wife of Spartacus, by some singular relaxation in favor of her worth, or her misfortunes, was permitted to be the companion of his captivity. At an early period, and in an humble station, he had attracted the soft wishes of

the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, who considered the superior rank and fortune of his child, as insuperable bars to their union. But nature, deaf and inattentive alike to the throbs of pride, and the cravings of avarice, the voice of nature will be heard, and this generous woman, with a disinterested heroism, not uncommon with the amiable part of her sex, chose the depressing moment of adversity, as the most suitable time to bestow on Spartacus her hand and heart; she proved herself in the various changes of his fortune, a faithful companion, and a tender wife.

The fugitives were soon followed by the Prætor Claudius Pulcher, who, with three thousand men, instantly invested their post, cutting off, by means of a deep dug trench, all apparent possibility of reinforcement, escape, or provision: yet even in this situation, with an implacable enemy on one side, a rocky precipice on the other, and famine staring him in the face, I can scarcely be prevailed on to allow, that Spartacus, possessing a woman, such as I have described her, was an object either of pity or compassion; she called forth all the arts of her sex to soothe and comfort her husband. Urged by the warmest affection, and by necessity, the flinty-hearted mother of invention, she pointed out the wild vines of the mountain, which, indeed, were the only produce of the spot they possessed, as the happy means of escape; and Spartacus directing a considerable quantity of the flexible tendrils and branches, to be twisted together,

ther, so as to form a long, and strong species of cable, which, from a post firmly driven into the ground, they hung down the whole extent of the precipice, and while the Roman army, secure in sleep and darkness, were waiting the slow, but sure approaches of famine, to reduce their captives, the gladiators and their associates, conveyed themselves, their arms and baggage, to the vale below: without giving his small, but desperate troop, time to compare the dangerous difference between his own forces, and those of the enemy, their leader immediately conducted them to attack the camp, which, after a considerable slaughter, they made themselves masters of, as well as the whole of their camp equipage, military chest, and provisions.

With this success, their credit rapidly encreased; fugitives of every description, whom crimes, poverty, or discontent, had thrown loose on society, directly joined them; their hopes, aspect, and tone, were elevated by good fortune, and they affected, in the usual style of insurgents, to inveigh against the luxury and tyranny of their former masters.

"To overpower, and put to flight, a race of enervated cowards" cried Spartacus, "is neither difficult or dangerous; the whole of their time and attention, is absorbed by vying with each other in entertainments, the costs of which, would be nearly sufficient to supply a town with provisions; while their houses are adorned with splendid furniture, and massy goblets of gold, plundered from the temples of some un-

happy province. It remains only for us boldly to make use of those advantages, which nature and the Gods have put into our hands: our enemies possess no other power, than what our dishonorable submission has given them: that dominion should follow wealth, however disgraced by folly, or polluted by vice, is preposterous and unnatural: the hand which cannot wield the sword, is surely unfit to grasp the sceptre: and the only claim to preeminence, which one man can equitably possess over another, must be derived from virtue, strength, courage, or skill. Is it either reasonable or right, that the rewards of beauty, wealth, and all the good things of life, should be exclusively enjoyed by the smallest, but most despicable portion of mankind; whilst the majority, their superior in body, as well as mind, languish in ignominious fetters, or struggle with oppression, poverty, and contempt? the true, the great, the only solid good, is liberty, under her auspices, we may recover that birth-right, which we have been deprived of, but never have forfeited: a fertile, and highly cultivated country, lies before you, which, with all it contains, you shall possess and enjoy, if you persevere in this glorious career, with courage and resolution."

Such language, was eagerly listened to by desperate men, with whom no probability of accommodation, retreat, or even of life remained, but by the road they cut with their swords: they laid waste the country round Capua, extend-
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ed their devastation from Salerno, to the neighbourhood of the capital, and destroyed Cora, Nucera, and Nola, the scenes of her infant victories over the Volscians.

But whilst Spartacus was every where victorious over his enemies, he found it difficult to restrain his own forces by the strict, but necessary regulations of military discipline: it was not the first instance, in which the theories of equalization and resistance to established power, have been turned against the conductors of popular revolt: to appease their seditious spirit, he found himself obliged to share the principal command with two leaders, chosen by the auxiliaries who had joined him, but sternly insisted on every occasion of danger or duty, pleasure or exertion, that the post of honor and precedence, should be decidedly given to him, and the faithful band of gladiators, who had originally departed with him from Capua. To feed and arm a body increased to more than twenty thousand men, was by no means an easy task; pillage might furnish a temporary supply, but fire and sword were not likely means of establishing markets, forming magazines, or ensuring future provision: to introduce a system of moderation and equity, to restrain the horrid cruelties of his associates, was the honorable, but ineffectual effort of the Thracian. The husbandry tools of the rustics were converted into weapons, and the necessity of the moment pointed out to him a method of furnishing his men with shields, fabricated of

wicker, according to the custom of his country, and covered with raw ox-hides.

The senate and Roman people, who at first considered it as a trifling insurrection, which a small body of men would easily suppress, now began to be alarmed, and the Prætor Varinius Glaber was sent with fresh levies; but Spartacus, either from being better acquainted with the defiles of the mountains, and the by-roads, or from superior courage, surprized Furius, one of the lieutenants of the Prætor, with a detachment of two thousand men, and cut them to pieces: Varinius reached the spot only to be witness to the disaster, and soon after suffered the same disgrace, escaping only with life; while the Lictor's, purple robe, fasces, and other ensigns of office, fell into the hands of the enemy. The lessons of mercy and moderation, were repeated in vain to a multitude, swelled by repeated victories to upwards of fifty thousand men, who eagerly seized the opportunity of revenging on the miserable provincials, the various injuries and insults they had received from mankind: neither age or sex were free from torture or violation; and of so infernal a nature are pride, selfishness, and revenge, in minds neither enlightened by education, or meliorated by religion, that a recollection of former kindness, or a remembrance of cruelty and oppression, were equally succeeded by the bloody returns of death and devastation: to ravish the wife or daughter of a magistrate, the smart of whose stripes they still felt; to riot on,

to waste and to spoil, the rich wines, delicate meats, and costly furniture of a citizen, whose luxuries had long excited their envy; to see palaces smoaking in ruins, from whose gates they have been driven with contempt, or within whose walls they have performed as menials, the vilest domestic offices, are, perhaps, the highest pleasures an exasperated slave, or an unprincipled peasant can enjoy.

But the keen eye of Spartacus, saw that such conduct would raise the powers of the country against him; he was at the same time fully sensible of his inability to withstand the whole forces of the republic, as the consuls, from the serious alarm which had spread to the gates of Rome, had ordered the legions from every quarter, towards the Campania. He was therefore of opinion, that advantage should be taken of the present interval, afforded by his defeat of Varinius, to traverse, by forced marches, the whole length of Italy, till they reached the Alps, when the army, after a fair and impartial division of booty, should divide into separate bodies, and each man, having procured by his own personal courage, the two great gifts of fortune, wealth and liberty, might have an opportunity of retiring to his native soil, and enjoying them undisturbed. Counsels of such a nature were received with impatience by men, who, flushed by success, eagerly pressed their generals to lead them to Rome, a rich prize, which would at once satisfy their avarice, ambition, and revenge: the gladiator, still firm to his purpose, declared that every one who differed from

him in opinion, was at liberty to depart. A considerable portion of the army, under the command of Crixus, immediately separated from their associates, and, in their march towards the capital, vigorously attacked Gellius, the consul, whom they nearly defeated, but, tempted by a fatal and inordinate love of booty, and seduced by a quantity of wine, found in the camp, they were satisfied with putting to flight an enemy, whom they might and ought to have destroyed: incumbered with spoil, and intoxicated by drinking to excess, they fell a prey to the consul, who had rallied his troops, and, the ensuing night, obtained a bloody but decisive victory over them, in the neighbourhood of mount Garganus.

With diminished forces, improved discipline, and courage unimpaired, Spartacus continued, by steady and close marches, his journey, between the defiles of the mountain, till he reached that branch of the Appennine, which, bending towards the Mediterranean, approaches the river Arno. Near this place the consul, Lentulus, with perhaps more courage than sound policy, was posted in considerable force to intercept a band of outlaws, ravaging the heart of his country, and almost insulting the metropolis, whom it was his duty, as a general, as well as a good sovereign, to have suffered to quit Italy unmolested, and to endeavor, by all means in his power, to avoid an engagement in the present period of difficulty and danger. Securely posted, and surrounded by inaccessible rocks, or barricadoes of felled trees, the Roman commander might have defied

defied every effort of the gladiators to fight him on fair ground; but, seduced by the hopes of victory, seeing Gellius advancing at no great distance in their rear, and probably not without a secret wish of enjoying the glory of triumph without a rival to share it, he descended from the heights, and marched to battle. By one of those military evolutions, which would do honour to the greatest generals, the fugitives instantly formed a double front, threw up almost in the face of the enemy an intrenchment, which effectually prevented a junction of the two consuls; and, after routing Lentulus, they put Gellius to flight, became masters of all the Roman baggage, and, among a great number of other prisoners, three hundred Roman citizens fell into their hands. Such victories filled Rome with dismay, and the camp of the conqueror with exultation. Departing from his usual moderation, and probably urged by the wishes of his associates, he meditated a species of retributive cruelty, and signalized the field of battle, by forcing his unhappy Roman prisoners to attack each other in combat, impaling alive on the cross those who would not comply, and threatening the rest with the most exquisite tortures: thus the gladiators had an opportunity of retaliating on their oppressor, the unnatural and infamous slaughter of the circus.

This triumphant leader, who had in some degree redeemed his name from the infamy of his former station, ordered every kind of heavy or cumbersome baggage, in short, whatever could impede

the celerity of a forced march, to be instantly burnt: dismissing the old, the sick, the wounded, and infirm, with ample rewards, after slight refreshment, and short periods of repose, he reached, by rapid movements, the banks of the Po, which, in consequence of the augmented torrents from the neighbouring hills, was swelled beyond its ordinary bounds; and the policy of the consuls, or the fears of the ferrymen, shocked by the merciless and bloody character the fugitives deservedly acquired, had left the river, without one vessel, bark or boat, to facilitate the passage of an army. Arrested by this obstacle, and probably rendered presumptive by an uninterrupted series of good fortune, Spartacus quitted the Po, retraced his former line of march, and resolved to give battle to whatever force the republic might raise to oppose him: to storm and destroy by fire and sword, the proud mistress of the world, to revenge on her the injuries of mankind, and to transfer the seat of empire to some happier spot, not contaminated by vice, luxury, and oppression, was the resolution of a Thracian peasant.

He soon met Arrius, who had hastily collected the scattered remains of the legions; and a plain between Urbinum and Ancona, was the scene of a battle, in which the Romans ignominiously fled from their standard. This news, with all its exaggerations, reached the capital; the gates were shut, the senate assembled, and crowds of men, women, and children, filled the forum with tumultuous cries. In the public distress, Cras-

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us was prevailed on to accept the Prætorship and the command of an army, which was instantly levied, without exception of age, rank, wealth, or late services: the soldiers, who had behaved so cowardly in several past actions, were punished by decimation, and the severest military discipline established. To protect Rome from insult, and to make himself master of the strong holds, lately possessed by Spartacus, on the Appenines, was the first care of Crassus, who exhibited on this occasion, a mind fertile in every resource, as a magistrate, and a general, to whom his country looked up for deliverance from impending ruin.

The vision of sacking and plundering Rome vanished; and Spartacus, after vainly regretting that he had abandoned his moderate and prudent design of marching towards the Alps, found himself obliged, by the superior generalship of Crassus, to lead his troops, by long and laborious marches, to that part of the Italian promontory which faces Sicily.— This island was at the same time suffering every evil that avarice and oppression could inflict, under the rapacious government of Verres, whose enormities have been consigned to everlasting infamy, by the elegant invective of Cicero: the Quæstor was also suspected of a private correspondence with Spartacus, and is said to have agreed with certain pirates, who infested the Ionian sea, to transport his army; but they insisted upon receiving from the gladiator, the stipulated price, before they collected their vessels,

and then, by the advice of Verres, basely departed, without fulfilling their agreement, as the oppressor of the Sicilians recollected, that the presence of Spartacus would be only dividing that plunder, which he wished to possess undiminished: he, at the same time, insisted on sharing the money received by the pirates, who had long purchased impunity for rapine and outrage, by dividing with this infamous magistrate the spoils of an unhappy province. Thus frustrated in his hopes by that perfidy, which the wicked cannot complain of from each other, Spartacus turned his face towards Brundisium, in hopes of procuring by accident or resolution some method of embarkation from that port; but Crassus pressed closely upon him, and, to add to his embarrassments, he had to contend, in his own army, with famine, and sedition, as the soldiers flushed, by some trifling advantage, over a detachment, commanded by one of the Roman lieutenants, exclaimed, with loud voices and angry gestures, that they would march to the capital. By their tumultuous conduct, and the military evolutions of his adversary, the Thracian was forced to battle in a disadvantageous spot: his engaging without further delay, was a circumstance which the consul ardently wished, as Pompey had been recalled with his army from Spain by the senate, and was hastening to snatch the victory from his reluctant hands.

The fugitives possessed no other alternative, but a victory, which would exterminate the consul's army, honourable death, or the yielding

yielding themselves ignominiously to an exasperated enemy, who would exhaust every invention of torture and refined cruelty in retaliating their injuries. After a short but spirited harangue from their commander, calculated to raise hope, and diminish fear, the charge was sounded, and the exclamation of "death or victory!" from ten thousand voices echoed o'er the field. The conflict was sharp and bloody; but Spartacus, whose genius gave life and spirit to his whole army, was slain early in the engagement, having exposed himself to unnecessary danger, by seeking Crassus in the heat of battle; to measure swords with a brave and illustrious Roman consul, to signalize his victory, or immortalize his death by a personal encounter with Crassus, was the fond hope of his heart: after killing several officers of rank, whom he mistook for the consul, and lamenting, almost in the words of Shakespeare, that he believed there was many a Crassus in the field, he fell, overpowered by numbers, having missed the object of his pursuit, and exhibited wonderful proofs of matchless, but ineffectual personal prowess: he is said to have been actually and literally cut to pieces, as the most industrious search after the battle could not identify his body: his death was not unrevenged, as the gladiators stood their ground to the last, not one of the number, who escaped from Capua, surviving the defeat, but were found extended on the very spot of ground they originally occupied. The victory of Crassus was complete and decisive, though he lost twelve hundred

of his best troops in the field, besides a much greater number wounded and missing. Six thousand prisoners fell into his hands, whom he hung on trees by the way side, as he marched from Capua to Rome.

During the course of this bloody and disgraceful contest, more than eighty thousand men perished by the sword; the vast acquisition of power and credit which this victory gave to Crassus, sowed the seeds of ambition, which were afterwards productive of a lamentable train of evils to his country, his competitors, and himself; the best blood and strength of the republic, were drained by civil war and domestic faction; the road was paved for introducing military despotism, and the servile wars may be said first to have produced the decline, and, in their remote consequences, the fall of the Roman Empire.

With such evils entailed on slavery, under every form, and presented to us at different ages, I can believe no one to be a sincere defender of the traffic in human flesh, but from motives of interest; and such I would almost excuse, for in the present state of public spirit and private virtue, I cannot, I must not expect a man to abandon his estate, or yield his livelihood in the cause of humanity. From wretches, procured by violence or fraud, and scantily provided with the comforts, or even the necessities of life, whose most strenuous exertions are never productive of any personal advantage to themselves; from such miserable outcasts of society, can we imagine any toil or any effort beyond

yond the impulse of the whip? Indeed, the circumstances of slavery, in its most meliorated form, and abated rigors, present a spectacle so shocking to a generous mind, that, were I a slave, confined as a gladiator, or broiling in a plantation, I should consider no means unlawful in attempting to procure my liberty, however destructive they might prove to the life or property of my tyrants.

SQUIRES, MARY, an itinerant pedlar, gypsey, and smuggler, who, under these vague denominations, might have lived unnoticed, and died without remembrance, had not a prosecution commenced, either in mistake or ill design, suddenly fixed the public eye upon her; and as prejudice or party operated, alternately rendered her a general object of detestation, pity, or contempt. But persisting, with the most solemn asseverations, that she was in a distant part of the kingdom on the very day she was accused of having committed the offence, and naming a variety of persons who could prove it, the compassion of a chief magistrate was excited, by whose example several well meaning individuals were induced to join with him in examining a most perplexed and intricate business; and she was ultimately recommended as an object of mercy to the crown.

It appeared, by the declaration upon oath of Elizabeth Canning, a young woman about nineteen years of age, that having procured leave from the person with whom she lived as a servant, to pass a day with her uncle at Salt-petre-bank, she remained with

him from about eleven in the morning till nine at night, and that on her return home, two lusty men in great coats met her near Bethlem-wall, Moorfields, violently assaulted, robbed her of a gown, apron, hat, and half-a-guinea in money, tied her hands behind her, and on her struggling, gave her a violent blow on the temple, accompanied with oaths and execrations: that they then laid hands on her, one on each side, and dragged her with violence and abuse for some hours, part of which time, from fits, she was not sensible, till they arrived at a house of ill-fame, kept by one Susannah Wells, which she afterwards found was situated near Enfield-Wash: that on being forced by the two ruffians into the house, she was accosted by Mary Squires, who asked her, "If she would go their way?" and if she would, that she should "have fine cloaths:" words of which at the time she did not understand the import, though she replied, "No;" but she since conceives, that it was nothing less than a wish for her to submit to the odious life of a prostitute.

On her answering, "No," Mary Squires, with a long knife, ripped up the lace of her stays, which she took from her, and after several intimidating threats, pushed her into a back room, or hay-loft, where she was confined for twenty-seven days, with no other sustenance than a slender pittance of bread, some water in a broken pitcher, and a small minc'd pye, which she accidentally had in her pocket. During all this time, she declared that no one creature visited her, and the bread and water being

being exhausted, she at last mustered up sufficient resolution to break down a board which was nailed on the inside of a window, out of which she crept on a sort of penthouse, and then jumped on the ground, which, from her description, was about nine or ten feet from the window; on being asked if the jump did not hurt her, she said, "No, because the ground was a soft clay."

Having thus made her escape, she walked homewards as fast as her weak condition permitted. It may naturally be expected, after so long and unaccountable an absence, that her mother was alarmed, as well by the squalid and diseased appearance of her daughter, as by her distressing account of the injurious treatment she had experienced.

A circumstance of this kind naturally excited the sympathy and resentment of the public, ever compassionately attentive to female injuries, a subscription was set on foot in favor of the young woman; Squires and Wells were taken into custody, under the most violent impressions of popular prejudice and indignation, tried at the Old Bailey, and sentence of death passed on the former.

But Sir Crisp Gascoyne, at that time lord mayor of London, perceiving much contradiction in the evidence, and considering the description given by Canning of the room which she said was the place of her confinement, to be very different from the actual state and dimensions of the hay-loft in Wells's house, and startled by a principal witness in Canning's favor, Virtue Hall, having wholly retracted her

evidence, though she had positively sworn to the seeing Canning at Enfield Wash, and to a good part of the conversation said to have passed between that young woman and Squires, particularly to the business of ripping off the stays; induced by these motives, this worthy, but at that time unpopular magistrate, presented a memorial to the king, mentioning the very presumptive circumstances in favour of the old woman's innocence. In consequence of this proceeding, Mary Squires was respited for six weeks; the consideration of the matter was referred to the attorney and solicitor general, who reported, that the weight of evidence was in the convict's favour, and she ultimately received a free pardon. If Squires was not guilty, it was impossible for Canning to be innocent; her conduct, considering her years, must in that case have been cruel and atrocious, combining at once the crimes of perjury and intended murder,—murder, too, of the most cruel, base, cool, and premeditated kind, to support a groundless prosecution for felony, under the colour of justice to take away the life of an innocent person, and to raise contributions on the public by a fabricated narrative. For these, and other reasons, it was judged proper to apprehend Elizabeth Canning, on a charge of wilful and corrupt perjury, for which crime she was arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, near twelve months after the trial of Mary Squires; upwards of five days were occupied in examining a variety of witnesses, with a patience and laborious search for truth, equally

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honourable.

honourable to the judges on the bench, the counsellors, and the jurymen.

It was observed, in Canning's defence, that, her not flying from justice, during the long interval which elapsed between the trials, was a strong presumption of her innocence, since neither herself or friends were bound by any recognizance. To this it was answered, that, one who had been able, for so long a time, by an artful story to prejudice so many in her favor, and to receive such ample countenance, and pecuniary support, had every prospect of evading justice, by *well-dressed* evidence, and the strong force of popular opinion; in which case, her triumph over truth would have been compleat, her reputation, as a *species of martyr*, had been established, and her reward, in all human probability, would have been splendid.

The previous and accurate description of a broken pitcher which was discovered in the room, and the hay-loft, which in some particulars tallied with her account, though in many circumstances it failed, as she did not mention a jack-line and pulley, a broken casement over the chimney, and a chest of drawers, all of which were proved, by an accumulation of dust and cobwebs, to have been *very* long residents;—yet the pitcher, and the description of the room and its contents, though not correct, prove some previous acquaintance with it, and perhaps a reference to the evidence of one of Canning's witnesses (Robert Scarratt) may help to solve the mystery.

Incited by curiosity, and, ac-

cording to his own account, unsolicited, he had (though a perfect stranger) called at her mother's house, soon after her return, and, in the course of his evidence, acknowledged he had often, on former occasions, been at the house of Susannah Wells, near Enfield Wash. If we can suppose for a moment, an iniquitous communication to have taken place between Elizabeth Canning and Robert Scarratt, whose evidence was by no means satisfactory, this difficulty vanishes.

It was also submitted to the court, that, even if Squires could prove, by positive and circumstantial evidence, that she was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time laid in the indictment, it did not follow that Canning had *maliciously perjured* herself, it being as possible for a person to be deceived by a similitude of deformity, as well as of beauty; though the old gypsey, when the constable went with the warrant to apprehend her, said to Canning, on being charged with robbing her of her stays, "do you say I robbed you? pray, madam, look at this face, if you have once seen it, it *must* be remembered, for I think God Almighty never made such another." When this part of the evidence was related, the eyes of every one present were naturally fixed on Squires, whose countenance, indeed, exhibited an assemblage of features uncommon, and diabolically hideous.

The sufferings of Canning, and the evident reduced state of her health, so much so as to be thought at first irrecoverable, were mentioned as convincing proofs of the truth of her allegations.

"The

"The man that hangs, or beats out's brains,

"The Devil's in him if he feigns;" was quoted on this occasion; and it was asked, if any person in their senses would bring themselves to the brink of death, to procure friends and contributions? Would the girl kill herself for the sake of a subscription? The counsel in behalf of Canning, also strongly dwelt on the danger of allowing convictions for wilful and corrupt perjury, on the score of mere improbability of facts, which have been credited by twelve men on their oaths; he insisted, that such proceedings tended to overturn the common and established forms of justice, and would at last intimidate individuals from being zealous to bring guilty persons to punishment, least they themselves may be hereafter prosecuted.

[This doctrine was acknowledged by the court to be well worthy of attention, though, in the present instance, from the recantation of a principal witness, and for other important reasons, it was thought advisable to depart from a good general rule.]

Things seemingly impossible for human power to have performed, have been proved true, though no credit was allowed to them when first asserted: and declarations have been proved false, which had every appearance of credit and authenticity, and which at the time were thought the most unlikely to be attested if not really true.

An improbable and unparalleled ride from London to York, in one day, on the same horse, prevented the conviction of a prisoner for a highway robbery, though he confessed himself guilty of it, immediately

after his acquittal. A steward, in the Gainsborough family, suddenly disappeared, with a considerable sum of money in his charge, which was supposed to have been taken from him. The gentlemen of that country were alarmed, and, after a certain time, his son, impelled, as he said, by remorse, accused himself, his mother, and sister, of having robbed and murdered his father: he added, that they had thrown the body into a certain pit in the neighbourhood, which was searched, but no body could be found; yet, as the son persisted in his accusation, they were all three indicted, tried, and hanged. The father (and I shudder when I relate the circumstance) this unhappy father a few months afterwards returned, giving a particular and satisfactory account of his absence, equally shocked and perplexed by a sanguinary, but unaccountable depravity, which had thus exterminated his family.

The contradictory accounts of Canning, were explained by her friends as amounting to no more than this, that a general fact, compounded of a variety of things done and said at various places, when related on particular occasions, and at different times, had not always been told minutely and exactly the same way; a defect to which every long and complicated story must, in some degree, be liable. Besides, they said, that an allowance ought to be made for the aggravated feelings and expressions of a parent, who believed her daughter to have been actually treated in the manner described; and something should be granted to the harassed condition and trepidation of an injured female,

male, under the impressions of fear, famine, an emaciated body, and an agitated mind.

Several witnesses proved their having seen Mary Squires, on or about the 16th, the 17th, and 23d of December, at Enfield Wash.—She was observed, according to the evidence of one man, telling a person's fortune. Another swore to her applying to him for leave to sleep in his barn; and a third, to her enquiring of him about a horse she had lost. A physician and an apothecary proved the languid and reduced state of Elizabeth Canning, on her return to her mother's, and that she appeared like one who had suffered extreme hunger, thirst, and cold; but they acknowledged, that a person might be as she was, from other causes.

Robert Beals, an attendant at the Stamford-Hill turnpike, swore, that about the *fore-end* of January, but he could not speak positively to the day, he saw a girl, in company with two men, pass the gate, sobbing and crying, that they jostled her along, and used abusive language. He described her, as having on a light-coloured gown and apron, and that it was about eleven o'clock at night. On this evidence it was observed, that Canning could not be the woman who passed the turnpike, for she had sworn, that her *gown and apron* were taken from her in Moorfields;—add to this, that turnpike gate is four miles from Moorfields, and seven from Wells's house, and she swore, that she was brought to Wells's about four in the morning.

Thomas Bennett saw a miserable poor wretch, in a ragged dirty condition, on the 29th of January,

near Enfield Wash, on her way to London, and deposed, that she asked him the road. Two other witnesses swore to the meeting a girl, whom they *verily believe* to have been Elizabeth Canning, on the road between Enfield Wash and London, but described her as looking pale, though her hands and face were said by herself and others to be black and blue.

On the part of Mary Squires, upwards of forty persons were called to prove, that she was more than a hundred and thirty miles from Enfield Wash, in company with her son George, and her daughter Lucy, at the time she was accused of having committed the robbery.

On the 29th of December, according to the evidence of Mrs. Hopkins, the landlady of a public-house at South Perrott, in Dorsetshire, they all three lodged with her; on the 30th, they called at Winyard's-Gap, an ale-house, about a mile further, to take refreshment:—at this last place, the frightful countenance of Squires, so remarkably attracted the notice of the evidence, that she compared her to a picture she had of mother Shipton. Her appearance on the same day, at Lytton, a village nine miles farther on the road, was also proved by several witnesses;—by James Hawkins, at whose house they slept two nights; by her son's being shaved there by Francis Gladman; and by their dining on a couple of boiled fowls, which, on Mr. Moreton's observing, that it was a remarkable dinner for gypsies, George answered, that fowls, at sixpence a piece, were cheaper than butcher's meat, and that he bought them of Dance Turner.

At

At Abbotsbury, a small parish, three miles from Lytton, they remained till Tuesday, the 9th of January, were recognized by many persons, and had a dance at the house of John Gibbons, the sign of the ship, at Abbotsbury, where William Clarke, a shoemaker, and the sweetheart of Lucy, the daughter of Mary Squires, was her partner, and Melchisedech Arnold, a blacksmith, played the fiddle.

John Ford, a carpenter, of Abbotsbury, saw them also on the 1st of January, shook hands with the old woman, kissed her daughter, and drank a pint of beer with George: from Abbotsbury they were regularly traced through Portersham and Ridgeway (where they left a piece of nankin, as a pledge for the reckoning) to Dorchester, at which last place, in consequence of the excessive rains, the Fordington water was so very high, that the old woman and George were obliged to wade through it; but Lucy was fortunate enough to get a miller's boy to carry her behind him on horseback.

By a chain of credible and circumstantial evidence, they were proved to have passed through Chettle, Martin, Coombe, and Basingstoke, where Lucy, not being able to write, begged the landlady to send Clarke a few lines, according to promise.—The letter, with the post-mark, was also produced in court. From Basingstoke they went to Bagshot, Brentford, Page-Green, Tottenham, and, on the 24th of January, they took lodgings at Mrs. Wells's, in Enfield Wash.

On the 1st of February, they were all apprehended, and it was

remarked, that Canning, immediately on coming into the room, exclaimed, pointing to Mary Squires, "that is the woman who robbed me of my stays," when it was impossible for her to have seen the old woman's face, from the particular position in which she sat.—She had described the place of her confinement as *square, dark, and little*, but on surveying the room, it measured 35 feet 3 inches, by 9 feet 8; and it was far from dark, as well from the two windows, as from the light admitted between the pantiles: she had also at first said, that she dropped down from the window by a penthouse, when, on inspection, there was not a penthouse on the premises.

A poor labouring man, named Fortune Natus, proved, that he and his wife slept in the room Canning swore she was confined in, during that whole month, and for five or six weeks before. This part of the evidence was also strongly corroborated by Ezra Whiffin, a neighbour of Susannah Wells, who, being in want of part of the iron-work of a sign-board, and hearing that she had an old one to dispose of, called to see it, and accompanied Wells into the very room in question, to seek for it: they at last found it under some hay, which made part of the bed on which the wife of Natus was actually lying, at the very time Whiffin called, the 18th of January.

John Larney, Edward Allen, and Giles Knight, labourers, had been ordered to lop several trees that grew near the window of the workshop or hay-loft in question, and they swore, that this business was performed on the 8th of January,

nuary, and that while they were employed in it, two women, Virtue Hall, and Sarah Howitt, appeared at the window, and conversed with them for some time; had Canning then been in the room, she must have been seen, or at least might have called for help to the men. She had also sworn, that no person, of any description, entered the garret, or loft, during her confinement. It was also remarked, that a night-gown and handkerchief, which she said she took to cover herself with out of the room at Wells's, she claimed as her mother's before the lord mayor, and wished to take them, as well as the pitcher, into her possession: to the information before Mr. Fielding she set her mark, as if unable to write her name, but afterwards wrote a fair legible hand.

After an examination of more than a hundred and twenty witnesses, in this cause of general expectation, the jury retired for fifteen minutes, and brought in a verdict—Guilty of perjury, but not wilful and corrupt; which the Recorder told them he could not receive, as they must either find her guilty of the whole indictment, or else acquit her; they then, after half an hour's consultation, brought in a verdict, guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury. Some altercation took place, in consequence of a difference of opinion between two of the jurymen, for which reason Canning's friends moved for a new trial, which was refused; and, in May 1754, being called up to receive sentence, she, in a low voice, addressed the court in the following manner:

"I hope your lordships will be

"favourable to me, for I had no
"intent of swearing the gypsey's
"life away; I beg to be considered
"as an unfortunate woman, and
"that what has been done was only
"in defence of myself."

The recorder (Mr. Moreton) then addressed her in the following words:

"Elizabeth Canning,
"You stand convicted, on the
"clearest proof, of wilful and cor-
"rupt perjury, a crime attended
"with the most fatal and dange-
"rous consequences to the com-
"munity, though as yet it is not
"punished with death. Your trial
"has taken up a great deal of time,
"and the several witnesses have
"undergone the strictest examina-
"tion: I think I may venture to
"affirm, that there is not one un-
"prejudiced person, of the great
"numbers who have attended it,
"but must be convinced of the
"justice and impartiality of the
"verdict. I look back with hor-
"ror on the evidence you gave at
"the trial of Mary Squires, whom
"you knew to be destitute and
"friendless, and therefore you
"fixed upon her as a proper ob-
"ject to make a sacrifice of, at the
"expence of a false oath: this
"you preferred to the making a
"plain discovery to those who had
"a right to know where you
"really were those twenty-eight
"days of your pretended confine-
"ment in the house of Susannah
"Wells; and in this you were
"encouraged to persist, as well by
"that misapplied charity which
"was bountifully given you, in
"compassion to your supposed
"sufferings, as, by the advice of
"your mistaken friends, whom
"you

"you had deluded and deceived
 "into a belief of the truth of what
 "you had falsely sworn. This
 "audacious attempt, and that
 "calm deliberate assurance with
 "which you formed a scheme to
 "take away the life of one, though
 "the most abject of the human
 "species, together with your
 "youth, and the character you then
 "had, as well as your seeming inex-
 "perience, imposed upon many,
 "and gained you a credit, which
 "must have exceeded your highest
 "expectations; thus encouraged,
 "you not only wickedly persevered,
 "but even triumphed over those
 "who would not suffer their judg-
 "ments to be misled by so gross
 "an imposition. But when at last
 "people had a little recovered their
 "surprise, and this almost miracu-
 "lous tale of yours came to be
 "temperately canvassed and tried,
 "by comparing your own original
 "information with the evidence
 "you had given at the trial, which
 "was found to vary in so many
 "material circumstances, a neces-
 "sary enquiry was set on foot
 "by a worthy magistrate who pre-
 "sided in this court, which saved
 "the life of Squires, and ulti-
 "mately gave rise to this prosecu-
 "tion, which must expose the
 "guilty, and convince the doubt-
 "ful: this iniquitous conduct of
 "yours will, I hope, induce man-
 "kind not to suffer their credu-
 "lity to get the better of their
 "reason. It is not my wish to
 "aggravate your guilt, or increase
 "that affliction which I hope you
 "feel; but as I attended both the
 "trials, it may be expected that I
 "should declare my opinion: I
 "therefore, in the most solemn

"manner, affirm, that I always
 "thought your evidence false, and
 "your witnesses most grossly mis-
 "taken. The policy of foreign
 "countries punishes this offence
 "with death; but it is your hap-
 "piness to have been born in a
 "country, whose code of laws are
 "neither severe or sanguinary, and
 "the sentence I now pronounce
 "is in no degree adequate to the
 "nature of your offence. You
 "shall be imprisoned in the jail of
 "Newgate for one month; you
 "shall then be transported to Ame-
 "rica, for the term of seven years;
 "and if within that period you
 "return, and are found in any of
 "his majesty's dominions of Great
 "Britain or Ireland, you shall
 "suffer death."

Notwithstanding this decision, a
 number of people still insisted on
 the innocence of Canning; the
 newspapers and periodic publica-
 tions teemed with arguments, pro
 and con on the subject; and the
 ingenious Henry Fielding exer-
 cised his pen in a pamphlet on her
 behalf: she was however, in Au-
 gust 1754, transported to New
 England, where she is said to have
 made an advantageous marriage.
 A little before her departure, she
 published a declaration, which
 concludes in these words: "I de-
 "clare, in the most serious man-
 "ner, that I am fully persuaded,
 "and well assured, that Mary
 "Squires was the person who rob-
 "bed me; and that the house of
 "Susannah Wells was the place in
 "which I was confined twenty-
 "eight days."

This article ought not to be con-
 cluded without paying a tribute of
 praise to the humane zeal of Sir
 Crisp

Crisp Gascoyne, and the acute investigation, and discriminating precision of Mr. Moreton, and serjeant Davy.

SULLIVAN, ———, an unfortunate Irishman, remarkable for violent passions, which hurried him into a bold, but unwarrantable and fatal enterprise. He did not, like his American namesake, help to convert successful rebellion against arbitrary power, into a glorious revolution, but yielded himself an implicit victim to love, that irresistible sovereign, which kings themselves must obey. Having formed an attachment to an amiable young woman, of polished and engaging manners, he was admitted as her lover; but, from some trifling disagreement, his visits had, for a short time, been forbidden. Stung with keen desire, and wearied by tedious expectation, he broke into her mother's house at the dead of night, seized her in his arms, and in spite of outcries, tears, and resistance, conveyed her to a place he had prepared for her reception, in a lonely sequestered part of the county of Limerick. After securing the avenues of his retreat, which was an ancient castle, he considered himself as safe from the danger of immediate pursuit; and conducting the trembling fair one into a retired chamber, addressed her in the following words:

"You have tortured me so long on the tenterhooks of suspense, that it is impossible I should flatter myself with enjoying the least share of your affections:—but it is now too late to struggle against an infatuation which has wound itself round the fibres of my heart; it shall not," (conti-

nued Sullivan, his eyes flashing at once with vengeance and unruly passion) "it shall not remain for an insulting rival, to riot on those beauties, which, to con- template, has been, for many a day, the only solace of my life."

Deaf to her most earnest intreaties, inattentive to remonstrances and tears, he grasped her in his arms, with the rude energy of fierce desire, and was as happy as the struggles of reluctant beauty, and raptures, not mutual, could make him.

So flagrant a violation of the laws, alarmed the country; and a detachment of soldiers, headed by the sheriff, in a few days rescued the lady, and conducted Sullivan to prison. He was tried and convicted; but, before sentence of death was passed, the court permitted him to put the following question:

"Madam! matters have been carried against me with a high hand, and they are now come to an extremity which it is only in your power to palliate; if you will marry me, the court will perhaps consider my case in another light, and save my life?"

"If I loved you" (instantly replied the violated and indignant female, erect, with just pride and resentment) "if I lov'd you to distraction, I would not stir a step to save your life; though the punishment you are about to undergo will not restore my blasted honour, it may hereafter protect innocence from violence and villainy."

This impetuous and misguided pupil of impulse, soon after suffered an ignominious death.

It

It is not to defend his conduct that I have inserted this article,—a more important object, and I trust, one of more moral tendency was in view.

“Let those whom nature gave

“Form to enchant, and beauty to enslave”

—let lovely, bewitching women, be cautious how they receive or encourage the addresses of young men, lest the natural effusions of cheerfulness and good temper, should be mistaken for partiality and approbation. It becomes every woman to examine her own heart, and the merits of the candidate for her regard, *early*, and with scrupulous accuracy——if he is so unfortunate as to prove neither interesting or agreeable, every good, and every sensible female, will at once candidly say so, and speak her mind with delicacy and firmness; nor for the sake of a dangler at Ranelagh, and a partner at a ball, ruin a man's happiness for ever.

The betrayer of virgin innocence, falls deservedly by the sword of an unhappy father, or an incensed brother, the ravisher is led to a disgraceful death, and no one will complain; but is the infamous coquette to go unpunished, who smiles but to deceive, and wins only to betray?—if there be a hotter place in hell, surely it must be reserved for such unfeeling monsters! should this reflection arrest one woman in her unprincipled career, or save one lover from experiencing that delayed hope, which makes the heart sick, and leads to the bottomless abyss of despair and death;

Sullivan will, not have suffered, nor will Hackman have died in vain.

SUTHERLAND, JAMES, judge of the admiralty court at Minorca, from which he was dismissed in an arbitrary manner, by general Murray, the governor, who afterwards surrendered that island. It is agreed, that Mr. Sutherland received ample pecuniary satisfaction from an English jury; but it was not money that could restore tranquillity to a mind, endued with the highest and most delicate sense of honor.

This dismissal, of which his royal master never gave any public mark of disapprobation, inflicted a deep wound, which never was healed; he considered himself as sacrificed to heat of temper and misrepresentation, and the same law which procured him redress, having helped to diminish his resources, the afflicting humiliation of poverty, was added to the anguish of a wounded spirit. After repeated appeals and petitions to the king and his ministers, which were either neglected or not received, finding it no longer in his power to struggle with the evils of his situation, unable to dig, and ashamed to beg, he deliberately resolved to put an end to his existence in the presence of that master, who had been so strongly prejudiced against him; a purpose, which he executed as the king, in his carriage, was descending Constitution Hill in the Green Park, on his way to the levee, August 17, 1791; when this unhappy man, advanced towards

towards him, and falling on one knee, lodged the contents of a pistol in his heart.

This is not the first instance, in which the smiles or frowns of a king, remarkable for correct conduct, and mildness of manners, have been followed by despair, self-accusation, or suicide.

Early in the present reign, Mr. Yorke, a younger branch of the Hardwicke family, had been prevailed on by the assiduous, and immediate personal application of the king, to accept the seals, contrary to the most express and sacred promises he had made to men, with whom he was closely united by blood, as well as principle. On this trying occasion, our young politician (who appears to have been by no means deficient either in intellectual endowment, or personal character) is said to have been exposed for hours to the most pressing intreaties of his sovereign, which he resisted with firmness, but with decency and respect. After a long, and apparently an ineffectual struggle, the royal combatant found that victory was unattainable on the fair even ground of equity and good faith; he therefore dexterously shifted his attack from the understanding, to the passions and feelings of his unhappy subject: after reproaching him, with a mixture of tenderness and anger, for his cruelty and ingratitude towards a friend who loved him, and a king to whom he and his family *must* be indebted for every thing they hoped for or enjoyed, he suddenly sunk on his knees, and burst into tears. Such arguments, and such rhe-

toric, Mr. Yorke felt himself unable either to answer or oppose; —in an agonizing conflict of loyalty, integrity, ambition, and interest, in a fatal, a faithless moment he gave way: every expedient to soothe, to heal, to reconcile, to animate and exalt, was industriously selected; he was to be the confidential friend of his master, not a ministerial tool, and an honorable title was to be attached to the seals; but on his return from the king's closet with a throbbing bosom, he found the door of that brother whom he had deceived, for ever shut against him: few of my readers will wish me to recite the bloody conclusion of this negociation, it may be sufficient to observe, that he exhibited every symptom of mental anguish, and hopeless repentance, but not of deranged intellect; and that the barony of Morden, was, I believe, never registered in the house of peers.

The second instance was general Carpenter, a military veteran, whose long life, devoted to the public services, or the domestic offices of his sovereign, was not sufficient to protect him from court calumny, and the arrow which flieth in the dark; he withdrew from the servile herd, who watch the signal to flatter or to hate; he withdrew from that countenance, which, till then, had beheld him with approbation, to the valley and shadow of death.

It is not my wish, however obvious the instances, however easy the task, it is not my wish to crowd the page with examples of injured private worth, and
royal

royal ingratitude; but should this perishable volume in its rapid descent to the land of oblivion, chance to be perused by kings, or their descendants, in their intervals of repose from party cabal or loose pleasure, it may answer one useful purpose, by serving to remind them, that subjects are men of like passions and like feelings with themselves; that the wounds of injury or insult are doubly envenomed when inflicted by those who are protected by eminence, power, and wealth, from an appeal to the sword: persons of that exalted description should recollect, that, by tempting us from the paths of rectitude, with those rewards placed in their disposal, for far other purposes, the main-spring of moral conduct is essentially injured; that one vicious character rewarded, or one good man disgraced, may influence the conduct of thousands, whom fear cannot awe, or precepts will not reach: nor ought great men to be disappointed if, (as was the case with David Mallet) after they have been inculcating the base lessons of infidelity, and lax morality towards others, their own vile maxims should afterwards be put in practice against themselves.

The several instances I have mentioned, were considered in the light of lunacy, according to the legal judicial opinion, and in compliance with the useful, perhaps the amiable prejudices of mankind in favour of unfortunate relatives; yet I cannot persuade myself to think that a resolution to commit the damnable and unpardonable crime of suicide, alone, and not accompanied with other circumstances, is any greater proof of an absence

of reason, than the commission of any sin of proportionate horror and magnitude:—the parricide, plunging his knife into that bosom from which he first drew the streams of life, and the mother, dooming her ill-fated offspring to untimely death, seem to stand in the same predicament with the self-destroyer; they all appear, from previous perturbation, and, in some instances, of lingering death, from subsequent repentance, fully aware of the unnatural abominations they have been guilty of, and the certainty of punishment sooner or later overtaking them: passion, avarice, a fear of shame, a dread of the world, of ridicule, of poverty, disgrace, contempt, and depression, equally goad them on to that precipice which they all dread, but obstinately rush down. Every deviation from moral rectitude, may, perhaps, strictly speaking, be a species of temporary madness; but if an inordinate pursuit of bad means, towards the attainment of unlawful ends—if searching for a deceitful resource against the calamities and distresses which, at times, have harrowed up the heart-strings of us all, are unerring criterions of insanity, I cannot but be of opinion, that the intellects of the felon, or highwayman, are equally deranged with those of the devoted suicide: and I fear that few of my readers have been able to steer so cautiously, at certain tumultuous period of their lives, but that their conduct and convictions, at times, have been wretchedly at variance.

The subject of this article may be produced in support of my theory: educated with a nice sense of honour, and stubborn integrity, and

in habits of intimacy with men of high rank, military worth, and political sagacity, with a female family, initiated (perhaps culpably initiated, for a man whose income was only for life, as it is not my intention to defend his conduct) in the modern forms of fashion and elegant accomplishment:—thus situated, and thus furrounded, he was in one moment dismissed;—in one moment every source of necessary support, as well as refined indulgence was cut off; and whilst his generous spirit was struggling with penury, corporeal malady was added to mental distress, which, at times, tinctured his conduct, language, and manners, with incoherency, and irregularity, mistaken, long before the fatal catastrophe, by some of his respectable friends, for symptoms of madness. After surveying the ground on which he stood, environed, on every side, by precipices, and covered with the thorns of misfortune, while the trifling, the unworthy, and the infamous, were revelling on beds of roses:—forgetting that the paths of religion, if explored, would open treasures of comfort to his afflicted soul, and that Providence, in its good time, would undoubtedly send friendship, solace, and relief, Sutherland preferred the terrible uncertainties of death, to a life of poverty, pain, and importunity.

I hope not to be suspected of pointing out the conduct he pursued, as worthy of imitation:—with all his sterling merit, and goodness of heart, he was culpable, in the highest degree: his transgression is, perhaps, the only one against which the gates of mercy will be everlastingly barred: he is

to be ranked, however reluctantly it may be allowed, among those offenders who have deprived children of a father, the world of a friend, and society of a useful member; a perpetrator of ‘murder most vile, foul, and unnatural:’—but after considering his treatment, situation, and temper, I cannot think his conduct surprizing, or that he was mad when he put an end to his life.

TICKLE, RICHARD, author of *Anticipation*, a performance in which the peculiarities of many members of parliament, of all parties, are humourously and successfully ridiculed, but without any mixture of asperity, or rank ill nature. This gentleman, who is a commissioner of stamps, has also been honoured with the suspicion of having written that excellent piece of solemn irony, the *Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*, but no acknowledged production of Mr. Tickle’s gives probability to such a supposition.

My reason for introducing his name in this work is, to point him out as an example to young men of genius, who rely on their literary talents for procuring notice, patronage, and preferment from the great. With a rare union of ingenuity and prudence, he watched for, and seized an opportunity of displaying his powers, and presenting himself to the public, without violently offending any particular description of men: after the world had applauded the keenness of his weapon, and the strength of his arm, though he had scarcely experienced the hazard of battle, or the danger of an enemy, he retired contented and unmolested

lested to domestic tranquility and affluence, a lot which the tempers of Pope, Akenfide, and Churchill; unfortunately would not suffer them to enjoy without molestation; and, in the present day, I could mention names; high in the walks of polite literature, criticism, history, and science, but unblest with this invaluable species of political prudence, who, in the virulence of party rage, having overleaped the bounds of moderation, and wandered into the land of invective, have found themselves surrounded by a thousand admirers, but not a single friend to dissipate the gloom of a melancholy hour, or assist them in a moment of distress; who, after the applause of the multitude has been forgotten, have passed the remainder of a life, which promised better things, in the sties of sensuality, in hopeless inactivity, or the debasing struggles of pecuniary embarrassment.

VASSENT, CATHERINE, the daughter of a French peasant, who, at the age of seventeen, and, in the humble capacity of a menial, exhibited a proof of spontaneous, benevolent intrepidity, which well entitles her to a place in this collection. A common sewer of considerable depth, having been opened at Noyon, for the purpose of repair, four men passing by late in the evening, unfortunately fell in, no precautions having been taken to prevent so probable an accident. It was almost midnight, before their situation was known, and, besides the difficulty of procuring assistance at that unseasonable hour, every one present was intimidated, from ex-

posing himself to similar danger, by attempting to rescue these unfortunate wretches, who appeared already in a state of suffocation, from the mephitic vapor.

Fearless or ignorant of danger, and irresistably impelled by the cries of their wives and children who surrounded the spot, Catherine Vassent, a servant of the town, insisted on being lowered without delay into the noxious opening; and, fastening a cord, with which she had furnished herself previous to her descent, round two of their bodies, assisted by those above, she restored them to life and their families; but, in descending a second time, her breath began to fail, and, after effectually securing a cord to the body of a third man, she had sufficient presence of mind though in a fainting condition, to fix the rope firmly to her own hair which hung in long and luxuriant curls round a full but well-formed neck. Her neighbours, who felt no inclination to imitate her heroism, had willingly contributed such assistance as they could afford compatible with safety, and, in pulling up what they thought the third man's body, were equally surprized and concerned to see the almost lifeless body of Catherine, suspended by her hair, and swinging on the same cord. Fresh air, with eau de vie, soon restored this excellent girl; and I know not whether most to admire her generous fortitude in a third time exploring the pestilential cavern, which had almost proved fatal to her, or to execrate the dastardly meanness and selfish cowardice of the by-standers, for not sharing the glorious danger; from the delay produced

produced by her indisposition, the fourth man was drawn up a lifeless and irrecoverable corpse.

In France such conduct was not to pass unnoticed; a procession of the corporation, and a solemn te deum, were celebrated on the occasion; Catherine received the public thanks of the duke of Orleans, the bishop of Noyon, the town magistrates, and an emblematic medal, with considerable pecuniary retribution, and a civic crown: but what is all price above, she felt the congratulations of her own heart, that inestimable reward of a benevolent mind.

Ought I to be blamed in declaring, that I should have concluded this short narrative with more pleasure, if the workmen or surveyors, through whose neglect this accident happened, had themselves been thrown into the sewer. A baker is occasionally put into a hot oven, when the pernicious adulteration of bread irritates the emperor of the muffulmen; the suspension of a few agents and contractors, it is supposed would have a salutary influence in our army and navy, and half a dozen way wardens, surveyors, and post boys, careless and intoxicated, annually breaking their necks, would probably prevent many fatal accidents and untimely deaths to useful members of society.

WALPOLE, ROBERT, created, on his retiring from the house of commons, earl of Orford, if not the first practiser of parliamentary corruption, he may be said first to have reduced the golden art of managing a senate into a systematic science. "That every man had his price," an

opinion not very honourable to human integrity, was his favourite axiom; Mr. Viner, who could dine on roasted mutton one day, and eat it cold the next, is said to have been the only instance this minister ever met with in contradiction to his theory. It requires little reasoning to prove, that he who lives within his income, is, after all, the only independent man; and whilst we sell our votes to candidates, and suffer them to sink fortunes in contested elections, I see no right that constituents have to complain of the venality of their members. During the American war, a little prostituted paltry borough in the west of England, sent up instructions to their representative, to which he paid no attention, observing, a few days after, at a friend's table, "I bought them at a fair price, and do the scoundrels think I wont make my money of them."

Sir Robert Walpole was a rare, if not the first instance of a commoner being installed a knight of the garter, a distinction on which he valued himself not a little. He may be called the party touchstone of historians and other writers, and has been a butt for the abuse of the tories, and a subject of undue panegyric to the whigs for these last fifty years.

That in the business of securing majorities, he did as his predecessors and successors in office have done, and still continue to do, and perhaps *that*, without which the king's business could not be carried on, I am ready to allow. Yet there appears to have hung about Walpole, a very early pecuniary taint;

tain; for in queen Anne's reign, he was expelled the house of commons for a breach of trust, and notorious corruption, when secretary at war.

Invective may enlarge, and malignancy exaggerate; but a great national assembly would scarce have proceeded to accuse and punish an eminent member of their own house, merely from party malice. "I have a point of some importance to carry in the house of peers, and beg the favor of your grace to apply personally to your brethren, the bishops," said Sir Robert, (a few months before he retired, but when his power was visibly declining) to his firm friend the archbishop of York, who shook his head at his proposal of personal application, and made the following reply, "My good friend, there is but one way to proceed with them, and you may be assured I will put it in practice; trouble yourself no further about the matter, and be secure of their votes, as if they had already given them." The archbishop for a few days took to his bed, had his knocker tied up, the pavement before his house covered with straw, and, by means of his physician, circulated reports of the extremity of his danger. The bishops caught at the bait, returned to their ministerial duty, Walpole gained his end, and a few days after they had a hearty laugh over their wine, at the trick they had put on lawn-sleeves.

This minister appears to have been of the opinion of Hobbes, "That war was the greatest of all possible evils;" and Europe was

certainly indebted to him and cardinal Fleury for a long interval of peace. That this blessing was sometimes purchased at the expence of national honor, and sometimes of national treasure, they did not pretend to deny, yet a love of peace may sometimes lead us to make too great sacrifices to it.

For in the present state of Europe, and indeed of society, "war, well regulated, seems at intervals necessary, by calling forth exertion, and rousing the human faculties, it counteracts the evils of luxury and repose, which are too apt to lead to timid and indolent habits, to a shameless fear of death, to a dread and impatience of every trifling danger and inconvenience. Besides, war is so much more tremendous in fancy than in fact, that it ought sometimes to be seen, least through exaggerated descriptions, and irrational terrors, we submit to, and incur greater and more formidable evils."

An extension of the excise laws, a mode, (and by those conversant in the business) said to be the only mode to render taxes productive, was attempted by Sir Robert Walpole, and although in the present day it has met with so little opposition, it shook him in his seat, and he was obliged to relinquish, what he always confessed was the favorite measure of his life; observing, that in every other method of raising a revenue, the smuggler and fraudulent trader, always found a method of evading the impost.

He has been charged as the author of an act of parliament for sub-

submitting dramatic performances to the inspection of the lord chamberlain, which is, in effect, a restriction on the liberty of the press: and the crime has been much aggravated, by the mean and unmanly method, in which it is said to have been brought about. An underling was procured to scribble a dramatic piece, which was to be a farrago of obscenity, blasphemy, political abuse, and a ridicule of every moral and religious institution. It was then presented to one of the managers, who previously taught his lesson, carried it to the minister, *he*, shocked at such a mass of enormity, carried it down to the house, recited some of the most exceptionable passages, and an act for submitting plays to the lord chamberlain's inspection, passed almost unanimously.

If this conduct, particularly the plan of fabricating the piece, could have been incontestibly proved on the minister, it would merit the severest censure; but like most other political manoeuvres, and dark crimes, which shun the face of day and observation, so much privacy and dexterity was observed, that it cannot positively be proved upon him. Yet it had never before happened, that an obnoxious performance was carried to the premier; for it is generally the custom with managers, if they cannot approve, to return the manuscript to authors, with a civil refusal. Add to this, that Sir Robert had, for some years, severely smarted under the dramatic lash, and the moment for silencing this barking Cerberus,

was considered as too favorable to be accidental.

He had found means of softening Pope, though at one part of his life, he did not think very favorably of him. When the poet came to "know him in his social hour," he confessed "that he smiled without art, and won without a bribe." That money could sometimes silence our satirist, he gave a proof, by accepting a thousand pounds from the duchess of Marlborough, to suppress the character of Atossa, though Warburton took care to add it in the posthumous edition: it would be a desirable addition to the secret history of Pope, and human vanity, to know if this posthumous fraud, was committed by Pope's desire.

Sir Robert Walpole was well acquainted with the irritability and warm temper of his master, the good, the excellent old king; by occasionally giving way to it, he made his advantage, and is said, sometimes to have submitted to personal outrage (*manibus pedibusque*) in common with the royal hat.—On going one day to court, he met the proud Duke of Argyle, and saw that he was discomposed; on enquiring, he found that the king, in the heat of a moment, had been guilty of some trifling indecorum towards the duke, who was not formed of stuff to submit to ill-treatment from any one.

"Your grace must not mind it," said the Premier, "it has happened to me a hundred times; nay, I have, in more than one or two instances, been favoured with a kick." "Very true," said the duke; "but——remember, you are

"are not Argyle;" and he walked on fullenly, to his carriage.

Sir Robert was very apt to take up early prejudices against men, as well as measures, and was remarked for scarce ever altering his opinion.

Mr. Gay had been pointed out to him, as the writer of an abusive pamphlet; but it was soon after discovered that another person was the author, yet the minister continued to treat the poet all his life with coldness and neglect: it has been said, there are two reasons for hating a man, one, because he has ill used *us*, the other, because we have ill used *him*; the latter appears to have preponderated in this instance.

All the benefits which were proposed to this country by a long and able opposition to this minister, appear to have been defeated and counteracted, by dissension and party cabal; Sir Robert had his peerage in his pocket, and Mr. Pulteney degenerated into a silent vote, on a bench, in the same house with him. Thus has it always been, we change men, but persevere in bad measures, and a love of office, and not of our country, is too often the principal motive for state altercation.

"———When will they for the
"people take the field?

"Led not by love, but interest
"and pride,

"They will not let a king, their
"vassals ride;

"That power, they to them-
"selves reserve alone,

"And so through thick and
"thin, they spur old roan.

WESTLEY, JOHN, though
not absolutely the founder

of his sect, an early, a considerable, and zealous methodist preacher, who appears to have selected with sagacity, his religious system from the Catholic, Geneva, Lutheran, and Moravian churches: by courting persecution, and inviting contempt, (with him a favorite tenet) he successfully worked on a powerful passion of the human breast, which conciliates us more readily to those, who practising or affecting the sins and infirmities common to our nature, place themselves on a flattering level, with the herd and bulk of mankind, whose pride is wounded, and resentment excited by a presumptuous pretension to manners more correct, and conduct more perfect than their own.

On this foundation stone of self-degradation, he reared a structure of popularity, fanatic despotism, influence, and charitable contribution, which, falling little short of the splendid pinnacles of Dominick and Ignatius, promises to far exceed them in stability, and duration.

During his infancy, a house by some accident being in flames, where he was sleeping, the child, with much difficulty was snatched from the bed, and narrowly escaped burning: "*ex igne ereptus*," he happily applied to himself; and this brand caught from the fire, afterwards proved a very industrious, useful, and I believe a very conscientious man.

It may probably be expected, that I should join the cry, against the enthusiasm, and rant of methodism. But while we have an indolent, and indifferent, if not a vicious clergy, I see no medium
X for

for the lower ranks of mankind, to observe between a total direktion of religious duties, or their following, what I readily agree, they too often prove—blind guides.

Yet with all its evils, and with some absurdities, methodism has been found effectual in purifying the vulgar, and amending the mob, who require, (and why are they not to be indulged) other motives, and instruments more powerful than reason, and common sense, to alarm, to rouse and stimulate their hopes and fears. A score or two of weak-headed people, hanging or drowning themselves, and a dozen or two lusty bastards got by their vigorous pastors, in an unguarded moment, is surely purchasing at a cheap rate, regularity of manners, peace and order, among our hewers of wood, and drawers of water.

Mr. Westley has the merit of diffusing among a desperate, and degenerate race of men, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, a love of decency, and religious knowledge: to spread o'er American wilds, order and civilization; to pour on the astonished mind of the savage cannibal, gospel truths; to bend untutored ignorance, to faith or acquiescence, have signalized the martyr, and canonized the saint; yet I doubt, if equal difficulties and dangers do not present themselves to the reclamer of the wallowing European, from filthy iniquity and surly ignorance, who attempts to coerce and restrain inveterate habits, furious passions, and minds scarcely susceptible of any pleasures, but gross and sensual gratification. A few months since, passing a considerable thoroughfare surrounded by the inns of court I was a

spectator of the different treatment, preachers of the gospel experience, in different situations:—being stopped by a crowd, the voice and zeal of an itinerant holder-forth, excited my attention. I listened to his extempore harangue, which was animated, sensible, and well delivered. His efforts were fervent, his language clear, and his arguments drawn from heaven, and hell, death, and judgment, were affecting; the multitude was motionless, and silent, when two beadles made their appearance, suddenly laid hands on the preacher, and led him off, (I think illegally) in disgrace.—A boy from the same spot might have thrown a stone against a church, which affords a sinecure of eight hundred pounds a year to a young Oxonian, who is an excellent shot, and rides the best gelding in a neighbouring county.

It was the fate of Mr. Westley to come under the lash of Warburton, who, in his *Doctrine of Grace*, after much of (what Dryden would have called) horse-play, says that the devil acted as midwife, to Westley's new-born babes. "In Warburton's work," (says the late Mr. Badcock) "there is too much levity for a bishop, and too much illiberal abuse for a christian."

The following bold apostrophe occurs in some of Westley's productions. "If I leave behind me ten pounds, above my debts, and the little arrears of my fellowship, let every one bear witness against me, that I lived and died a thief and a robber."

It ought to be recorded to the honour of the late bishop of Exeter, (I believe Dr. Keppel) that in the year 1782, he invited the subject
of

of this article to a public dinner, and treated him with marked attention and respect: this behaviour was considered by the best people in the county, as an additional proof of his lordship's enlightened courtesy, christian charity, and polished manners.

The following stanzas, part of a hymn on a dying prostitute, written by this apostle of methodism, who died while this article was preparing for the press, are I think well worth recording, they once made a strong impression on me, and diffused a not unpleasing melancholy over my mind, on hearing them recited by one, whom I have not often heard without emotion, and seldom, without improvement.

Ah lovely appearance of death!

No fight upon earth is so fair;

Not all the gay pageants that breathe,

Can with a dead body compare:

With solemn delight I survey

A corpse when the spirit is fled,

In love with its beautiful clay,

And wishing to lie in its stead.

The wanderer's head is at rest,

It's aching, and throbbings are o'er,

The quiet immoveable breast,

Is heav'd by affliction no more.

This heart is no longer the seat,

Of sickness, of sorrow, and pain,

It ceases to flutter, and beat,

It never shall flutter again.

Those lids she so seldom could close,

By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,

Have strangely forgotten to weep.

WILLIAMS, RHYNWICK,

an individual of debauched manners, depressed circumstances, and obscure life, whose crimes or misfortunes have procured him a name, by which he will more easily be recognized by my readers, —the monster! a peculiar title of ignominy and distinction, which has been universally bestowed upon him, with other epithets of abuse and detestation.

Excited by no one interest or gratification, but the hellish one which arises from terrifying and injuring a lovely but defenceless part of the creation, Williams is described, as employing those intervals of time which could be spared from an effeminate employment and vulgar sensuality, in wandering through the streets, to seek unhappy objects for the exercise of his unaccountable malignity: after much threatening, and much obscene language, menacing gesture, and bitter imprecation, with a weapon, and in a manner hitherto neither discovered or understood, he secretly and suddenly inflicts deep and dangerous wounds, before they have recovered from the surprise, his previous deportment must naturally produce.

Such has been the strong and animated language of terror and indignation, delivered upon oath in a court of justice, and received with implicit faith by the generous sensibility of a sympathizing public: for who, at the recital of such atrocious barbarity, has not felt for a wife, a mother, or a sister, and that breast must be surely callous to humanity as well as justice, which has not throbbed with re-

sentment against the unnatural manner of beauty, youth, and innocence.

The vigorous Roman, who, to remedy the scanty population of his country, snatched the Sabine virgin from her weeping mother, repaired the injury as far as he was able, by honorable wedlock, and the gentle endearments of domestic love; in modern times, the headstrong ravisher, condemned to death by the laws of his country, finds some salvo for his crime, in the fury of ungovernable passion, or the unjustifiable duplicity of a vile coquette, who excites, abuses, and enjoys: but the strange depravity of the subject of this article, seems to admit neither extenuation or defence; towards *him*, severity in its utmost excess, is a virtue; at the tribunal of gallantry, doubt and distrust are treason, and moderation will almost be considered as sharing in his guilt.

But as there are other tribunals before which, this and every other transaction will be deliberately examined, without prejudice, and without passion, it is our duty to observe, that previous to his being apprehended, several other persons were positively charged, and upon oath, with being guilty of the same offence, for which he was afterwards committed to prison, and punished; a circumstance, which, together with a species of alibi, partially, but not satisfactorily proved on the trial, authorizes me in venturing to suspect, that Williams might possibly not be the guilty person. Yet, if after coolly examining the evidence, it should appear suffi-

ciently correct and exact, to bring home the charge incontestibly, and prove him actually the *man*, I shall still (for some reasons I mean to produce) be equally unwilling to allow that he was the *monster*.

Melancholy experience obliges us to confess, that human nature, in its lowest state of depravity and degradation, is capable, when unrestrained by religion, by fear, or by shame, of flagrant enormities, which manhood revolts at, and decency cannot name: yet I believe few instances can be produced, in which many great and repeated risques and dangers have been incurred, for the mere unmixed motive of mischief only, without some foreign alloy of carnal appetite, interest, ambition, envy, or revenge.

I can, without difficulty, conceive a hot-headed unprincipled scoundrel, working himself into a paroxysm little short of madness, from the rage of disappointed lust, or the irritating anguish of a certain disease, entailed on illicit love: I can imagine him in a moment of promiscuous and indiscriminate cruelty, declaring war against the whole female sex, and binding himself by oaths and execrations, to maim, disfigure, and destroy; such instances I fear, have occurred, I would consider them as devils incarnate, as imps of hell in human shape, to shoot, to hang or drown them with other noxious animals, beasts of prey, and mad dogs, would be a useful and praise-worthy service. Williams by no means answered either of these descriptions, for he was the confidential and happy lover
of

of women of a certain description, whose favors men of the first rank in this country, have vainly and repeatedly endeavored to purchase, and his health had no otherwise suffered, than from the languid characteristic debility of a long continued course of debauchery, which always impairs the faculties, and exhausts the frame. But while his fair friends blessed him with smiles, they did not replenish his purse; his poverty was abject, he was almost penniless, and if he really was the monstrous culprit described, which I still doubt, I am clearly of opinion, his aim was rather at the pocket than the person. To throw some light on this assertion, it will not be amiss to observe, that cutting open, and sometimes cutting off the pockets of females, is by no means an uncommon species of theft, that it possesses this extraordinary recommendation, when performed with dexterity; the contents of the pocket drop instantly on the spot, and are taken up by the offender at his leisure, without alarming the person plundered, and with little fear of detection.

If it should be objected, that in every known instance, wounds were inflicted, but the pockets remained untouched, and that it was assuredly bad policy in a pick-pocket, to give a previous alarm by violent language and outrageous behaviour, I shall only observe, that the trade he had taken up, and the peculiarly mysterious manner in which he carried it on, were probably new to him; that as a novice, he exercised it unskilfully, and without success: his virulent language and threat-

ening deportment, in the complicated mass of evidence given in, are placed at a wrong period of the transaction, they *followed*, rather than *preceded* the offence, and were made use of, when after being accused of ill design, he had been repeatedly desired to keep his distance, they are to be regarded as the passionate ebullitions of disappointed villainy, affecting the honest indignation of suspected innocence.

WOOLCOT, or WALCOT, a country surgeon, a Jamaica clergyman, and lastly, a satirical poet, possessing a rich vein of humor, and a lively imagination. Wit, that dangerous weapon, which few of us possess without exercising it at the expense of our neighbours, rendered his country situation uncomfortable, and he was induced, by repeated altercations, at last to relinquish physic, which he had practised, for some years, in a Cornish borough.

A blind story has been circulated, of his having experienced the fate of Dryden, who was "prais'd and cudgel'd for another's rhymes"—nor is it improbable, that a man of genius, surrounded by rustic dulness, or envious malignity, should repay insult with sarcasm, and occasionally feel the resentment of those who had strong arms, but weak heads.

He went to Jamaica in the train of governor Trelawney, and officiated, for some time, as a clergyman in that island:—but that correctness of manners, that uniformity of dress and behaviour, which we naturally look for in a pastor,

pastor, were incompatible with the eccentric impulses of our poet, who soon got rid of what one of his predecessors has called, the mechanical part of the priesthood, and stimulated by the consciousness of superior merit, hastened to the metropolis.

Having assumed the name of Peter Pindar, he has long amused the town, while kings, silly lords, feeble connoisseurs, dawdling painters, and dull historians, have smarted under his lash. His attacks on a certain exalted character, were in some instances perfectly fair, but in others, the satirist has forgot that a king had a right to be treated like a gentleman. The wicked, but witty couplet on the regal malady, was inhuman and unjustifiable.

Yet our pleasant and enlightened satirist, has been efficacious as well as entertaining, some he has punished, and what is of much more importance, some he has reformed. Several persons well known at court, and in the belles lettres, were fair game—and he has completely hunted them down—the empty peer, pert, arrogant, and insipid, with no one claim to notice, but a royal nod, has shrunk to his original insignificance. Affected connoisseurs, ignorant patrons, and pretended literati, have diminished their tumid importance, and unmerited pretensions. From eating raw meat, and baking themselves in ovens, our men of science have engaged in more rational pursuits, and have turned their attention to objects, at once useful and ornamental. Some of the late productions of this author, have been

said to degenerate into dullness and common-place. Can we be surprised if this is the case? where is the mind stored with inexhaustible materials? Will the field that never lies fallow, annually produce a plentiful crop?

As he is said not to be impelled by the spur of pressing necessity, some friend should advise him to abstain for a time from the press, so will he return with renewed vigor, and enter again the lists with strength unimpaired. To be everlastingly drawing from the sources of intellect and invention, without giving time for ideas to germinate and shoot forth, must ultimately produce barrenness of soil, or a product crude, half formed, and untimely.

The fate of Peter Pindar, lies in telling droll stories, and reciting ridiculous anecdotes, but he degenerates occasionally into party virulence, and is sometimes culpably indelicate; besides,

“The stale story, and anti-
“quoted jest,

“When oft repeated, lose
“at last their zest.”

His failure, as a prose writer, is singular; bad language, broken periods, and dissonant phrase, mark it so strongly, that being once shown a short prosaic composition of the Bard's in manuscript, I could scarcely believe it his, had I not recognized his hand writing.

In addressing panegyric strains towards Carleton House, Peter Pindar appears to be totally out of his element, nor has he in any instance handled his pen with a worse grace.

“Il n'est pas de cette étoffe qu'il
“est fait.”

He

He is not formed by nature, nor as I am told by inclination, for a bestower of the meed of praise: and however in this instance the subject may merit commendation, our poet is neither select, happy, or appropriate.

He has been justly stiled the Hogarth of Parnassus, whatever struck him in the scenes of life, either shabby, affected, base, mean, or enormous, he has placed in a point of view, at once odious, ridiculous, and irresistably laughable. I once read his lines on the midnight freaks of cats, which he describes as he saw them from a window by moonlight, standing in his shirt, and it produced in the company greater bursts of merriment, than I ever saw produced by any literary composition. Its merits, either in versification, or invention, are extremely slender; yet, it had the knack of striking the right string, that 'chord, which when properly touched, the human heart is so formed, as to vibrate in unison with it.' The same pen has produced several sonnets breathing the genuine language of poetry, and good taste, tender, pathetic, and delicately sentimental, inspiring the raptures of love, and the soft emotions of desire.

WOMEN, in general, for a statement of facts, highly interesting to them, as well as fathers of families, see Baker Polly, page 25.

WOMEN of the town, their numbers, manners, self-seduction, and (when elevated by rank or education) their peculiarly dreadful situation described; page 26.—Yet on reconsidering this subject, I fear the odious, and

disgusting train of evils produced by female depravity, cannot be alleviated without injury to the first great interests of society: the philanthropist, who should lament the harsh severity of this wholesome truth, may console himself by recollecting, that much remains for activity, and benevolent industry in guarding against, and preventing a criminal weakness; whose punishment, it would be dangerous to diminish. The philanthropic society, first established by a Mr. Young, (now involved in animosity with his subscribers) I beg leave to recommend, as a probable method of lessening the number of prostitutes in the lower orders; the best preventative in superior ranks, would be a cautious inspection of the morals of upper servants, and all male teachers concerned in female tuition, and an act against female *boarding* schools; and to oblige mothers to be in some degree, governesses to their own daughters, without leaving our future wives and mothers to the outcasts of convents, the leavings of brothels, and the filthy, obscene, and rejected corruption of foreign theatres.

WOOL, for a short account of the national delusion on its being the staple-commodity of the kingdom, see Smith Adam, page 128.

WORLD, THE, a newspaper so called, which is here again mentioned for the purpose of saying that my observations, on Mr. Este, in the article assigned to that gentleman, are applied to him as an assistant or joint-conductor of this paper. In the Cabinet, a print commenced, while this com-

compilation was printing, I observe with satisfaction, Mr. Este's improvements; but above all, I remark, the bold constitutional truths, and popular maxims it inculcates: yet as the Ethiopian cannot instantly change his colour, or the leopard his spots, this writer has not been able entirely to abandon his incessant itch for pun and antithesis, for quaint affected phraseology, low wit, and epithets, elaborately strange and uncommon.

If it be true that the author of the *Diaboliad*, after many a well fought skirmish on the regency, and other subjects, retires in disgust from Downing-street, and is connected with Mr. Este in this new literary warfare, I congratulate the public on such a union of ability; I hope the Cabinet will ever continue what it professes to be, devoted to the people, and that it will not, like too many of its shameless venal competitors, raise a reputation only to excite ministerial rewards, or party contribution: I should hope both the gentlemen in question, have made too many enemies of *ins*, as well as *outs*, ever to be the bosom friends of any selfish cabal of mercenary adventurers; and that measures, more than men, will be the objects of its investigating spirit.

YOUNG, EDWARD, a poet and a divine, with more imagination than judgment, but possessing a solemn plaintive species of verse, peculiar only to himself: 'it is indeed blank verse, but very different from the blank verse of Milton or of Thomson,' and Dr. Young appears to have been conscious of its merit, when he called his collected compositions,

the works of the author of the *Night Thoughts*. He is said to have shut his shutters, and to have written by a lamp at mid-day, ornamenting his study with skulls, bones, and instruments of death. Thus early encouraging, by habitual gloom, and melancholy objects, an imagination naturally fertile, in seeking or creating topics of discontent.

It has been said, that if Young had been a bishop, he would never have written his *Night Thoughts*. But he was far advanced in the pathetic strains of complaint, at a time when hope is warm in the bosom of other men, and *had* he attained the mitre, a disappointment in the primacy might have produced the same effects on a mind which seems to have been endued with much sensibility, and to have been depressed with temporary obstructions of his prospects, which every man struggling through life naturally expects to meet with, and if he cannot surmount them, does not think himself justified in retiring to the cloyster or the hermitage. Yet it is generally understood, that this GENIUS OF DESCRIPTIVE WOE, had really felt the barbed arrows of domestic calamity, and that disappointed prospects afforded him an ostensible and sufficient cause of complaint.

His *Universal Passion* contains much just satire, good verse, and laughable humour; but its character is debility—it wants point and tierceness. This poem was published before Pope's *Satirical Epistles* made their appearance, and has therefore the credit of giving the lead to that kind of writing. The country squire, who
wel-

welcomes his friend with a thump upon his back; the coffee-house beau, who values himself on the learning of his heels, and the lady on horseback, who whistles sweet her diuretic strains, are justly conceived, and happily described.

In Chrononhotonthologos, a satirical drama on the vicious style of certain tragic writers, and not badly written, many of Dr. Young's literary eccentricities are portrayed in caricature, particularly the violent speech on the blow, which furnished a plot to his *Revenge*. Bombardinian, the general, on receiving a box on the ear from his royal master, breaks out into the most furious hyperbole, calls on the sun and moon to put themselves into eclipse, bids hills, dales, seas, cities, run together, and into chaos pulverise the world, because Bombardinian hath received a blow.

Though the tragedies of Young are animated, brilliant, and classical; though they paint in glowing language the fury of rage and revenge, and the agonies of jealousy, love, and despair, yet it must be confessed their beauties are disgraced by puerile rant and conceit, and occasionally by fustian and bombast.

Were I to produce some of the greatest beauties, and some of the greatest absurdities that an English library affords, Young would be the author I should fix on.

His *Night Thoughts*, that species of composition which he may be said to have created, abound in unnatural flights of fancy, are often obscure, sometimes unintelligible, and he occasionally perplexes both himself and his per-

fer in a playfome unceasing pursuit of trifling figures, allegories, and allusions, not always apt: yet, with all their faults, they irresistibly seize the mind of a reader, arrest his attention, and powerfully interest him in the midnight sorrows of the plaintive bard; they have a merit which no productions but those of real genius ever possess, with scarce any facts or incidents to awaken curiosity, they speak to the heart through the medium of the imagination; they instruct, but do not fatigue us; they amuse, but never are languid.

His view of the nature and faculties of an immortal soul, clogged by the finite and perishable materials of its house of clay, is profound, striking, comprehensive, and what in him is rare, *closely* comprehensive.

- "How great, how small, how
- "abject, how august,
- "How complicate, how wondrous
- "derful is man!
- "How center'd in his make
- "such strange extremes,
- "Of different natures marvelous
- "lously mix'd:
- "Connexion exquisite of distant
- "worlds,
- "Distinguish'd link in beings
- "endless chain,
- "Midway from nothing to the
- "deity,
- "An heir of glory, a frail
- "child of dust,
- "Helpless immortal, infect infinite,
- "A worm, a god——
- "An angel's arm can't snatch
- "me from the grave,
- "Legions of angels can't converse
- "fine me there."

His arguments in favor of infinite duration in a future state, though not logically conclusive, are beautifully poetic:

"O ye blest scenes of permanent delight,

* * * * *

"Cou'd ye so rich in rapture fear an end,

"That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,

"And quite *unparadise* the realms of light."

Who does not regret that such a writer should degrade himself by licentious, bare-faced and impious flattery:

"Wits spare not heaven, O

"Wilmington nor thee."

It is not, I fear, the first time that poetry has been prostituted to the servile purposes of adulation.

Yet, excepting his base flattery, which his *trade* as a courtier taught him, and which appears in the body of his works, as well as in his fulsome dedications, a few of his tragical rants, his poetical flights into the obscure, and the imbecilities of his old age, published, I think unwarrantably, in some latter volumes, which his friends ought to have suppressed, with these exceptions, Young is entitled to the rare, but important praise, of not having left a line, which, for moral or religious reasons, on his death bed he could wish to have erased.

The young author, impelled by a love of fame, or of money, who is ardently pushing himself forward in the race for applause, and the copious writer who is too apt to consider rather what will be read, than what he ought to write, will both do well to weigh

this circumstance, and apply it:

"Nam semel emissum fugit

"irrevocabile scriptum."

Mr. Herbert Croft has taken much pains to prove, that the character of Lorenzo, frequently introduced into the *Night Thoughts*, could not be meant by Dr. Young, for his son—nor indeed does it seem possible.

But the elaborate zeal he exhibits, has been attended with one effect, which he probably never designed; it is a tacit confession, or rather a proof, that there were certain traits and strong resemblances in the picture, which rendered so much industry and effort necessary to prevent our mistaking it for a family likeness.

Young, in the early part of life, was fond of music, and touched the German flute with much taste: being once on the river with some ladies, he played them several tunes, and then put the flute in his pocket.

Some officers rowing by just as he ceased playing, one of them rudely asked him, why he left off: "for the same reason that I began," replied Young, "to please myself."

One of them immediately told him, that if he did not continue playing, he would directly throw him into the Thames.

His female friends began to be much alarmed, and Young, on their account, played till they reached Vauxhall, where both parties spent the evening.

The Doctor had marked his man, and took an opportunity, in one of the dark walks, to tell the son of Mars, that he expected him to meet him at such a place in

in the morning, to give him a gentleman's satisfaction, and that he chose swords for the weapons. The officer was surprised, on their meeting, to see Young advance towards him with a large horse pistol, with which he told him he

would instantly shoot him through the head, if he did not dance a minuet; after some difficulties he complied; the officer felt how impertinent he had been, and acknowledged the justice of the treatment he had met with.

THE END.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a large, dark, irregular stain near the bottom center. Faint, illegible markings are visible near the top edge, possibly from the reverse side or a previous page.